JULY 1967

Commentary

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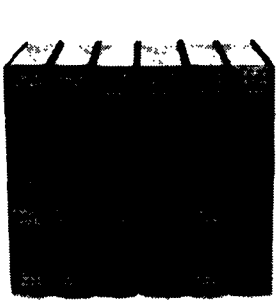

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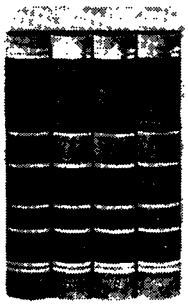

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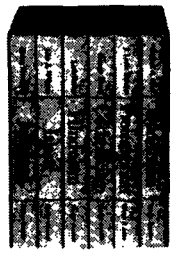

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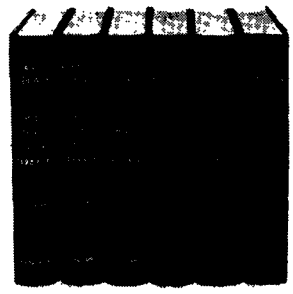

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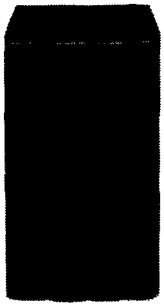

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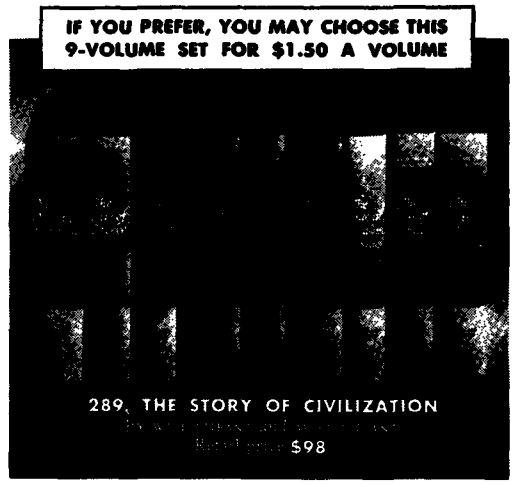

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Commentary

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By Gordon Carroll

If you want to write, my colleagues and I would like to test your writing aptitude. We'll help you find out whether you can be trained to become a successful writer.

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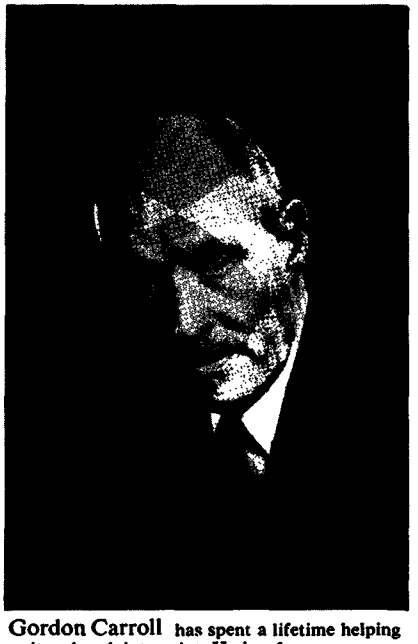

Gordon Carroll has spent a lifetime helping writers break into print. He is a former editor of the *Reader's Digest, Time, Inc.* and *Coronet* – and has been Director of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

The U.S. & the World

To the Editor of Commentary:

I can think of no more significant act by an American magazine editor since the beginning of the cold war than your publication of Robert L. Heilbroner's "Counterrevolutionary America" [April]. In the context of Theodore Draper's shocking lucidity a few issues earlier ["The American Crisis," January] it seems to me that Commentary may be on the verge of becoming the one radically significant major American magazine dealing with foreign policy, which is to say, dealing with the question of this nation's steadily diminishing constructive relevance to what most matters in the world. I appreciated Heilbroner's fierce, brilliant determination to crystallize the impalpable moral realities about which mundane minds affect resignation, his determination to look steadily into the dark of the next three or four decades, and his decision to let the historian's sense of realism override the partisan "if only." Yet for my own part, I passionately want my country and history to prove Heilbroner wrong—to prove that the United States can change enough, and quickly enough, to make justice *and* liberty possible for the world in this century.

Ronnie Dugger

Austin, Texas

To the Editor of Commentary:

The argument of Mr. Heilbroner's article could serve as the perfect defense of the apartheid regime of the Republic of South Africa. A white-controlled South Africa has been modernizing with tremendous success for the last twenty years. However much the economy discriminates against non-whites, they receive more in real wages and annual cash income, and greater educational opportunities than workers in any other African country, north or south of the Sahara. To be sure, the Zulus, Xhosas, Swazis, coloreds, and Asians—who are the country's overwhelming majority—lack elementary human rights; but does it matter so long as South Africa is emerging from Boer agricultural backwardness into the sunlight of economic modernization? Opposition to South Africa, in Mr. Heilbroner's terms, would slow modernization and thus injure not only the 3 million whites but the 14 million non-whites as well.

Mr. Heilbroner argues that modernization in the Third World is achievable only through revolutions, Left or Right . . . . although he sees Communist or extreme national collectivist revolutions as the only real answer. He concedes that the human price of these revolutions may be quite high, but the sacrifice must be measured against the horrors of counterrevolution, no revolution or, worst of all, status quo.

But how can one oppose South Africa's modernization by a minority over a majority without opposing similar economic modernization, say, in Guinea or Mali; or would Mr. Heilbroner say that Sekou Touré or Midobo Keita are not truly modernizing? Are dictatorships in modernizing countries justifiable only when the people involved are of your own color or race? Franco's dictatorship is defensible then because it only affects Spaniards, Salazar's because it's over Portuguese, and Stroessner's because it affects only Paraguayans. And whatever you can say against Franco, he *is* modernizing.

If human-rights violations in Communist countries or Communist countries-to-be are put on a scale that finds the eradication of 10 or 15 million "kulaks" by Stalin . . . less weighty than the extinction of the serfs under Nicholas I, on what grounds does one oppose South Africa's human-rights violations? If despite South Africa's economic modernization, men of good will and democratic instinct are fighting South Africa because of apartheid (while cheering President Johnson's bridge-building to Moscow), why is violation of human rights by Communist revolutionaries morally bearable in the name of this same modernization?

I have a second difficulty in accepting Heilbroner's argument. He writes: "It may well be that Cuba has suffered a considerable economic decline, in part due to absurd planning, in part to our refusal to buy her main crop." As Americans, we are expected to do a little something about the latter half of Heilbroner's sentence (and we will; after all, we'll be financing the Fiat plant for the Soviet Union), but the Cubans can do nothing at all about Castro's "absurd planning" except cheer. Castro doesn't even have to say, Oops, back to the old drawing-board." If the people don't like absurd planning—tough. (Nkrumah was an absurd planner, so were Sukarno and Ben Bella—and now they're out. Are Ghana, Indonesia, and Algeria counterrevolutionary regimes?) Referring to China, Mr. Heilbroner says: "It is this herculean effort to reach and rally the great anonymous mass of the population that is *the* great accomplishment of Communism—even though it is an accomplishment that is still only partially accomplished." Apart from the question of how one goes about measuring the partial accomplishment of "reaching and rallying," I have several other questions: Is the "great anonymous mass of the population" in Communist countries ever to be consulted about whether or not it wants to be "reached" and if it does, how and by whom; and if a one-party regime is imposed in order to "reach" this anonymous mass, is it to last forever, even though it turns out that the anonymous mass doesn't like being "reached"? The peoples of what were once modernized Baltic countries or modernized East European countries like Czechoslovakia, have been given no opportunity to make known how they feel about being reached and rallied—except through such unilateral efforts as peasant sabotage, worker go-slow movements, the endless tide of refugees crossing the bridge between Kwantung and Hong Kong, or departing Hungary, or East Germany (prior to the wall), or Cuba.

My third difficulty is in understanding why Mr. Heilbroner is so impressed with Cuba's "educational effort [which] has constituted a major effort of the Castro regime." Formosa's educational effort under Chiang Kai-shek has been far more sensational than Cuba's; does that too impress Mr. Heilbroner? In the same vein, he defends the cultural purge in China with the statement: "Above all, the prospect of a new future has been opened. It is this that lifts the current ordeal in China above the level of pure horror." Should not then the elections and the new constitution in South Vietnam lift the current ordeal in South Vietnam above the level of

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		$1,292,945,612
Reserve for possible loan losses		$ 27,747,469
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Capital notes and debentures	$26,240,500	
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Surplus	35,004,165	
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pure horror because these, too, have opened the prospect of a new future?

Try as I have, I cannot uncover any objective standard by which to appraise Mr. Heilbroner's value system. By his own description, Communism is murderous, crushing, stifling, yet what he calls counterrevolution exceeds Communism in ultimate wickedness. "We may not know for many years," he writes, "whether the Chinese peasant is today better or worse off than before the revolution." But if after a score of years we still don't know whether the Kuomintang was better or worse than the Chinese Communists, then what's so bad about being counterrevolutionary? Why is supporting "wars of national liberation" holier than resisting them?

My next difficulty is with the phrase, "our [American] blind anti-Communism." Is anti-Communism always "blind" or can it sometimes just be plain anti-Communism? Is there ever blind anti-Fascism, blind anti-MacBirdism, blind anti-apartheidism? Is Moscow guilty of blind anti-Maoism and is Mao guilty of blind anti-revisionism? Really, the problem isn't so much "blind anti-Communism" as it is clear-eyed Communism which modernizes in funny ways, like putting missile sites on Cuba or sponsoring guerrilla training camps in pre-coup Ghana. In Greece or Turkey, says Mr. Heilbroner, there is "hope of considerable progress without resort to violence," but it was the "counter-revolutionary" Harry S. Truman who saved Greece and Turkey from the modernizing revolution of Stalin's guerrillas—or would these countries be better off had Truman let them go Communist?

In conclusion I would like to say what I really think about Heilbroner and all those who defend the hard-line revolution for the peoples of the Third World. I say they are racists, who despise people who are brown and black and yellow. I say they are racists because they are willing to impose on these people what they would not impose on us white folks. They stood by Nkrumah while he was making his revolution and they stood by Sukarno while he was making his revolution and they always stand by anybody who acts like a Fascist in the name of a Communist revolution. And if this is too harsh a judgment, let me quote from a speech by Benjamin A. Bentum, secretary of the Ghana Trades Union Congress, before the International Labor Organization in Geneva in June 1966:

> Those liberal intellectuals in America and Great Britain who consumed tons of newsprint defending Nkrumah as essential to the economic development of Ghana should look upon what Nkrumah left us—the 7 million people of Ghana. Let those in the West, who defended Nkrumah and acted as his apologists, paid or unpaid, today explain the total failure of Ghana's economy.

And a columnist in the Accra *Daily Graphic* for June 26, 1966, said even more directly that the "white liberals [believe] that democracy and real freedom are the exclusive rights of the white man and that African society is such that only dictatorship is suitable."

In several places, Mr. Heilbroner refers to C. E. Black's excellent book, *Dynamics of Modernization*. I wish he had quoted this passage: "Never before has human life been disposed of so lightly as the price of immediate goals. . . . Too often the means of achieving modernization have become ends in themselves and are fought for with a fanaticism and ruthlessness that risk the sacrifice of these ends."

ARNOLD BEICHMAN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . What I suspect lies at the bottom of Robert L. Heilbroner's message is a reiteration of his oft-exhibited anti-capitalistic sentiments. He even admits this by considering "outmoded social superstructures" less of a hindrance to economic and cultural (or dispositional) progress than "private inertia." This is indeed the planner speaking, never resting from his task of reforming all of mankind by hook or by crook (but mostly by coercion). . . .

It is precisely private initiative that has been absent in the countries Heilbroner accuses of obsolete traditionalism. Who has heard of the free market (not our current interventionist version of "free" enterprise) in India, Pakistan, Brazil, Ecuador, the Philippines, or Ethiopia? The planned economics of Mr. Heilbroner and Co. has permeated the politics of these countries. . . .

Had the foreign-aid policies of U.S. interventionist (planned) economists been different, most of the nations discussed by Heilbroner would have had to revise not only their economics but also their domi-

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nant superstitions (such as the sacred cow taboo in India). By making it possible, through extensive foreign aid, for these nations to *get by* without the needed changes, the illusion of the viability of present cultural conceptions has been perpetuated by the United States itself (directed, of course, by the economic views of Mr. Heilbroner and Keynesians in general). It is not only factually inaccurate to blame the failure of underdeveloped nations to advance on "private inertia," it is also a grave injustice to do so. A thorough understanding of what private (free) enterprise involves will quickly reveal that it is precisely its absence which perpetuates the miserable conditions we find around the world.

TIBOR R. MACHAN
Goleta, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . The idea that the citizens of the underdeveloped nations live a life of "misery and meanness . . . in the sinkhole of the world's backward regions," that we face a "prospect of eventual human catastrophe on an unimaginable scale" unless a Jehad of economic development is mounted . . . is an inaccurate, insulting, and misleading portrayal of life in these countries.

Mr. Heilbroner's writings on the economic history of the West have been landmarks of academic achievement, but . . . he has approached the problems of the Third World from an extremely narrow perspective. He may have traveled through the countries he writes about, but he has certainly not experienced the life of their inhabitants. During our present tour with the Peace Corps, my wife and I spent six months living and working with farmers in an African village and almost a year teaching political science at the national university. From both these vantage-points, I have been able to record the continuing significance that tradition holds in the lives of all these people.

The African farmer lives a comfortable life in his traditional setting. Improved health facilities, radios, imported canned goods, and clothing do attract him, but he is in no way desperate to unseat his chief, march to the city, and become a completely "modern man." Africans have seen the drawbacks that came with rapid industrialization in other parts of the world. They are fearful of the impact Western materialism may have on the harmony and beauty of their traditions. Recently, my wife and I were driving along a highway in northern Nigeria in the company of a rather sophisticated judge of the regional high court. We were surprised to see him stop along the road in mid-afternoon, take out his prayer-mat, and join in the traditional homage to Mecca. In our discussion which followed, it became obvious that the intelligent, worldly citizens of these countries would not readily welcome a Jehad that would raise their GNP at the cost of eliminating their chiefs, emirs, customs, and traditions. . . .

Perhaps the Indian does not slaughter his cows because Hindu spiritual values outweigh material considerations in his mind. Have we the right to call him ignorant and reactionary? The numerous readers of your magazine who strive to retain the values of their five-thousand-year-old heritage in the face of the pressure of modernism should be able to empathize with this point of view. My twelve-thousand Peace Corps colleagues and I who came to these countries partially in quest of meaningful traditional values which our society in many ways lacks, certainly do.

In short, my argument with Mr. Heilbroner is first, that he exaggerates the "desperation" of economic conditions in the underdeveloped world and, second, that his erroneous premise leads him to advise a totally misguided policy for America. In terms of rapid industrialization and material accomplishment, the West cannot compete with the Communists for reasons (among others) which Mr. Heilbroner states. But unadulterated "modernism" is not what these countries are seeking. Their ideal is to combine traditionalism and modernism, to retain their heritage while raising their GNP. Materialistic, totalitarian Communism cannot promise such a synthesis. For all its drawbacks, the American way does leave place for pluralism, for religion, and for the retention of traditions. This is the message we should beam to the leaders of the new countries. . . .

MICHAEL A. REBELL
Freetown, Sierra Leone
West Africa

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Robert L. Heilbroner's prediction that most backward nations

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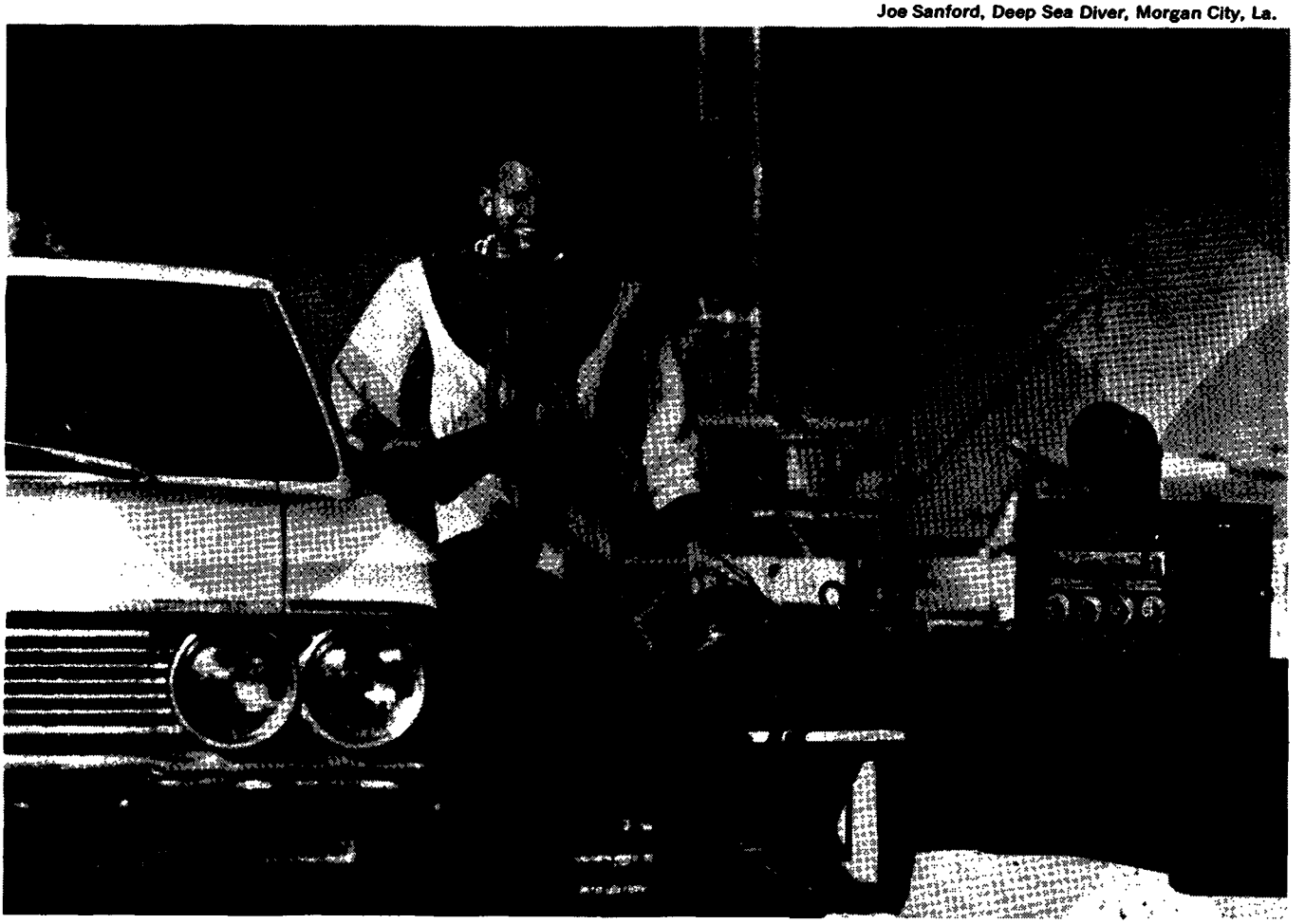

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will evolve Communist or Communist-like regimes is a horrendous example of a self-fulfilling prophecy. . . . It is also in direct contradiction to the basic premises of the democratic philosophy. . . . We do not believe that what our society is, or will be, results from some sort of inevitable "natural law." We . . . insist that man takes hold of his destiny and molds it to his own will.

Yet Mr. Heilbroner rules this democratic optimism non-applicable to the destinies of peoples in backward areas. He offers one set of rules for them, and another for us—a double standard that has always been an essential ingredient of the kind of isolationism Mr. Heilbroner now urges upon the U.S. Have we learned nothing from the Spanish Civil War and the rise of Hitler?

Mr. Heilbroner's abandonment of his democratic ideals when he considers *them* appears to stem from the frustrations of the Vietnam war. The doves, unable to swing a majority to their view, are becoming increasingly shrill, and now demand an end to the war at whatever non-democratic cost. . . .

Once (it now seems long ago) we democrats held revolution a cheap price to pay for freedom. Once we were convinced, first, that where people have the most to say, they have the most to eat; and, in any case, that bread without freedom is for dogs, not men.

IRVING KALIN

Corona, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Robert L. Heilbroner has distinguished himself time and again as one of that small band of writers about economics who combines professional competence and literacy. . . . However, his present article betrays a shocking lack of faith in the strength and will of the American people, and . . . in the continued existence of the values of Judaeo-Christian rationalist society. . . .

Mr. Heilbroner argues that only a series of violent bloody changes—the result of a "holy war"—can bring about economic development, and that this requires the suppression of individual liberties and the non-material values of Western civilization. He points out that this would not be so bad—we would survive.

Contrary to Mr. Heilbroner, however, development can be achieved without this loss. . . . If historians like Gerschenkron are correct, revolution was *not* necessary for Russia's economic development. The basis for Russian development was set in the latter part of the 19th century after the emancipation of the serfs, and the Communist dictatorship of Stalin was neither a necessary nor a sufficient condition for it. To some extent the Russian peasantry still suffers the "gulf between the peasantry and the urban elites, the conservatism of village elders, and the unyielding traditionalism of family life" to which the revolution has been largely irrelevant. The changes that have occurred are the result of a shift in productivity, and it is changes in the technological possibilities of production that have shifted "the basis for social and economic power." To see the accidental characteristics of this shift as its essential core is a mistake often made by the impatient (and sanctified by Marx himself), but it is a mistake nonetheless. . . .

When Heilbroner comes to consider China and Cuba, he admits that it is not certain that revolution lifted "the vise of the past." He is therefore left claiming that political upheaval and mass slaughter are necessary to achieve in the future what has been achieved in the past without them.

Because industrialization brings about changes in the way resources are used, controlled, and divided, it does create a new distribution of political power and changes the ways that decisions are made, both in the political arena and elsewhere. But these changes can occur without undue bloodshed and above all without suppressing public and private debate about either means or values. The Hobson's choice between fascistic or communistic governments that Heilbroner poses as inevitable for the Third World is false. It must be our role to help changes to occur, by judiciously giving material support to those groups we judge most likely to achieve peaceful industrialization and democracy, and withholding support from those who would retard such development. . . . The isolationist policy that Heilbroner suggests will not increase the pace of industrialization in the backward areas, for that pace will depend principally upon the physical resources commanded by the peoples of those areas. At the present time

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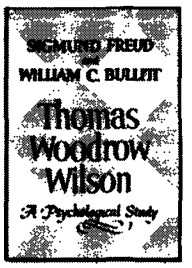

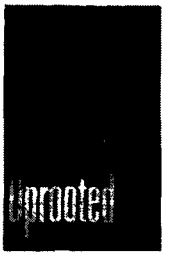

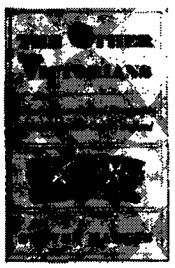

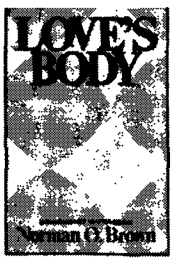

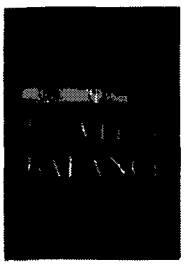
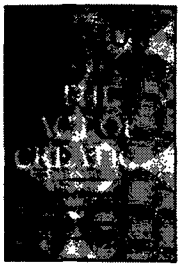

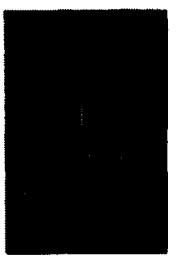

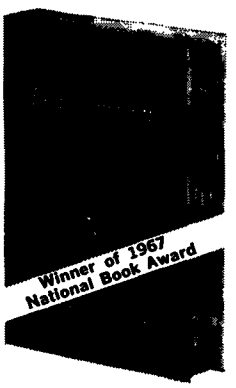

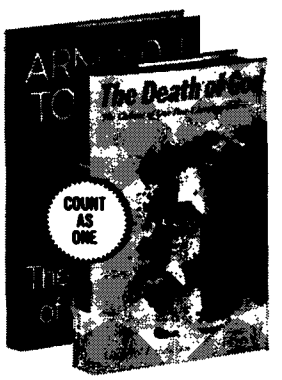

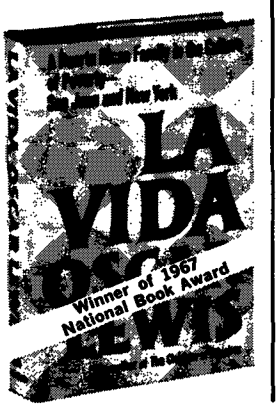

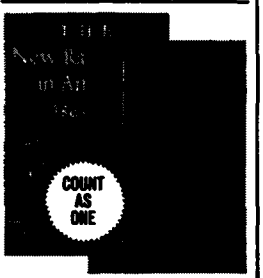

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we give resources equivalent to less than 1 per cent of our GNP to these peoples, and we can well continue to afford this and more.

To the extent that Heilbroner has called attention to the fact that economic development has political consequences, he has done well. But when he suggests that we must ignore these consequences because only one possible set exists, he has done a grave disservice.

EDMUND L. AUCHTER
Department of Economics
Fresno State College
Fresno, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Heilbroner's analysis of the far-reaching social effects of "economic development" is commendable, as is his criticism of American support for stable or even stagnant regimes in the face of a crucial need for modernization. . . . However, his neo-isolationist recommendations are fraught with simplistic either/or thinking: If U.S. attempts to establish democracies in underdeveloped areas have not succeeded, he says, we should abandon these states to Communism. If American foreign aid to an oligarchic regime has been one of the causes of our involvement in Vietnam, and if we have been unable to improve measurably the condition of the peasants, we should forsake our attempts to help "economic development" or modernization in other countries. . . .

While it is true that a whole crop of new democracies has not been reaped since the liberation from colonialism, this could not realistically have been expected, given the absence of the preconditions for democracy in most of the new states and the tremendous burdens on governmental capacities entailed in national integration. Yet this is no reason to assert that the Communists have the answer that we lack. In fact, they have been aiding many of the same states as we have without any greater effect. It is surprising that an analyst as acute as Mr. Heilbroner should posit a bipolar world—one which is already in the past. He assumes that if we do not dominate certain countries, then the Communists will. By now, however, most sophisticated appraisers of the international scene have accepted the Third World's right to non-alignment, and the various countries' right to choose their own suitable mixture of capitalism and socialism. . . . The U.S. position should be one of encouraging free choice—although it also has the right to try to influence a country one way or another. . . .

Secondly, anguish over the implications of the Vietnam war . . . should not lead to overwhelming generalizations about the effects of American involvement. . . . The author makes a telling point in castigating the U.S. for backing reactionaries. This does not, however, automatically lead to the conclusion that rapid and radical revolutions throughout the world are the only solutions to the need for social change. . . .

SUSAN AURELIA GITELSON
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It may be my ignorance of the intricacies of economics which makes me unable to understand Robert L. Heilbroner's logic when he asserts that "Communism, which may indeed represent a retrogressive movement in the West, where it should continue to be resisted with full energies, may nonetheless represent a progressive movement in the backward areas where its advent may be the only chance these areas have of escaping misery," and should thus, presumably, be welcomed by the United States. I do, however, wish to assure Mr. Heilbroner that the peasant misery in 19th-century Russia found in his quotation from Chekhov can, and has been, described in terms no less despairing than the ones used by the Russian writer over a half century ago.

I refer Mr. Heilbroner to censored portrayals of the Soviet peasant's life in the works of Valentin Ovechkin, Fyodor Abramov, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, and others describing life in the Russian countryside during the 1950's and the 1960's.

The fact that Soviet authorities refuse to this day to grant their peasants the internal passports that Soviet city dwellers have is eloquent testimony to their fear that many collective farmers would "vote with their feet" against what is still, in Marx's words, the "idiocy of rural life"—this, half a century after the revolution.

MAURICE FRIEDBERG
Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

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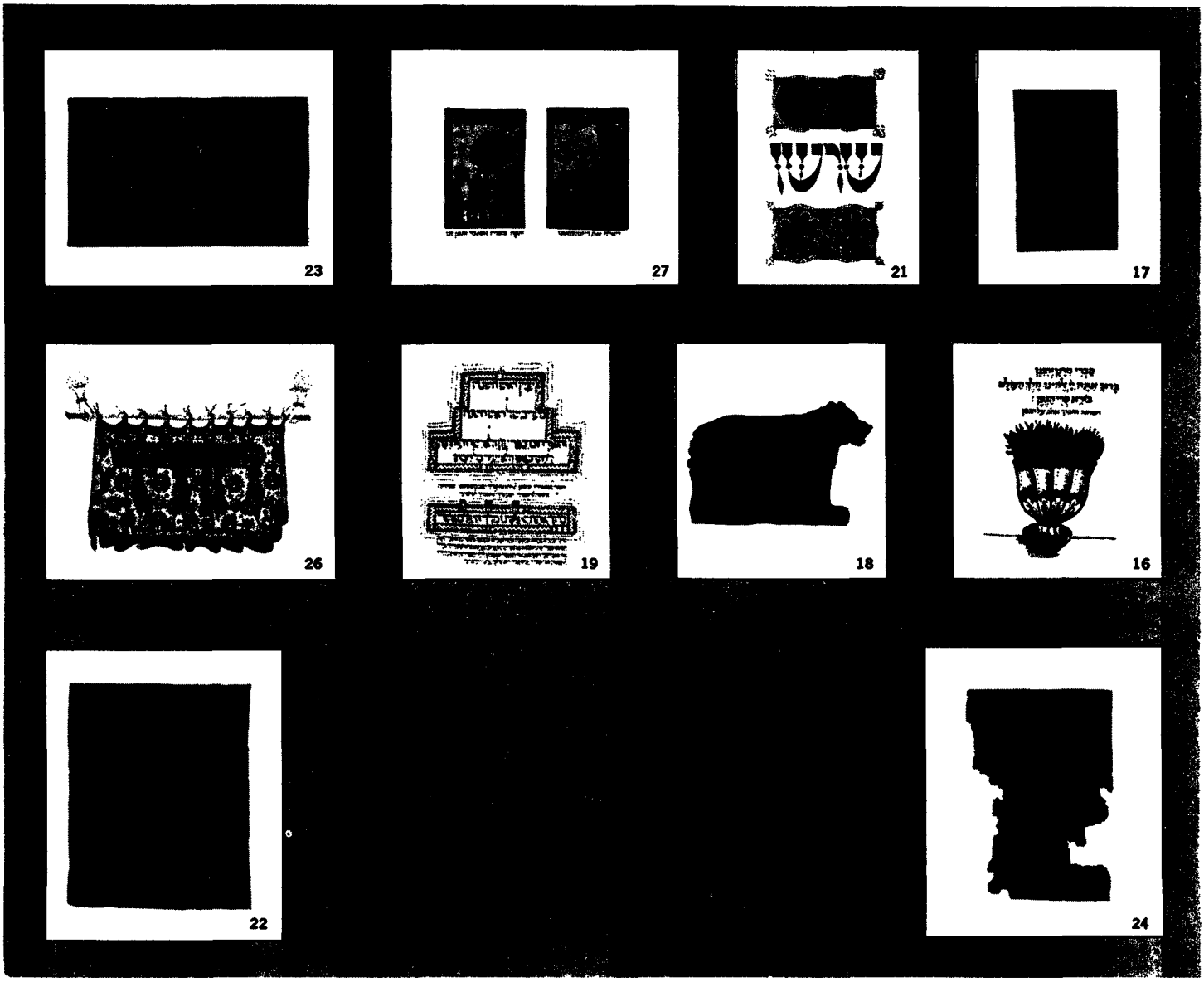

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To the Editor of Commentary:

I was impressed by Mr. Heilbroner's courageous outspokenness and his succinct appraisal of our foreign policy with regard to the underdeveloped countries of the world.

Any vacationing traveler wonders why America and Americans are so disliked abroad. . . . Mr. Heilbroner helps us to understand that we are mistaken in our approach, that we are not relating to the basic problem of small countries. . . .

I would like to have his article sent to every government official in Washington, beginning with the President. . . .

Kay Kinzler

New York City

Mr. Heilbroner writes:

There are no arguments my critics have raised—with the exception of Mr. Beichman's charge that I am a racist—that I have not thought about. Hence let me begin my rejoinder by putting three questions to my critics:

(1) Is there any evidence to indicate that the backward peoples of the world will be rescued from starvation, disease, ignorance, and despair under the auspices of their *present* governments?

(2) Is there reason to believe that an all-out effort to modernize can be carried out by democratic political and libertarian economic means?

(3) Is there much likelihood that the United States will tolerate the revolutionary regimes that are most likely to be the agents of modernization?

My answer to these questions is, No. I do not ask that all should agree with me. But I do ask that their replies be framed, not in the rhetoric of freedom, the ideology of liberty, the hymns to the Judaeo-Christian ethic, but in terms of the most accurate and honest appraisal they can give of present and future realities in the countries we are talking about.

Now a few words of specific rebuttal. To Mr. Beichman: My criteria for modernization in my article rested heavily on the willingness and ability of governments to reach and arouse their peasantries. How can this possibly be construed to

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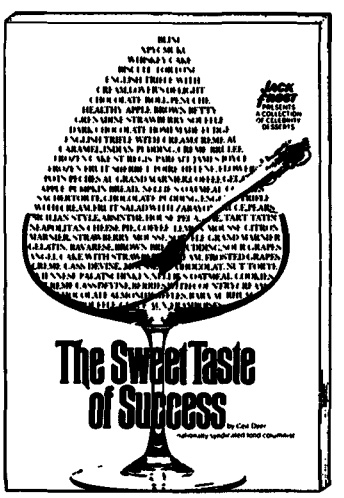

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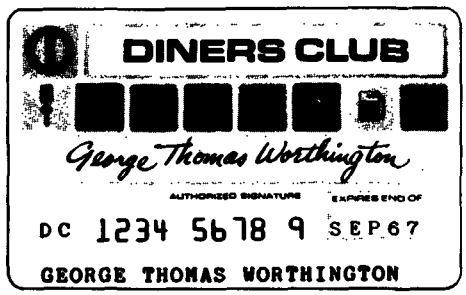

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include the government of South Africa, or for that matter, of Spain? As for Nkrumah, I specifically made the point that much of Africa would have to suffer the agonies of nation-building, in which political labels would be meaningless. Whatever else he was, I think Nkrumah was a nation-builder. Will the people in Communist countries ever have a choice, asks Mr. Beichman? We will have to wait and see: Sidney Hook does not think democracy is precluded within the Soviet system, nor do I. Meanwhile, however, if I had to, I would rather take my chances as a human being as an anonymous peasant in China than one in India; as a peasant in Cuba than one in Ecuador or Peru. I would be happy to have Mr. Beichman make the opposite choice. Is there a counterpart to blind anti-Communism? Yes, blind anti-capitalism. Finally, why does Mr. Beichman call me a racist? Have I not approved of Communism for Russia which is just as white as "us folks"? Since he is called out on the facts, I presume this is just the way he likes to argue.

Mr. Machan is right: I am a wicked Keynesian. That, however, is all he is right about.

Mr. Rebell has a much more important point. I would answer, first, that there are a great many nations —India, Pakistan, Indonesia, the Caribbean generally, much of Central and upper South America—that *are* desperate; and second, that for these nations there is apt to be no choice between modernization and mass misery. And I have something even sadder to say. I know that many peoples in the underdeveloped world do not want to be Westernized. In the end, however, I do not think their cultures will be able to hold out before the onslaught of Western culture. This may be very wrong but I suspect it is nonetheless true, and that short of maintaining these cultures in a kind of anthropological zoo, it is irremediable.

As for Mr. Kalin, if every attempt to describe what one thought ran the risk of becoming a "self-fulfilling prophecy," all honest inquiry would grind to a halt. Meanwhile, let me reiterate that I am not arguing about the validity of democratic *premises,* etc. I am only prognosticating what kinds of governments will be able to bring modern ideas, ways, and institutions into the existing world. Finally, if bread without freedom is for dogs, than I fear most of the underdeveloped world (including those parts within the "free world") must be called a dogs' world. I prefer to think of it as a world of very hungry men who will have to undertake fearful exertions if their grandchildren are to be able to indulge in such eloquent sentiments.

Mr. Auchter raises a well-known doubt as to the efficacy of the Russian revolution. We cannot reargue Gerschenkron *versus* Barrington Moore here. But I think it is fair to state that the example of the West is not germane to the case of the East and South. The West took four centuries to move from a landed, traditional society to an industrial, modern one. The backward lands must do this in four decades, and I do not believe (once again) that mild governments will be able to mobilize or maintain such an extreme effort. Hence the nice choices that Mr. Auchter would see us make are not likely, in my view, to materialize. But I do think that Susan Gitelson is right in that these governments, no matter how collectivist and authoritarian, may wish to retain a neutral stance between Russia and ourselves. If we let them.

The question Professor Friedberg poses does indeed go to the heart of the matter, for it asserts that the Russian revolution has been in vain, that there has been no modernization, at least in the countryside. To this I would answer first, that many tens of millions have now been transferred, under the Russian policy of forced industrialization, from rural to urban life; and second, that it is my impression, from reading Russian novels, books on Russia, etc., that life on the collectives is by no means as brutal, dark, and hopeless as it was before the revolution. Which is not to say it is very easy, enlightened, or hopeful. I find it difficult to believe, however, that Professor Friedberg would maintain that *no* progress has been made. And by way of comparison, how much was made, prior to their Communist takeovers, in Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria?

Hiss & Chambers

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was astonished to read Walter Goodman's poison-pen review of Meyer A. Zeligs's *Friendship & Fratricide* [April]. Mr. Goodman exhibits extreme audacity in referring to Dr. Zeligs's book as an "exercise," . . . and then presuming

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to dictate what psychoanalysts ought and ought not to do, . . . sermonizing about how "the analyst ought to be objective and . . . compassionate" and maintain "careful analytic neutrality." While this injunction certainly applies to a treatment situation, it would seem to exclude the analytical approach to public issues. Indeed, we analysts might even be content to heed such admonitions, but there are other loud voices urging the precise opposite, . . . berating psychoanalysts for not offering enough of their particular skills in the service of community psychiatry and social psychiatry, which by its very nature enters the arena of politics. Psychobiography belongs to the research methodologies which have to be developed in the service of public mental health. Perhaps the psychiatrists engaged in this research are running the risk of having their heads chopped off for certain predilections, but some of us just aren't as cowardly as Mr. Goodman advises us to be.

[Dr.] ERNEST A. RAPPAPORT
Department of Psychiatry
Chicago Medical School
Chicago, Illnois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Mr. Goodman and your readers should be reminded that far from having taken a "perverse satisfaction in the ruining of Alger Hiss," Whittaker Chambers actually tried to shield Hiss from ultimate ruin. Chambers did not accuse Hiss of espionage until he was himself threatened with the loss of his farm and livelihood. . . . Before Hiss brought suit against him for libel, Chambers merely warned against Hiss and others who were in a position to bend our foreign policy according to the dictates of the Kremlin. Only when Hiss took legal action to "destroy" his former friend and collaborator, did Chambers produce the proof of espionage.

SOL FEINSTONE
The S&R Foundation
Washington Crossing,
Pennsylvania

MR. GOODMAN writes:

Mr. Feinstone's reminder is apt, if colorfully phrased; a case can certainly be made to show that Chambers tried to avoid implicating Hiss in espionage. A reading of Chambers, however, suggests that there was considerably more to his behavior than simple beneficence—but, like Dr. Zeligs, I

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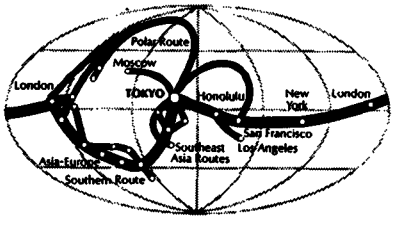

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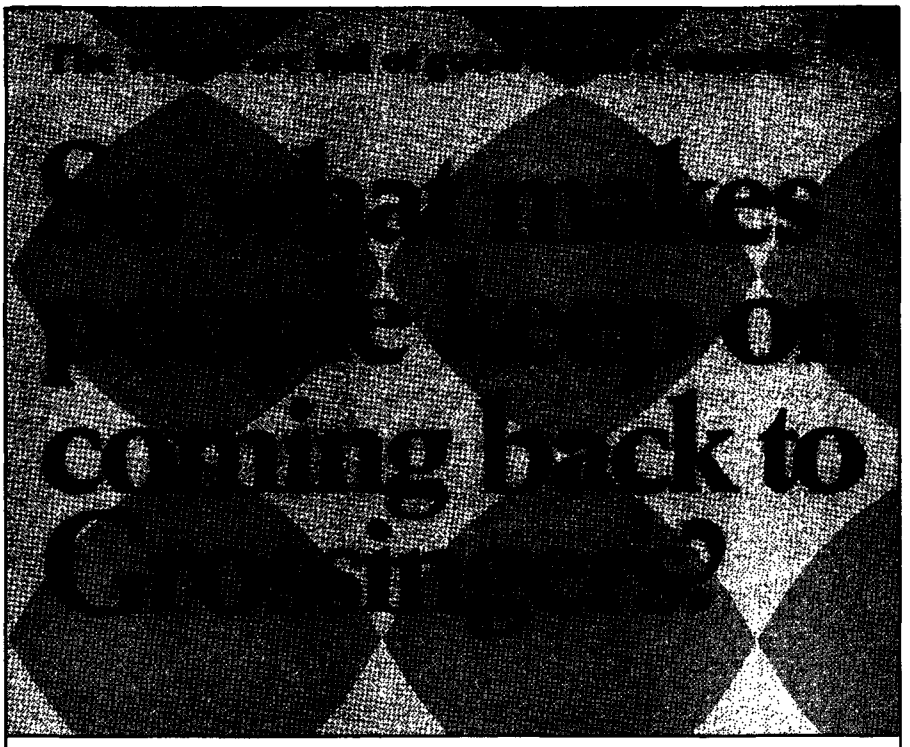

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can't prove it. As to Professor Rappaport, can he mean that it is cowardly for psychoanalysts to be objective and compassionate in public? Can he mean that Dr. Zeligs's attack on Chambers is a contribution to public mental health? Can he mean that psychoanalysts ought to be excused from the ordinary requirements of common sense and decency, not to mention respect for English usage, as they go about running the risk of having their heads chopped off for certain predilections? No, he cannot mean any of these things. Perhaps he means something else.

The Language

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May an Englishman who is a regular reader of COMMENTARY and always enjoys it, say how much he appreciated "Writing American" by Louis Kronenberger [February].

The English tend to think that American writers, and still more American orators, never use one word if they can possibly use two, and it is good to find Mr. Kronenberger hitting this particular nail on the head.

R. N. CARVALHO
London, England

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Language is always changing, whether we like it or not. Mr. Kronenberger seems to deplore a word like "charismatic" but I really cannot see why; it seems to be a perfectly good word . . . and very useful. After all, it is the adjectival form of charisma and it has been formed in the traditional way. The concern here should be with the way the word is used and how it conforms to the pattern of the language. . . .

DAVID S. LEVINE
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Neo-Nazis

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I wish I could believe what Walter Laqueur says about the situation in Germany, but unfortunately I fear the case is not as he describes it ["Bonn Is Not Weimar," March].

Let us begin with the NPD itself. Mr. Laqueur has stated that Fritz Thielen "is the very symbol of respectability, solidity, and similar bourgeois virtues." He may be all of these, but he is *not* the political head of his party. He is *not*

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the power to be reckoned with in the NPD. If this fact was ever in doubt, the events of March 10-12 have clarified the situation. In a direct confrontation of personalities within the NPD's upper-echelon, Adolf von Thadden, who Mr. Laqueur points out was a leader of the extreme right-wing *Deutsche Reichspartei* of the late 50's, has emerged victorious and now occupies the seat of authority within the National Democratic party. Von Thadden not only survived his ouster from the party, but came back the next day to take over major control of the party's program. If past record means anything, he will continue to speak on behalf of a strengthened nationalist program for Germany; and he will do so with less concern for the welfare of others because of his entrenched position in the party.

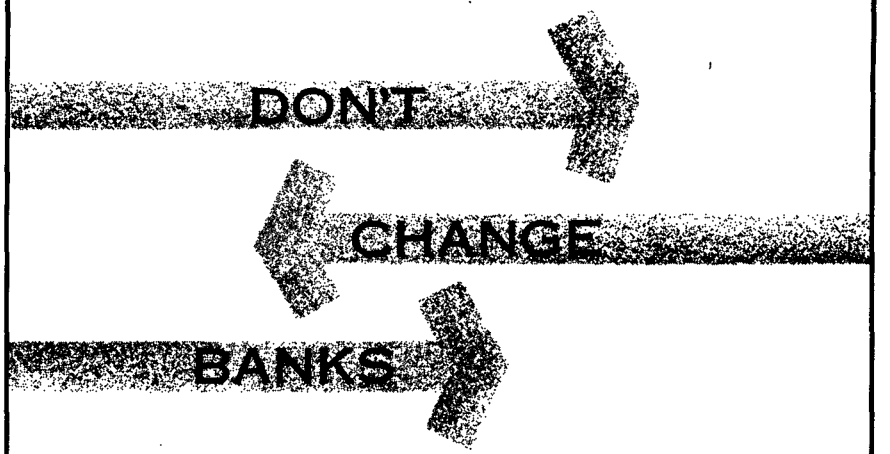
Mr. Laqueur also makes reference to the Kiesinger coalition and admits that "if Mr. Kiesinger proves to be another Erhard, if the Social Democrats are ineffectual and the Christian Democrats continue their infighting, the crisis will deepen." What Mr. Laqueur does not mention is that, at present, the one party that stands to benefit from such a collapse of government would be the NPD. If this coalition stumbles and falls, and Mr. Laqueur has noted that coalition government is not a policy that is generally followed in Germany, the party that today stands in the best position to reap a bountiful harvest from such an event is the NPD.

I hope indeed that "Bonn Is Not Weimar," but at this point their similarities are striking. . . . I fear a real storm is brewing within Bonn and all Germany. After the various elections of this year, I fear the storm will become a veritable torrent.

[Rabbi] HOWARD A. SIMON
Baltimore, Maryland

MR. LAQUEUR writes:

Rabbi Simon thinks I have been too optimistic, but what do the results of the recent elections in Schleswig-Holstein show? I wrote: "The NPD may obtain up to ten or twelve per cent of the vote." It got six per cent. I certainly agree with Rabbi Simon's call for vigilance, but I fail to see at present the "storm" which, in his words, "will become a veritable torrent" after the various elections of this year.



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MANCHESTER UNEXPURGATED

From "Death of Lancer" to "The Death of a President"

EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

THROUGHOUT THE protracted controversy surrounding the publication of William Manchester's *The Death of a President,** the press seemed preoccupied with a single issue: the suppression of history. Did the Kennedys have the right to "censor" a historical chronicle which might prove personally embarrassing or which might jeopardize their political aspirations? Could Manchester be legitimately held to a contract which, in effect, allowed the Kennedy family to decide what he might or might not write? Should Jacqueline Kennedy have had the prerogative to delete from the historical record material which she considered in "poor taste"? In short, could the "public's right to know" be abridged by the people closest to the tragedy of the assassination and most vulnerable to its effects?

In the midst of all this, however, the question which would seem to have had the most direct bearing on the dispute was seldom broached: just what kind of history was the Manchester book? Of course, during the controversy the working press was hardly in a position to cope with this question. Both Manchester's publisher and *Look* (which had purchased the serialization rights for an unprecedented $655,000) treated the manuscript as if it were a top-secret document. Even if some reporter could have got hold of a copy, the job of evaluating the 1,200-page unfootnoted text would have posed an enormous problem. How could one test the soundness of a work based, according to its author, on over a thousand interviews which he had conducted as well as on confidential materials, such as the classified files of the Warren Commission, which were available to no other journalist?

In any case, there was scant reason to doubt that an authorized historian, working as long and as hard as Manchester had, would produce anything less than a complete and honest account. In terms of sheer quantity—"100 hours a week" for nearly three years, 360,000 words, 18 volumes of transcribed interviews, $655,000—it all appeared to add up to *the* definitive history of the assassination. Even when *Time,* in one of the more perceptive reviews to date, pointed to significant factual errors and other major flaws in the published version of the book, it still concluded that "there is no question that Manchester did an honest and herculean job."

Quite conveniently for Manchester, the issue at hand was not the soundness of the book but the attempted censorship. Thus, New York *Times* reporter John Corry could devote 30,000 words to a memo-by-memo account of the Kennedy efforts to alter Manchester's text, without ever confronting the more substantive question of whether the original book was in fact valid as history.†

What was at stake in his battle with the Kennedys, Manchester proclaimed sententiously in his *Look* apologia,** was "the integrity of a historical document." "No one," he declared, "has the right to distort the past; no fact, however disagreeable, may be expunged from the record." As evidence of the probity and merit of his work, Manchester quoted "encomiums" from three distinguished readers of the early manuscript. Evan Thomas, his editor at Harper & Row, called it "the finest book I've read in twenty years here." Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who read the text at Manchester's own request, stated in a memorandum to the author: "I think this is a remarkable and a potentially great book." And Richard N. Goodwin, an adviser to the Kennedy family, described it, according to Manchester, as "a masterful achievement."

But these "encomiums" were not, as Manchester himself knew only too well, all that the three men had had to say about the manuscript. On May 16, 1966, after having reread it, Evan Thomas wrote to Edwin O. Guthman and John Siegenthaler, who were then acting as Robert Kennedy's representatives, that he was "deeply disturbed by some of this. . . . It's almost as though Manchester had become so deeply involved in this tragic narrative that he could not resist turning it into a magic

EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN is the author of *Inquest,* the much-discussed book about the Kennedy assassination. Mr. Epstein is currently doing graduate work in political science at Harvard.

* Harper & Row, 647 pp., $10.00.

† "The Manchester Papers," *Esquire,* June 1967; the book from which the article was adapted will be published by Putnam next month under the title, *The Manchester Affair* (224 pp., $4.95).

** "Manchester's Own Story," *Look,* April 4, 1967.

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fairy tale." Schlesinger, in the same memorandum from which Manchester so proudly quoted, had gone on to warn that the portrait of Lyndon Johnson "too often acquires an exaggerated symbolism—so much so that some critics may write that the unconscious argument of the book is that Johnson killed Kennedy (that is, that Johnson is an expression of the forces of violence and irrationality which ran rampant through his native state and were responsible for the tragedy of Dallas)." For his part, Goodwin, in a public statement, commented that the original manuscript contained "horrifying and unjust implications" as well as fictional passages.

A magic fairy tale? A subliminal *MacBird*? An unreliable fiction? Manchester dismissed these charges as part of a Kennedy conspiracy to discredit his work. "A great many gifted men were staking their careers on an RFK administration," he explained. "Now, the pull of loyalty was irresistible; they flocked to the standard." But that easy explanation fails to resolve all one's doubts. To understand what in fact disturbed these privileged readers so much, one must return to the original manuscript which they had before them in the spring of 1966.

THE TITLE OF that book—which I myself had the opportunity to read many months before the controversy—was not *The Death of a President* but *Death of Lancer*.* Far from being simply a detailed and objective chronicle of the assassination, it was a mythopoeic melodrama organized around the theme of the struggle for power between two men, John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. As will be seen, however, the characters bearing these names in *Death of Lancer* have at best a questionable relation to the real persons themselves and at worst no relation at all outside the heated imagination of the author.

The protagonist of *Death of Lancer* is Kennedy ("Lancer" being his Secret Service code name). He is portrayed as a princely young knight, who always "charged forward at full gallop, bugles bugling and lances at full tilt." The antagonist, Johnson, appears as "a different creature" altogether. According to Manchester, "Johnson wouldn't even charge into a bathroom."

Kennedy is everything that Johnson is not. There is "a magical quality" and sense of "high drama" about this "lithe young figure"; Johnson, on the other hand, has "a gaunt, hunted look" about him. Whereas Kennedy is "D'Artagnan," the patrician hero, Johnson is "Richelieu," the "crafty schemer." In fact, Manchester—whose own editor found the manuscript "gratuitously and tastelessly insulting to Johnson"—sees Johnson in *Death of Lancer* as a one-man menagerie: "an oyster who patiently converts bits of grit into salable pearls"; a "chameleon, who constantly changes loyalties"; a "six-winged lion"; a "creature of the moment." In short, as one Dallas friend of the Kennedys is represented as warning, "Lyndon is poison."

For all the differences between them, the two men have a common ambition: both want to be President. Manchester points to events at the Democratic party convention in 1960 as the source of the bitter rivalry. In 1960, Johnson had tried to "wrest" the Presidential nomination from Kennedy who, he writes, "had been smitten by Johnsonian partisans." In the original text, Manchester identifies Texas Governor John Connally as the leader of the Johnson forces, who "had spread rumors that Kennedy would not live out his first term because he was 'diseased.'" When this pernicious tactic failed, Johnson had to settle for the role of Vice President and heir-apparent.

On the very first pages of *Death of Lancer*, the duel for power is gruesomely symbolized in a hunting scene in which a reluctant President Kennedy finds himself forced to kill a deer at the LBJ ranch. As an opening scene, this episode (which is less conspicuously placed in *The Death of a President*) has the effect, as Schlesinger noted in his memorandum, "of defining the book as a conflict between New England and Texas, decency and vulgarity, Kennedy and Johnson."

The drama then shifts forward three years in time. The dark prophecy made by "Johnsonian partisans" at the convention—that Kennedy would not live out his first term—now seems remote. Kennedy has become a magnificent President, "the darling of the population." As for Johnson, "three years of relative inactivity had sapped [his] vitality." He now looks "haggard" and "atrophied." Formerly "redblooded," he is now "anemic." Even as a force in Texas politics, he has become "virtually impotent," and he is no longer an effective figure on Capitol Hill. Expecting him to help with Congress, Manchester observes, is now "like expecting an erection from a paramecium. It couldn't work. The creature had no member." In sum, Johnson is "a capon."

Such epithets, it should be pointed out, are used in *Death of Lancer* purposefully, for they are integral to the larger theme of usurpation which is implicitly developed in the book: the antagonist is impotent until the assassination and only then regains his virility.

AS KENNEDY rises to the height of his glory, Johnson sinks to his nadir. Even such prestige as he now has is "counterfeit"—created, according to Manchester, by "publicity stunts" (notably when he "whooped his way through a blizzard of tickertape" meant for astronaut John Glenn, thus offending Kennedy's "austere sense of propriety").

* It should be noted that *Death of Lancer* was substantially revised *before* it was sent to *Look* and other magazines for bidding on serialization rights. The legal battle was concerned *only* with material offensive to Mrs. Kennedy that remained in *The Death of a President* even after this original editing.

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Moreover, Johnson's proneness to "tergiversation" causes further worries in the administration, and at the highest levels "private doubts about Johnson's ability to serve as President" are expressed.

Johnson's "relative insignificance" is "driven home to him every day." For example, he is in the habit of sneaking aboard the President's plane, and on three different occasions when Kennedy aides find him "poking around its cabins alone," they are "obliged to ask the visitor to leave." These and other such incidents (for which, incidentally, I have been able to find no actual evidence) are, of course, "mortifying to a man of his extreme sensitivity."

Even more distressing to Johnson are the rumors that he may be "dumped from the ticket" in 1964. According to *Death of Lancer*, "this was more than newspaper gossip. In Texas representatives of the National Committee were repeatedly cornered by Johnson and Connally men who would talk of nothing else, and in Houston, U.S. attorney Woodrow B. Seals, a Kennedy appointee, had told a confidant that LBJ was too deeply involved in the Bobby Baker scandal and that the Attorney General, who despised corruption, would undoubtedly urge his brother to find another Vice President."* LBJ begins to pick up these "alarming blips" on his "radar screen." He perceives that he is "in real trouble."

But Johnson has no intention of letting himself be purged. "Determined to prove his popularity . . . still strong," he proposes that Kennedy attend "four Texas banquets" (the last to be held in Dallas). Although Manchester never fully explicates all the reasons for the "expedition" to Texas, he leaves no doubt that Johnson's self-interest is to be served by Kennedy's trip to

> a phantasmal of fog-shrouded bogs inhabited by outrageous giants who swagger about brandishing spiked cudgels. These improbable monsters were the local panjamdrums. . . . The Jinn lived in a state of constant anarchy, raiding one another's castles and swatting innocent vassals. They were political cannibals, and a naive outsider venturing among them could be eaten alive.

In this "lawless kingdom" to which Kennedy is being brought, there is "a blazing feud between two of the greatest ogres, the roaring flames of which the President must first pass through and then quench." (In other words, Kennedy had to settle an intra-party squabble.)

As both a Catholic and a liberal, the President was "doubly condemned" in Texas. "Under frontier justice, there was only one thing to do with renegades who willfully took the side of the savages. You didn't gab about it, you didn't hedge, you didn't hesitate. You just killed him."

Omens, premonitions, and signs appear as the drama builds to its inevitable climax. A few days before Kennedy's arrival in Dallas, Secret Service agent Forrest Sorrel rides over the motorcade route. Glancing up at the city's "phallic" skyline, he says to himself, "*I've killed deer closer than that.*" The reader's mind is thus driven round full circle—both by the image and by Manchester's italics—to where the book began, the deer-hunt at the LBJ ranch.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch itself, Lyndon Johnson is completing the preparations for Kennedy's visit. "He had done everything a Vice President can do," Manchester notes with his customary irony of hindsight, "unless, of course, the President dies."

IN THEIR FINAL meeting in the Rice Hotel in Houston, Johnson and Kennedy have a heated argument, apparently having to do with the question of Johnson's veracity. And then Kennedy is murdered. To Manchester, the "shattering fact" in this original version is that "A Texas murder had made a Texan President." Over and over again, Manchester stresses this idea, even having Kenneth O'Donnell exclaim: "They did it. I always knew they'd do it. You couldn't expect anything else from them. They finally made it." Manchester adds: "He didn't specify who they were. It was unnecessary. They were Texans, Johnsonians. . . ."

Lyndon Johnson's reaction to the assassination in *Death of Lancer* is to throw out the "red herring" of a "Communist conspiracy," hoping by this gambit to divert attention from his native state's responsibility for the atrocity. "If he could have charged that the shots had been fired from an orbiting satellite, he might have done so." But the inescapable fact, Manchester obsessively reiterates, is "that the reign of one ended and the other began in the head of a Texas marksman."†

As Manchester tells it in *Death of Lancer*, Johnson rushes to the airport to take possession of Air Force One, a long-coveted symbol of dominion. On board, in one of the most bizarre episodes in the book, the new President and his party engage in a "vegetable soup saturnalia." In Manchester's mythopoeics, the death of Lancer brings the enforced impotence of the tanist to an end: "Now he was alive again." Having been "a capon," he is now suddenly "a fullfledged hypomanic at the height of his vitality." He becomes "an octopus, clutching bunches of black bananas," "the shrewd manipulator," "the crafty seducer with six nimble hands," "one of those gifted seducers who can persuade a woman to surrender her favors in

* Woodrow B. Seals was not in fact interviewed by Manchester. At best, then, Manchester reported a secondhand rumor. In any case, the depth of this political analysis seems reminiscent of *Current Events* or the other junior high school publications that Manchester was editing just before being given the Kennedy assignment.

† Lee Harvey Oswald was not a native Texan. He was born and raised in New Orleans, resided in New York City and Minsk, and had moved to Dallas from New Orleans less than two months before the assassination.

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the course of a long conversation confined to obscure words; no woman, even a lady, can discern his intentions until the critical moment."

To understand fully what Manchester is implying in those passages, one must turn to two other passages. The first concerns Kennedy's apprehensions about his Vice President:

> To grasp what the possibility of succession means to an occupant of the White House it is necessary to ponder the meaning of the Presidency itself—the legacy the second man stands to inherit. A husband can take out a fortune in life insurance without flinching. His attitude would alter sharply if he were told that the man next door would, in the event of his death, become father to his children and husband to his wife.

The other relevant passage is the last chapter, "Legend," where Manchester discusses the "King Must Die" myth (*vide* Sir James Frazer, Mary Renault, and Robert Graves). The crux of this myth is that the king is ritualistically murdered and the appointed successor takes his place not only as ruler but as the queen's consort as well. And, indeed, in pursuit of this theme, Manchester goes so far as to invent an encounter on the airplane between Mrs. Kennedy and the new President. She becomes "the first member of the Presidential party to discover that Air Force One had a new commander" when she opens her bedroom door in the plane and sees Lyndon Johnson "sprawled" across her husband's bed.* Manchester even suggests that Johnson had "carefully laid out" Mrs. Kennedy's "white Austin clothes" because "[The] new President wanted her to look immaculate in the inaugural picture so that the public's memory of the maculate scene on Elm Street would be blurred."

After this strange flight back to Washington, the original manuscript is not very different from the published version. There is the funeral, the catharsis, and the apotheosis in which John Kennedy takes his place with King Arthur, Roland, Balder the beautiful, and Jeanne d'Arc.

TO BE SURE, the foregoing précis is taken from a 1,200-page manuscript, and certain prominent themes may seem less mythopoeic when viewed as part of the entire tapestry rather than as isolated threads. Nevertheless, these threads do indicate, I think, that the criticisms of Messrs. Thomas, Schlesinger, and Goodwin were provoked by something more substantial than Manchester was later willing to concede. It is one thing to bandy about highsounding phrases like "the integrity of a historical document" and the "public's right to know," as Manchester did in *Look*. But to infuse a narrative with mythopoeic elements (e.g., the usurpation theme, complete with ritual hunts, saturnalias, ogres, and omens); to transform the participants in the event into grotesque caricatures (e.g., the successive portraits of President Johnson as a feckless capon, a mendacious chameleon, and a crafty seducer); to create fictitious episodes for the purpose of heightening the medodrama (e.g., the first meeting between Johnson and Mrs. Kennedy on the plane) —is to forfeit the claim to be compiling a "historical document," let alone one with "integrity." The early readers of *Death of Lancer* all evinced concern over the same point: the author's uncertain grip on reality. Clearly, they were justified in that concern. For as Evan Thomas later said in explaining why Manchester had turned the story of John Kennedy's death into a "magic fairy tale," Manchester had "become so emotionally involved that he had no choice but to give way to his emotions."

The potentially explosive nature of *Death of Lancer* derived, however, not from its embarrassing excesses—strident attacks on Lyndon Johnson are as commonplace nowadays as they are ineffectual—but from the ineluctable fact that it had been commissioned by Robert Kennedy and would appear under the auspices of the Kennedy name. Once *Death of Lancer* had been read by Robert Kennedy's representatives, publication understandably became contingent on the deletion of the offensive and fictional parts of the book.

Manchester—the same Manchester who subsequently identified himself in *Look* as "I, the zealous defender of the public's right to know" and declared that "no fact, however disagreeable, may be expunged from the record"—readily agreed to such deletions in his eagerness to get "an approved text." Indeed, he wrote Guthman and Seigenthaler, the Kennedy liaisons, that all the anti-Johnson material and other passages detrimental to the "national interest" and the "Presidency" (*including* factual material) should be cut.

With the author's full consent, then, the more unseemly sub-themes were filtered out of the book. The denigrating portrait of Lyndon Johnson was transfigured into an almost sympathetic one. The blackest villains (Johnson's partisans) enjoyed a last-minute reprieve and were finally tinted gray. *Death of Lancer* became *The Death of a President*.

Much of what was cut out, however, had formed the unifying principle of the book, so that the revisions had the effect of weakening its literary impact. The notion that Johnson, the successor, was somehow responsible for the death of his predecessor is what gave the original melodrama

* That this episode is fiction we know from virtually all the other evidence. For example, Lawrence O'Brien, who accompanied Mrs. Kennedy and the coffin to the airport, clearly specified the sequence of events. First, the coffin was brought onto the plane. "Then," O'Brien testified, "I looked up, and the President and Mrs. Johnson were at the corridor . . . (on the plane)." *Next*, "Mrs. Kennedy came aboard and was seated in the rear compartment, and Mrs. Johnson and the President went over to her" (Warren Commission testimony, Volume VII, p. 470). Thus, Mrs. Kennedy did *not* first encounter Johnson in her bedroom —a fact which is supported by the testimony of Kenneth O'Donnell, President Johnson, Secret Service agent Kivett, and others.

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much of its thrust and such structural coherence as it had. The omens, premonitions, mysterious deaths, and thanatopsic pageantry all contributed to a developing myth which began with a "ritual" stag hunt and ended with a solitary stranger standing spellbound as he unfolds the blood-stained garments worn by Jacqueline Kennedy on the day of the assassination. Without the mythic overview, many details appear in the final book as freefloating absurdities.

Thus, with Johnson exonerated, certain key episodes—the moments of confrontation between "loyalists" and "realists," Johnson's usurpation of Air Force One, the boycott of the new President's oath by Kennedy aides, the first cabinet meeting with its oppressive tension—are reduced to little more than a disconcerting play of manners; the final text at times reads like a courtesy book for the Presidential company, prescribing proper etiquette in the aftermath of an assassination. The revisions also worked to obscure the motivation of certain principal actors in the drama Manchester originally constructed. The "loyalists," for example—O'Donnell, Powers, McHugh, Mrs. Kennedy—whose behavior toward Johnson in *Death of Lancer* makes sense in terms of the myth, appear curiously irrational and foolish in their gestures of opposition to the well-meaning Lyndon Johnson of *The Death of a President*.

But tempering the book's inordinately anti-Johnson tone did not enhance its claims to accuracy, for Manchester seems to have been as willing to reverse facts as he was to make the requested thematic revisions. For instance, to absolve Johnson of responsibility for the tragedy, it was convenient to overlook his participation in the planning of the trip to Texas. The final version states only that Connally met with Kennedy at the Cortez Hotel in El Paso the previous spring and gave his consent; a few pages later, Manchester says that Johnson "had not been consulted about the desirability of the expedition." The truth is, however, that Johnson also attended the meeting at the Cortez Hotel where, according to Clifton Carter, a participant in the conference, "the original conversation concerning President Kennedy's trip to Texas occurred."* Manchester was indeed, as he wrote Mrs. Kennedy, "becoming an expert with the eraser."

Yet there were also certain points having nothing to do with "the integrity of a historical document" or "the public's right to know" on which Manchester refused to yield an inch. An example is his private joke about Brig. Gen. Godfrey McHugh. Apparently because McHugh served as Kennedy's personal weather forecaster, Manchester decided to truncate the General's first name and refer to him as "God." If the Presidential party encountered inclement weather, after McHugh had promised blue skies, Manchester could wryly note that "God had blundered badly. It wasn't the first time, either." No one begrudges an author a warranted *jeu d'esprit*. But as Schlesinger specifically pointed out in his memorandum to Manchester, McHugh was never called "God." Even so, Manchester insisted on retaining the joke.†

STRANGELY ENOUGH, Manchester seems to have been most intransigent in dealing with details palpably irrelevant to the history of the assassination. One of these was a scene in which the Kennedy children are told of their father's death while being bathed by their nanny. When the editors attempted to remove this scene on the ground that it appeared to be spurious and was, moreover, tasteless, Manchester protested vigorously that it was "the most important" episode in the book. "It simply cannot be omitted, and I cannot imagine altering it in any way. I cannot exaggerate my conviction on this. Of course it is upsetting. I don't have to be reminded of that. For personal reasons it was the most difficult passage I have ever written, and I still have not recovered from it. But it cannot go. I will take anything but that."** It was his inexplicable obstinacy on irrelevant points like this, and not so much anything pertaining to the political history of his subject, which apparently led in the end to Manchester's legal skirmish with the Kennedy family.

But a more critical test of a historian's probity than his ability to discriminate between the relevant and the irrelevant is his way of coping with material which tends to conflict with his major theses. Does he take such material into proper account, even if that might entail revising or reconstructing his prime argument, or does he simply omit it or disingenuously attempt to discount its significance? In trying to answer such questions, the usual stumbling block is that one does not know just what material an author has considered but rejected in arriving at the final product. By comparing the successive versions of Manchester's book, however, it is possible to cast some light on his methods of handling these problems of conflict.

One such problem arose for Manchester in May of 1966 (after *Death of Lancer* had been completed), when it was revealed that there was a salient contradiction between the FBI Summary Report and the Warren Report concerning the results of the autopsy performed on President Kennedy. The only evidence capable of resolving this

* Warren Commission Hearings, Vol. VIII, p. 475 (Carter affidavit).

† Nor did Manchester defer to Professor Schlesinger's counsel in matters of historical scholarship. Part of the tendentious theory that the whole city of Dallas shared responsibility for the assassination rested on the author's flat assertion that "Pioneer society demands total conformity." Schlesinger suggested that any such premise was seriously challenged by Frederick Jackson Turner's thesis that the frontier bred individualism and advised that "the matter is too complicated to be solved here." But the "Manchester thesis" won out in the published book.

** Letter to Evan Thomas, May 13, 1963.

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contradiction, the unexamined X-rays and photographs of the autopsy, were at that time "unavailable." Until these pictures could be scrutinized, crucial questions about the assassination would remain moot.

Manchester's original text contained no mention of these photographs, but as soon as he became aware of their importance, he requested permission from Robert Kennedy's office to look at them. Subsequently, in August, he added the following note to a revised version of his book:

> The issue is resolved by the X-rays and photographs which were taken from every conceivable angle during the autopsy on the President's body. This material is widely believed to be in the hands of the Secret Service. In fact, it is the property of Robert Kennedy, who decided that it was too unsightly to be shown to the public, or even to members of the Warren Commission staff. However, this writer is in a position to comment upon it. The X-rays show no entry wound "below the shoulder," as argued by the graduate student.* Admittedly X-rays of active projectiles passing through soft tissue are difficult to read. However, the photographs support them in this case—and clearly reveal that the wound was in the neck.

When asked about this footnote by Richard N. Goodwin, who was then acting as a consultant on the book, Manchester let it be understood that he had personally studied both the X-rays and the photographs of the autopsy. Yet, as Goodwin later learned to his dismay, permission had never been granted Manchester to examine the photographs. When presented with this fact, Manchester admitted that he had actually never seen either the X-rays or photographs, but was reluctant to change the text which was then being rushed to publication by *Look*.

Finally, under editorial pressure, he inserted a statement in the final version to the effect that he had not personally seen the autopsy pictures, but had discussed them with three men, each a stranger to the others, who carried "special professional qualification" and who had examined the evidence. Each gave, according to Manchester, accounts "identical" to the one he had reported in his August footnote. Manchester did not name the mysterious strangers, explain their special qualifications, or give details of their accounts (such as the exact location of the wound in the neck and whether or not the X-rays indicated a path for the missile). It would seem, then, that Manchester attempted to resolve a difficult and perplexing historical problem, first, by the device of a misleading statement implying an authority for himself he did not in fact possess, and then, when checked in the subterfuge, by inserting a revision which was itself needlessly vague and mystifying. Even so, he had imperiously asserted in behalf of his own interpretation of the assassination that "the account in the text is correct, and any version which contradicts it is inaccurate and insupportable."

This sleight-of-hand technique is further evident in Manchester's handling of material that demonstrably contradicted other cherished assumptions. In the *Look* serialization, Manchester erroneously said that the photographs taken of Johnson's swearing-in aboard Air Force One did *not* show "the presence of a single male Kennedy aide"; and that during the ceremony Kenneth O'Donnell was "pacing the corridor like a caged tiger, his hands clapped over his ears as though to block the oath." Both these assertions were promptly refuted. The Boston *Globe* published one of the photographs of the ceremony showing O'Donnell standing next to Mrs. Kennedy while Johnson was being inaugurated. And *Time* identified six Kennedy aides—O'Donnell, Powers, O'Brien, Clifton, Dr. Burkely, and Colonel Swindal—in the same series of photographs which the author had claimed showed not a single male Kennedy aide.

Much of the drama Manchester extracted from the alleged feud between the Kennedy and Johnson camps was based on this supposed boycott of Johnson's "anointment"; it became especially prominent after other dubious sources of conflict described in *Death of Lancer* had been edited out of the final text. In the Harper & Row edition, which was published about a month after the errors were discovered in the *Look* serialization, the word "major" was added to "male Kennedy aides." But this change hardly rectified the mistake: all the "major" aides on the plane *were* present, except perhaps for Godfrey McHugh.

It is, of course, possible that Manchester simply lacked the time to make the necessary emendations before the book went to press. However, in the changes Manchester submitted for the second edition of *The Death of a President*, he proposed to add only that O'Donnell was "cropped out" of "the official photograph" because he had a "ghastly" look on his face as Johnson took the oath. But this planned revision compounded, rather than corrected, the original error. For one thing, there was no single official photograph, and for another, O'Donnell was cropped out of some pictures because they were, of course, photographs of Johnson, and O'Donnell was standing at the extreme edge of the crowd. Moreover, although his proposed revision appears to take care of the erroneous placement of O'Donnell, Manchester persists in leaving the impression of a boycott of Kennedy aides at Johnson's inauguration. Thus, even when Manchester was aware of substantial mistakes in his report, he preferred to sidestep rather than correct them

* The "graduate student" referred to is myself. Although it is not directly pertinent to the point in question, I might add that I never argued, or presumed to know, what either the X-rays or photographs would in fact show.

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and possibly jeopardize the cogency of a pet thesis which they supported.*

Manchester's cavalier manner of resolving other more perplexing problems manifests itself in his treatment of the vexing question of whether Oswald had enough time to fire all the shots. In a footnote, he dismisses this question as "a trick," glibly arguing that the contention that it was impossible for Oswald to have fired three times in the 5.6 seconds which elapsed between the first and last shots rested on the assumption that at least 6.9 seconds were necessary to accomplish the feat (i.e., 2.3 seconds were needed to operate the bolt on the murder weapon). But this, he points out, is a fallacious calculation. To fire three shots, Oswald only had to operate the bolt twice; thus he would have needed only 4.6 seconds, one second less than the required time; ergo, the feat *was* possible.

The argument that Manchester undertook to refute, however, is one that he himself invented. To my knowledge, no one, not even Mark Lane, has claimed that 6.9 seconds were needed for three shots to have been fired. The problem of time which *has* occupied critics of the Warren Report derives from the fact that the Warren Commission's own analysis of the Zapruder film of the assassination indicated that both President Kennedy and Governor Connally were first struck within an interval of 1.8 seconds. Because the weapon in question could not be fired twice within this time span, it seemed that either both men were hit by the same bullet or that there were two assassins.† Instead of grappling with this problem, Manchester created his own straw man, which he then effortlessly toppled by exposing the fallacy he himself had built into it.

In another misleading footnote, Manchester summarily resolves all doubts concerning Oswald's competence as a marksman by citing himself as an "expert witness." On the basis of his own Marine Corps experience, he asserts that "At that distance, with his training, he [Oswald] could scarcely have missed." But what had disturbed members of the Warren Commission staff was the fact that Oswald's rifle sight was defective. During the writing of the Warren Report, Wesley J. Liebeler, a Commission lawyer, stated in a memorandum: "It is simply dishonest leaving out the problem with the sight." The problem was finally acknowledged in the Warren Report, but it is not even mentioned in Manchester's book.

Solving problems by fiat, a method which allows a historian to subject the past to his own conception of it, inevitably leads to factual errors. In Manchester's case, a surfeit of mistakes—some major and most minor—has already been discovered by some of the participants in the events he describes. For instance, Charles Roberts, one of the four journalists who witnessed the swearing-in of President Johnson, points to more than a dozen errors in Manchester's account of it. A great many other persons—including Lawrence O'Brien, Walter Lippmann, Generals McHugh and Clifton, J. Edgar Hoover, Congressman Henry Gonzales, the Duke of Norfolk, Kenneth O'Donnell, Governor John Connally, Richard N. Goodwin, Jacqueline Hirsch, Robert McNamara, Mayor Earle Cabell, Dr. Earl Rose—have also found Manchester's description of events in which they were directly involved to be erroneous in one detail or another.

THERE IS, however, little point in cataloguing Manchester's errors. Even critics who found *The Death of a President* seriously flawed by the author's lack of historical detachment assumed that the errors they themselves discovered were merely isolated examples in a vast reservoir of accurate facts; and they held forth the hope that Manchester's research and diligence had at least produced a valuable source book for later historians. But one commentator, Walter Lippmann, cut straight to the core of the matter: ". . . in the mistakes I know about there is the same pattern: always the mistake is a fiction which intensifies the drama of the story." If this is so, then far too many of Manchester's facts must remain suspect. Unless the arduous process of sorting out his facts from his dramatic fictions—a process only begun with the revisions of *Death of Lancer*—is completed soon, passing his work on to future historians as a primary source would be to cheat posterity of *its* "right to know."

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* Another example of this tendency can be seen in Manchester's treatment of J. Edgar Hoover. In his final version, he chides Hoover for his failure to extend condolences to the Kennedy family, and for remaining "sphinxlike." Yet Hoover had in fact written letters of sympathy to Robert Kennedy and other members of the family. To take care of this error, Manchester proposed adding that *although* Hoover had written a letter of sympathy, he remained "sphinxlike." The conclusion persisted even when the facts it was based on had vanished.

† Professor Alexander Bickel (COMMENTARY, October 1966) has argued that the Commission's analysis of the problem was based on a possibly incorrect calculation of the time of the first shot, and that a single assassin could have fired all the shots *even if* both men were hit by separate bullets.

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NEIL COMPTON

EXPO 67

Are world's fairs obsolete? This is the eight-hundred-million-dollar question posed by Expo 67, the "universal and international exhibition" being held in Montreal from April 28 to October 27. It is too early to expect a definitive answer. The fair seems to be an immediate popular, financial, and critical success, but any enterprise involving the expenditure of such immense resources of talent and capital must obviously be judged in the light of its long-range impact either upon world culture or the creative vitality of the sponsoring community.

Expo 67 has been greeted with such universal enthusiasm (except, strangely, among British critics) that cynics may feel the fair must be doing something wrong. Can the nightmares bred by science fiction really be assuaged by this carnival vision of technological humanism? Are all those articles about Montreal, the swinging bilingual metropolis, really about the city we know, with its slums, rising crime rate, and smoldering racial animosities? Is the whole exotic complex no more than a huge delightful irrelevance?

The idea of the world's fair as an encyclopedic expression of faith in the pacific harmonies alleged to be implicit in technology, world trade, and "enlightened" nationalism dates back to the great London Exhibition of 1851. Here, for the first time, the new environment being created by steam power, machine production, and internanational commerce was dramatized in a form comprehensible to the average citizen. Appropriately, the exhibition was housed in Joseph Paxton's glittering Crystal Palace—the first great modern building (four times the size of St. Peter's) to forsake masonry in favor of prefabricated, mass-produced units of glass, iron, and wood.

However, the creative euphoria of 1851, based as it was upon an illusory dream of technological and capitalist utopia, could not last forever. The four great Paris exhibitions of the last half of the 19th century carried on the tradition and added to it, particularly in the daring steel-frame constructions of the *Palais des Machines* and the Eiffel Tower, at the fair of 1889. But the Chicago Columbian exhibition of 1893 (a great contemporary success) is now generally regarded as having been an intellectual and artistic disaster, remembered chiefly for the prophetic triumph of Little Egypt, pioneer of the great American art of exotic dancing. As the prospects for a genuine international polity grow steadily grimmer, and urban living becomes more brutally sordid, so there has been an increasing hollowness and frivolity in the verbal and architectural rhetoric of each succeeding fair. Meanwhile, the development of instant electronic communications and modern methods of photographic reproduction has seemed to make the very idea of a large exhibition to which people must go on complicated and expensive journeys as obsolete as the steam engine which started the whole sequence.

Not many Canadians were very upset, therefore, when, in 1960, Canada's application to the International Exhibitions Bureau for the right to hold a fair to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Confederation was turned down in favor of a Soviet bid to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Nor was there a great deal of excitement two years later, when the Soviet Union changed its plans, and Canada was awarded the right to stage an exhibition in 1967 after all. After a little jockeying between the mayors of Canada's major cities, the contest was won by Montreal.

The prospects hardly seemed encouraging. Far from looking forward to the approaching Centennial with patriotic joy, the French-speaking majority of Quebec province was rather sourly reassessing "one hundred years of injustice," as a common slogan put it. Bombs had exploded in the rich English-speaking Montreal suburb of Westmount, and no French Canadian under the age of thirty could be found to say a good word for Confederation past, present, or future. Moreover, Montreal's location on a crowded island in the middle of the St. Lawrence river presented grave problems in the choice of a site for the exhibition: the two lost years since 1960 seemed to rule out such time-consuming solutions as the requisition and demolition of slum properties. Finally, there was general agreement that the fair would be no more than one gigantic traffic jam unless something drastic were done about both

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the highway approaches to the city and the public transportation system within its boundaries. No one had much faith that any of these obstacles could or would be overcome.

At this point, the Mayor of Montreal, Jean Drapeau, began to reveal that he was something more than the efficient and incorruptible (and, it must be admitted, somewhat autocratic) public servant he had hitherto appeared. Having begun his career as an ardent Quebec nationalist, Drapeau had been converted by his office as mayor to a vision of Montreal as a great cosmopolitan and international city (at one point in the cold war he had dreams of snatching the United Nations headquarters away from New York and reestablishing it in Montreal). Almost singlehandedly and in the face of widespread opposition and skepticism, Drapeau decided that the exhibition would be held on a site literally created in the middle of the St. Lawrence river: the nucleus was to be Ile Sainte-Hélène (named by Champlain in honor of his wife in 1611) extended upstream and downstream by dumping tons of fill; nearby, close to the dike of the St. Lawrence Seaway (the entrance to which is hard by the exhibition), a whole new island, Ile Notre-Dame, was to be created. New bridges, an ice boom, and a greatly enlarged man-made pier on the "mainland" were all involved in the plan. For a while, it looked as though the skeptics had been right when the river bottom failed to provide dredges with sufficient fill, but an emergency plan, which sent a truck over the single access bridge every four minutes day and night for seven months, produced the required twenty-five million tons by June 1964—at which time the site was handed over by the city to the Exhibition Corporation. It would be hard to imagine a more varied and dramatic setting for an exposition—within ten minutes of the downtown area, yet affording space (1,000 acres), greenery (the untouched parkland on Ile Ste. Hélène), canals, lagoons, a magnificent view of the Montreal skyline, and the activity of harbor and seaway to watch.

While all this was going on, the Drapeau administration was also directing its energies to the solution of the traffic problem. The most impressive achievement in this field was the completion of a long-promised underground *Métro*, 15½ miles of lines and 26 stations, in under five years. Not many mass-transit systems are so gay and convenient: the sky-blue trains run on rubber tires, each station was designed and decorated by a different team of artists and architects, and sheltered pedestrian walkways connect with department stores, shopping centers, concert halls, and railway terminals, as well as Expo 67 itself.

In 1963, a conference of artists, intellectuals, scientists, and administrators was called to establish a unifying theme for the exhibition. The choice fell upon *Terre des Hommes* ("Man and his World"), the title of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's great book (1939, published in English as *Wind, Sand and Stars*). Saint-Exupéry's spirit dominated the early planning of the exhibition, particularly his vision of the machine as a device which "at first blush seems a means of isolating man from the great problems of nature, [but] actually plunges him more deeply into them." Man's task, according to Saint-Exupéry, is to try to colonize, to humanize the machine world. "We are emigrants who have not yet founded our homeland." And one of the means of binding man to man in a new global community is the fellowship of technological craftsmanship which "binds men together and fashions for them a common language." The least that can be said for this choice of theme is that it was appropriate for an exhibition planned and executed by a huge team of French and English Canadians who had to cope with language problems in addition to the normal difficulties encountered by hastily assembled organizations.

So seriously was the "Man and his World" idea taken, that there was talk, at one time, of making the entire city of Montreal the exhibition, locating pavilions and experimental housing schemes in blighted areas where they might have formed the nuclei for urban renewal. Sad to say, this plan foundered in face of the brute complexities of real-estate valuations.

It is perhaps an open question whether Saint-Exupéry would recognize his vision in Expo as it finally emerged.

WITH THE DECISION in favor of the river sites, planning reverted to more conventional modes of giving expression to the theme. The lone (and sadly truncated) survivor of the original utopian plan is Moshe Safdie's imaginative experiment in high-density housing, Habitat 67 (of which, more later). Although every participating country or organization was invited to incorporate the exhibition's main theme into the plans for its pavilion, the Expo Corporation decided to dramatize its central vision in a chain of "theme pavilions" scattered round the site, devoted to Man the Explorer, Man the Producer, Man the Creator, Man in the Community, and Man the Provider. Together with administration and service buildings, and the pavilions of Canada, the provinces, and Canadian corporations, these structures presented Canadian architects with an almost overwhelming set of challenges, to be met under conditions of unusual freedom.

The pavilions of the sixty-three nations and two dozen private organizations and corporations obviously had to be allowed the normal liberty of exhibition architecture to express national tradition or functional form in a dramatic way. However, Expo's architectural chief, Edouard Fiset, exercised to the full his power to reject or request

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modifications in designs. Only two or three real horrors (notably the pavilions of Taiwan and the Steel Companies of Canada) seem to have slipped through his net. Order and unity have been imposed upon what might have been chaos by the strict (perhaps almost puritanical) control of street furniture, signs, and advertisements. Only one chaste sans-serif type-face (*Univers*) was approved for public notices anywhere on the site; even directional arrows conform to a single standard pattern; restaurants, hot-dog stands, and boutiques are identified by non-verbal pop-art posters showing pictures of the product being sold (an example of life imitating art imitating life?). Benches (of which there are plenty), lamp-standards, trash-containers, and telephone booths have been austerely designed by a brilliant young Colombian architect, Luis Valla. No pavilion promotes or sells individual products; commercial activity is carried out in separate boutiques nearby. Entrance to all pavilions is free, but La Ronde, a moderately successful attempt to combine the charms of Tivoli and Disneyland, offers the usual attractions of a fun fair at the usual exorbitant prices. (Elsewhere in the exhibition, prices are very reasonable.)

Because the Expo site is so large and dispersed, it is served by a full-scale train, the Expo Express (no charge), a mini-rail system which snakes up and down and about among the exhibits (passing right through the U.S. pavilion, thirty-six feet above ground level), a trailer train which plies the roadways, gondolas, vaporettos, and Hovercraft. Since I am confined to a wheelchair, and have often had reason to curse the thoughtlessness with which some buildings are designed, I must mention the great care that has been taken to ensure that the overwhelming majority of the exhibits are accessible to the handicapped. There are no curbs and, almost everywhere, ramps replace or supplement stairways. Getting around Expo is much easier than negotiating any normal urban district of comparable size.

II

WORLD'S FAIRS are above all opportunities for architects to experiment with the kind of building which would ordinarily be too expensive or too risky to undertake. There seems to be something liberating about the thought that one is building for the moment—not for all time. In most cases this freedom leads to the creation of nothing more interesting than a bizarre or delightful *jeu d'esprit*, but every fair worthy of being remembered includes at least one or two structures which enlarge the grammar or the vocabulary of the architect's language.

Expo contains an unusually large proportion of successful buildings of the first type. Among those worth mentioning are the pavilions of Japan (Yashinobu Ashihara), a kind of elegant log cabin made of precast concrete blocks; the Netherlands (Eykelenboom and Middlehoek), supported by a tubular aluminum frame exposed outside and above the walls and roof; Africa Place (John Andrews), which houses the displays of several African states in a brick-and-plywood setting which succeeds in suggesting the ambience of an African market quarter without ceasing to be contemporary; Cuba's witty architectural pun (Baroni, Garatti, da Costa), an extravagant and highspirited juxtaposition of geometrical forms; and Venezuela (Carlos Rau Villanueva), three enormous, brightly enameled pop cubes. This is long enough for a catalogue of brief comments, but I feel uneasily that I might have added three or four more pavilions which equally deserve a mention.

Among the theme pavilions, two are of special architectural interest. Man in the Community (Erikson and Massey) is housed in a tapering tower of laminated wooden hexagons corbelled one on top of the other. Light filters into the structure through plastic sheets which close the gaps between the timbers, and the top of the cone is left open allowing rain to fall into a large central reed-bordered pool beneath. The general effect—faintly Oriental—is one of elegant exaltation.

Much more brutal and assertive are the matched pavilions of Man the Explorer and Man the Producer (Affleck, Desbarats, Dimakopoulos, Lebensold, and Sise). These are made up of huge truncated tetrahedrons, constructed out of massive steel frameworks which have been allowed to go rusty, and connected to one another by large open galleries. Though there was not enough time for the architects to carry out the elaborate mathematical studies that would have made full structural logic and economy possible, these buildings have a gloomy grandeur which is a refreshing contrast to the lightness and frivolity of most of the structures surrounding them. So far, they have been unpopular with the general public (who object to the rust), but amateurs of architecture may remember the Piranesiesque drama of these buildings long after the rest of the fair has become a hazy memory. Unfortunately, the full shock of the design is cushioned, for those who view it from outside, by an inappropriate facade of shingle; only from underneath and within do the melancholy arches and shadowy vaults exercise their full romantic power.

In general, those countries which tried to make the most powerful impression upon visitors muffed their opportunity. The USSR, in particular, tried valiantly to break out of its stereotyped reputation for stodgy and old-fashioned exhibition architecture, by commissioning an aggressively modern pavilion (credited to M. V. Posokhin, but at least partly designed and entirely construct-

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ed by Italians). Its huge ski-jump of a roof, upon which is suspended the whole weight of the building, is supported in tension upon two gigantic V-shaped steel struts (the pavilion is said to contain as much steel as a 30-story office block). Unfortunately, the architect surrounded the whole structure, including the struts, with a glass wall (also hung from the roof) and the exhibitors stuffed the building uncomfortably full of things to look at, with the result that the structural drama is concealed by wall and bric-a-brac, and the pavilion looks as though it were nothing more than a roof supported in the boring old way by four walls.

Britain and France both spent a great deal of money to produce pavilions which, seen side-by-side, seem like caricatures of their national stereotypes. The British pavilion (Sir Basil Spence) is an immense, stolid, concrete structure which suggests, to those who stand on its plaza, a rocky island or a battleship. I don't believe that Spence intended the effect to be taken seriously enough to deserve the scorn that has been heaped upon its "pretentious cliché-ridden rhetoric" (he originally planned a huge pop design based on the Union Jack), but it certainly is not the kind of building of which architectural history is made. France, anxious to exploit its renewed love affair with Quebec (after two centuries of mutual unfaithfulness), has lavished millions on a huge chauvinistic exercise in Gaullist baroque—eight floors (count them!) of galleries surrounding a central well, the whole design confused and prettified by a meaningless facade of aluminum strips. It is a pity that both pavilions look as though they were built to last six centuries rather than the duration of the fair, six months.

With the possible exception of Man the Provider and Man the Explorer, none of the buildings discussed so far is likely to find its way into architectural history books. A number of Expo buildings probably will, however, and, interestingly enough, they qualify for similar reasons. If Expo is, in any sense, an indication of the direction in which architecture is developing, then it signals the approaching end of the kind of uncluttered rectangular shape that has dominated "good" design for sixty years.

Even Moshe Safdie's assault on the problem of cheap, high-density housing, Habitat 67, presents a jagged, apparently haphazard silhouette to the observer, though its basic unit is a rectangular precast concrete box 17′6″ by 38′6″ by 10′. The essential principle of Habitat's design is to place individual prefabricated dwellings of various sizes on top of one another in a series of irregular pyramids, so that the roof of one unit can serve as the garden terrace of another, and each family can enjoy maximum privacy and its own unique outlook, though living in close proximity to neighbors. The architect's original plans called for 1,350 dwellings, housing up to four thousand people. Each unit, fully prefabricated and fitted with windows, wiring, and plumbing (including complete plexiglass bathrooms) in an on-site factory, was to be "plugged in" to position in a three-hundred-foot prismastic lattice pyramid, up the sloping legs of which all services were to move.

Unfortunately, the total estimated cost of this project was so huge that it looked for a time as though the whole idea would be scrapped. (Habitat would become really "low cost," only if five- or six thousand units were to be built.) However, a modified plan was finally approved. In its present form, Habitat consists of 158 dwellings constructed out of 354 modular units piled on top of one another like an arrangement of children's bricks. Vertical elevators, made necessary by the elimination of the pyramidal supports, stop at the sixth and tenth levels, where they connect with bridges (called airways) leading to individual front doors. However, the abandonment of the structural lattice plan meant that each unit had to be built strong enough to bear the weight of all those piled on top of it. This limited the architect's freedom to use lightweight materials, and dictated construction of units varying widely in strength and weight, depending upon their position in the complex. A huge and expensive crane had to be specially devised and constructed to lift the 80 to 120 ton boxes (complete with wall-to-wall carpets) into place.

Thus, Habitat, which was originally conceived as an experiment in low-cost housing suitable for use in underdeveloped countries, has ended up an immensely expensive project, working out at a cost of at least $90,000 a unit. Its present occupants are not the poor, but senior officials of Expo or distinguished visitors such as Prime Minister Pearson.

However, if the project had been completed even on its original scale, the unit cost would have been much lower. As it is, most people seem to think that Habitat's value as an experiment and a prophecy of things to come is well worth the difference between what it cost and its market price as a piece of real estate. Certainly, its irregular profile will be one of the sights of Montreal for at least the next decade. Detractors have unkindly called it "a terribly expensive modern slum," but that description should surely be applied to many a more costly conventional "luxury" apartment block.

In comparison with the two most exciting and prophetic pavilions at Expo, even Habitat may seem heavy, square, and conventional. Buckminster Fuller (for the U.S.) and Frei Otto (for West Germany) have each produced buildings in which lightweight materials and sophisticated mathematical calculations combine to achieve miracles of grace, lucidity, and structural econ-

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omy. Both eschew straight lines and rigidity of structure—but there the similarity ends. J. M. Richards has suggested that the two pavilions respectively represent classic and romantic applications of the new architectural technology.

Fuller's enormous transparent geodesic sphere, 20 stories high and 250 feet in diameter, is a network of triangulated aluminum tubes supporting an acrylic plastic skin. Automated shades (controlled by a computer) regulate the amount of sunlight penetrating the interior, and the skin is equipped with "pores" that enable the structure to breathe as though it were an organism. Seen from within or without, in darkness or in light, the pavilion is endlessly various and fascinating. Fuller's building completely upstages the exhibition it houses ("Creative America," designed by the Cambridge Seven): though there is a refreshing lack of industrial self-assertion or patriotic rhetoric, and the initial view of brightly striped space-capsule parachutes and huge op-pop paintings is breathtaking, the slightly campy display of space equipment, Hollywood trivia, patchwork quilts, Indian war bonnets, Civil War memorabilia, and the like is too casual and offbeat to stand up to the architectural drama in which it is set.

The West German pavilion, like an enormous surrealistic circus tent, consists of a translucent plastic roof suspended beneath a mesh of cables slung between a number of raked masts of various sizes, the largest rising to over 120 feet. The huge, mysterious, irregular space enclosed by the "tent" is lit, during the day, by sunlight filtering through the plastic (which is punctuated by occasional "windows" of clear material). At night, the whole building gives off a warm, romantic glow. Otto's pavilion, though just as satisfying in its own way as Fuller's, does not compete with its exhibits: the effect is graceful, intriguing, and exhilarating, but not overwhelming. The presence of these related but totally dissimilar buildings a few hundred yards from one another suggests that the new architecture offers unprecedented freedom of expression to those who can master its grammar. Both Fuller and Otto are chiefly famous as structural theorists, and neither of their pavilions could have been erected without the aid of computers; but one of them descends artistically from the builders of the Parthenon, while the other is the heir of the great anonymous architects of Chartres, Ely, and Cologne.

After the architects, sculptors have the most reason to be grateful to Expo for opportunities to practice their art on a large and expensive scale. Haters of modern sculpture will find hundreds of grotesque and bizarre objects upon which to vent their spleen (I have already seen one man give Michael Snow's *Walking Woman* a vicious kick on the shin). The blowtorch is replacing the chisel in the sculptor's bag of tools, and the comparatively few orthodox stone figures that dot the exhibition site look rather demure and out-of-place in the midst of so much rusty iron and bent aluminum. Most of the pieces are rather good fun, as though the sculptors were in a holiday mood. There are lots of mobiles, including a ferociously corroded sea-monster by Gerald Gladstone that rises clanking from a lake (when it is in working order) and spits fire (when the pilot light is on). Nobody will be very surprised to learn that the most widely publicized commission for Expo, Alexander Calder's *Man* (48 tons of stainless steel, 67 feet high by 94 feet wide), is no more than an exercise in empty heroics. It is sad to see an artist of such wit and talent allowing himself to be seduced into attempting such a pretentious gesture.

III

WHAT GOES ON inside the pavilions is as hard to generalize about as are their external designs. Israel presents a panorama of five thousand years of Jewish history, with one of the Dead Sea Scrolls as her main exhibit; Britain makes a quite successful stab at living up to her swinging image, with a kind of automated historical pageant by Sean Kenny and a witty series of exhibits illustrating life in Britain today; Belgium's pavilion is full of superb works of art; the five Scandinavian countries manage to turn displays of manufactured products and raw materials into superb abstract sculptures; one can watch Nova Scotians building a schooner, Iranians weaving carpets, Tunisians making inlaid boxes and wire birdcages, and, in the Vermont pavilion, sculptors at work on a gigantic granite statue of Champlain. The rambling Canadian pavilion consists of an eleven-acre maze of ramps and platforms and features films, variety shows, string quartets, folk dancers, and organ recitals, in addition to more conventional attractions. The pavilions of Ontario and Quebec stand side by side like two solitudes, with their predictable characteristics reversed. Quebec's elegant trapezoid enshrines an austerely stylized and completely programmed vision of an industrial megalopolis (beautiful but cold and frightening), while Ontario's range of crystalline plastic triangles houses a riot of fun and creativity.

The catchword among the younger designers seems to have been Total Involvement. Almost all the theme pavilions (with the intractable exception of Man the Provider, which features pleasantly restful cows and hatching eggs) include "experiences" designed to force-feed the imagination. Two hundred people fainted during the first ten days of Meditheatre, a spectacle in which the audience witnesses huge color movies of open-heart and kidney-graft operations. *Citérama*, in Man and the Community, seats its audience on benches to watch a huge carousel of startling

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urban juxtapositions revolve like a series of "happenings" to the accompaniment of city noises and discordant jazz; in the same pavilion, blinding stroboscopic lights and electronic music intermittently highlight stark black and white figures, each locked in his own private prison cell, to symbolize the lonely crowd.

Kaleidoscope, sponsored by the chemical companies of Canada, envelops the visitor in a wild prismatic burst of brightly colored abstract shapes; while Italy's whole pavilion is a dark, exciting, confusing catacomb full of electronic music, disembodied voices, glowing transparencies and walls that seem to dissolve into shifting patterns of light. Even the Russians have an oyster-shaped sputnik theater, in which visitors are given the illusion of weightlessness. Everywhere you look in Expo, ten thousand automatic slide projectors click relentlessly on, projecting images on the inside and outside of spheres, on whirling bird-cages, on ceilings and floors, on visitors and, very occasionally, on ordinary rectangular screens.

IF THERE IS one art which dominates Expo, it is cinema. Not the old-fashioned kind which tells a story or reproduces the appearance of life. Every pavilion has a few small screens upon which loops of ordinary two-dimensional film flicker repetitively, half noticed among the clutter of other attractions. But the crowd-pleasing blockbusters are the spectaculars, presented in special theaters with wrap-around or multiple screens, and projectors aimed above, below, and even at the audience, their images multiplied or distorted by prisms or mirrors. Some of these film "experiences" have a stunning sensuous and emotional impact, but nearly all of them lack the kind of paraphrasable content that would make them easy to describe.

The most ambitious and pretentious is the National Film Board of Canada's *Labyrinth* (Roman Kroiter), housed in an enormous specially designed building (Bland, Lemoyne, Edwards, and Shine). As the audience moves through its mysterious galleries, it is exposed to a series of indescribable kinesthetic experiences loosely based on the legend of the Minotaur. Though a sociologist (Fernand Cadieu) and a literary critic (Northrop Frye) were consulted on the scenario, *Labyrinth* achieves its most vertiginous effects through the close collaboration of film director and architect—perhaps a prophetic partnership for the future of art.

There are so many other interesting film presentations, modest only in comparison with *Labyrinth*, that it would take an article in itself to describe them, even if I had been able to find time to see them all. Among those which have been immediate popular successes are CPR-Cominco's multi-screen film on Canadian youth (by Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid, who made the Johnson's Wax film for the New York fair); *Canada 67* (Walt Disney) at the Telephone pavilion, really a rather corny travelogue, though nine projectors and a 360-degree screen conspire to impress even reluctant sophisticates; Art Kane's three-screen *A Time to Play* in the U.S. pavilion—a kind of cinematic parallel to *Lord of the Flies*; and *A Place to Stand*, (Chris Chapman) another delightful but very different three-screen extravaganza presented at the Ontario pavilion.

Canadian film-makers may justly claim that they have more than met the unprecedented challenge offered by Expo. They have turned out an astonishing volume of work, much of it first-rate —particularly some of the films made for theme pavilions. But the undisputed cinematic champion of the fair is Czechoslovakia. Not content with mounting a conventional exhibit of surpassing beauty and intelligence, the Czechs offer no fewer than four extraordinary film presentations.

Two of them feature a combination of live and cinematic performances. *Laterna Magika* (Pavel Prochazka), which was a success at the Brussels fair of 1958, confuses flesh and film in an astonishing counterpoint of reality and illusion. Performers argue, converse, and make up mixed duos, trios, and quartets with one another and their own images on the screen, until the audience happily loses its ability to distinguish shadow from substance. *Kino-automat*, a more frivolous entertainment, involves the audience in the development of the plot. At twelve crucial points, the actor who plays the hero stops the action and calls for a vote on what should happen next. The audience chooses between two alternatives by pressing buttons set into the arms of their seats. The result is automatically tabulated, and the majority gets its way. Unfortunately for middle-class morality, no audience has yet decided that the man whose wife is away for the week-end should refuse to open his door to the towel-clad blonde who is locked out of her apartment!

Polyvision, devoted to Czech industrial achievement, uses dozens of projectors and a roomful of unconventional "screens"—cubes, spheres, drums, and wheels, many of them whirling at high speed in different directions. The result is a kind of kinetic mosaic in which shots of assembly-lines and complicated machinery appear and disappear in a variety of combinations, like so many themes in a visual symphony. *Diapolyécran*, the last of the Czech film novelties, looks at first like a large ordinary screen covering an entire wall. Once in action, it turns out to consist of 112 translucent cubes, each containing two slide projectors. The "program," synchronized to a superb musical score (like all the Czech films), involves a brilliant series of mosaic variations on the history of man, with breathtaking juxtapositions and changes of scale. Each individual cube and, some-

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times, the entire luminous "wall" can be advanced several inches toward the audience—an effect which seems to bring the static images to dynamic life.

Roman Kroiter is supposed to have said, rather grandiosely, of *Labyrinth*, that those who see it will never again be quite the same. This is probably true of the whole film experience offered at Expo. With its annihilation of the detached observer and its blurring of the boundary between illusion and reality, it may constitute the greatest blow to old-fashioned book culture since Joe Shuster began to draw *Superman*.

IV

EXPO'S HYPNOTIC POWER is attested by the large numbers of visitors who come to scoff, but end by succumbing, with almost childlike enthusiasm, to its spell. The sheer colorful improbability of its streets, canals, and vistas is a lift to spirits jaded by the visual sterility of most urban environments. We may be perversely loving a quintessential image of our intellectual and cultural chaos, but most of us cannot help ourselves.

However, the planners of the exhibition wished to do more than hold a flattering mirror up to our own contradictions and confusions. They hoped to present a vision of man as he might be if he were to take seriously Saint-Exupéry's injunction to colonize the machine and make it truly human. It is no slur upon the achievement of these talented men to suggest that they failed in this impossible task. There were too many insuperable obstacles in the way.

Politics, to begin with. This "universal and international exhibition" contains no representation from China, Spain, Turkey, Pakistan, Portugal, Brazil, Argentina, or Poland—to mention only a few large and obvious omissions. The list of participating countries is almost entirely the result of diplomatic or economic circumstances beyond the power of Expo to control. The reality of international conflict is only vaguely or generally recognized in Expo, for similar reasons. Exhibits have had to be planned with national sensibilities in mind. There seems to have been a kind of involuntary agreement to pretend that China and Vietnam do not exist; and the picture of a sorrowing Turkish Cypriot widow had to be removed from the International Photography Exhibit at the insistence of the Greek Commissioner General. Everyone knows that the pill and its mechanical equivalents hold out one of the best hopes for controlling the population explosion (the effects of which are dramatized all over the exhibition), but religious politics seem to have imposed a virtual ban upon the mention of birth control. (I won't go so far as to claim that there is no mention whatsoever.) Surely Expo—the expression of a country which prides itself rather unrealistically on its role as a kind of international honest broker—missed a golden opportunity to confront its visitors with all the real problems of their world, letting the political chips fall where they might.

Naturally, the various national pavilions are full of big and little lies about life back home. Most of these take the form of *suppressio veri* rather than *suggestio falsi*. India offers not a hint of poverty and starvation; the U.S. ignores the civil-rights movement and the War Against Poverty (as well as That Other War); Thailand, an Asian Uncle Tom, pretends that the whole country is like a gigantic set for *Anna and the King of Siam*; Greece, rather inopportunely, boasts of being the birthplace of democracy; and Quebec stresses the massive homogeneity of its population, conveniently forgetting its large and heterogeneous English-speaking minority. In face of all this deliberate deception (or self-deception) little moments of truth shine like good deeds. The British poke fun at many of their own national peculiarities—though even they don't make jokes about xenophobia, the housing shortage, or color prejudice; and the Italians are honest enough to represent contemporary religious life with trashy plastic madonnas rather than masterpieces from the past. But the most bracing note of realism in the whole of Expo is the pavilion of the Indians of Canada, paid for out of public funds, to the eternal credit of the federal government. This mounts a devastating attack on the treachery and folly of the white man's relations with the red man during the past three hundred years. Some masochistic paleface quirk has made the Indians' show very popular, and there is reason to believe that the message is sinking in. (It would be too much to expect the Indians to devote any space to the shortcomings of their *own* cultural tradition.)

Expo's theme pavilions make a valiant effort to deal honestly and systematically with the contemporary challenge to man and his world, and there are some minor masterpieces of clarification and popularization. The main obstacle to communication is not any intellectual or artistic failure, but the brute limitation of human flesh. The most ardent seeker after self-improvement has to draw the line somewhere. I found my attention span repeatedly inadequate to the demands being made upon it—even though I kept reminding myself that I had better keep alert if I wanted to produce this article. Others who lack the spur of duty or profit may switch off even earlier than I did.

However, though the intellect may shut down under the bombardment of information, the senses continue to react to the incredible variety of stimuli offered for their gratification: the flashing messages, the bouncing balls, the relentless half-audible voices, the complex incomprehensible machines, and the multicolored tangles of

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luminous plastic spaghetti (undersea life? the arterial system? enlarged micro-organisms?—it all depends on which theme pavilion you are in) soon come to have an irresistible attraction of their own, independent of meaning. In Expo, the medium really does become the message. And the medium, most of the time, is in a state of utter and constant flux. Who could have dreamed that it all would be so dangerously attractive?

If the possibility of this sort of identity crisis is alarming, better confine your visit to Expo's superb exhibition of fine arts, just inside the main gate. No mere casual assembly of "masterpieces" (some of the works are quite modest and unassuming), the 188 items were carefully and lovingly chosen from all five continents and five thousand years of history to make up yet another set of variations on the Expo theme. In spite of tragedy (Rembrandt's *St. Peter Denying Christ*), pain (Eakins's *The Agnew Clinic*), and violence (Rousseau's *La Guerre*), these men and their worlds seem so solid and palpable compared with our own uncertain grasp on reality that one can sense the relief and reassurance felt by the crowds that throng the gallery. Of course, the anarchic joy and horror of the modern movement is generously represented, but its claim to reveal the whole truth about life is implicitly refuted by the humane alternatives on every hand.

This juxtaposition exactly epitomizes the theme Expo is supposed to embody: the thrilling but anarchic energies released by technology can be humanized only if we are aware of what they may destroy as well as create. A civilized future must be based upon both piety toward the past and respect for the complex actuality of the present. Otherwise, Saint-Exupéry's vision will be turned upside down, and machines will colonize man. On the whole, with the exceptions noted, Expo 67 seems to offer grounds for moderate optimism.

COMING NEXT MONTH. . . .

THEODORE DRAPER on *Israel and World Politics*

WALTER LAQUEUR on *The Causes and Effects of the War*

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YEHUDA AMICHAI

NINA OF ASHKELON

A Story

ONCE I HAD a summer girl who left me at summer's end. At first I thought when she left and autumn came that if she hadn't gone there would have been no autumn, that her leaving had caused the coming of autumn. Since then I have learned that there was no connection between the two events. There are many such parallel cycles: the cycle of seasons, the cycle of my life, the cycle of my loves, and that of my loneliness. Because of her and others too, and because of all of these, I was late going on my vacation to Ashkelon.

I came to the place like the Roman merchant who was buried there upon his return from a visit to Southern Italy, his birthplace; he returned to the East and died. Artists were brought to decorate the interior of his grave. This same Roman merchant inspired various reflections and dreams in me. Not far from the hotel was his grave, in a hollow between two sand dunes.

People sitting on the grass in the hotel garden said: "One has to see the antiquities." Why are people in our country so excited about antiquities? Perhaps because the present is not certain, and the future less so. In ancient times they used to forecast the future. Now we program the past.

In the evening, the proprietor of the hotel strolled among his guests, delighted to see that they ate with gusto. He was red all over, like sausages boiled in water. Sometimes he put his hands on the table as if he wanted to serve himself up, so eager was he to please his guests. Aside from myself, the guests included a young couple who had been married the day before, and a muscular German woman with a strong, aggressive voice, and many others.

The next day we went to the historic excavations near the hotel. In the grave of the Roman merchant were some mosaics and broken pillars and marking places for the archaeologists—little notations like pricetags in a shop window. Also there were chalk lines and wires strung about to aid the digging. We clustered around our guide. Once upon a time I hated to go to such places in an organized group. Now I loved the crowd, the closeness of bodies, the voices. Watch your step, behold, see the bas relief. Marvelous!

Sometimes I return alone to a place like this after having toured it with a group. And so it happened that in the evening I returned to the dead Roman's grave and sat in the soft, loose sand among the slips of paper and wires. On the road a car was passing slowly, like a police car, cruising, looking for something. Young men and women were sitting in the car, discussing whether they should stop and get out. Finally they drove on toward the tall tower in town. I studied the excavations. As in an architect's plan, you could see the foundations. This was house construction in reverse. The site had been turned into a plan, the plan flew into the builder's head, and from his head to the wide world.

I walked down to the sea and took off my shoes. The small crabs fled from me and disappeared into their holes, as did the sun, which was speeding toward the hole in the West where it would vanish. I watched the sun set while tying my sandals. We have learned to perform many actions simultaneously: I could sit tying on my sandals, sit and kneel and look toward the setting sun. If we are trained well, we can do three or four things together at the same time: ride in a car, cry, and look through a window; eat, love, think. And all the time consciousness passes like an elevator among the floors.

Later in the evening, a movie was shown in the garden. Everyone took a chair and sat down. Dogs and children ran about, draining off the attention of the audience; then they ran away and our attention returned to the preparations for the movie, the memory of supper, and gossip. The movie projectionists arrived late. A chair was placed on top of another chair to raise the projector to the proper height. The movie was about dancing, stabbing, and loving, all three of which seemed to be going on at the same time.

A girl passed between the screen and the projector. All the adventures mounted her back. I was jealous of her; she smiled. Her body moved in her dress as in a sea. Tomorrow she would go down once more to the soft beach. She did not have to labor much; life came her way, as readily

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YEHUDA AMICHAI, one of Israel's leading poets, is also the author of a novel, *Not Here, Not Now,* which Harper & Row will bring out in English translation early in 1968. The present story was translated from the Hebrew by ADA HAMEIRIT-SARELL.

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as the movie that was now being shown on her white back. Two dogs jumped on each other. In a distant wing of the hotel a light went on. Someone left the audience. Someone didn't feel well. From the kitchen we heard the voice of a girl, singing.

The hotel owner said, "Later we shall go down to the beach and fry sausages." Those were his exact words. The movie ended and the chairs were left for the waiters to replace. We all descended to the beach. On the way we passed Shemuel's coffee-house, where there were many pillars and a paved floor for dancing. That was Shemuel's coffee-house. Shemuel had tried many things before he opened his coffee-house near the sea that was black by night and green by day. That evening he had strung colored bulbs in happy chains in the sky of his coffee-house, along the tops of the pillars which surrounded the dance floor. He governed his skies with the help of electric wires at night, and by day with canvas awnings that fenced out the noonday sun. That evening, soldiers from a nearby camp sat under his skies near the whispery sand. They had come to celebrate a victory, or to be comforted after defeat. At any rate, they had come to rest from the training-grounds, the outposts, and the army offices. Silken girls put fumbling hands on their shoulders. Girls with rosy ice-cream thighs and eyes of chocolate cake. Whispering sand-girls who kept their warmth at night. Some of the soldiers had come with their heavy boots on, and danced like bears, swayed like drunkards. Shemuel looked upon all of them with pleasure and satisfaction; every once in a while he took a tray and passed among the dancers to attend to their wishes. We decided to postpone the sausage business until the following night. Some of the older women wanted to stay and watch the young soldiers dance. We sat with the local doctor. He nudged my shoulder and said: "Look, there is Shemuel's beautiful wife."

SHE WAS STANDING near the exit, in front of a sign which said: "Discount for soldiers. Today—shashlik and liver." She had green eyes and a week ago she had returned to her husband. Once, a rich American had come to Ashkelon and she had run after him—literally. They had exchanged a few words while she served him in her husband's restaurant, then, simple as it sounds, she ran to the kitchen, threw off her apron, and ran after him across the sands through the thin bushes. That is to say, sitting in his hotel room in the town of Ashkelon, he did not yet know that she was pursuing him. Her shoes had filled with sand and she threw them away, she almost did the same with her skirt and lace panties. All these things—shoes, clothes, strange thoughts, the outgrowths of culture —disturbed her in her flight and her green eyes were those of a wildcat in an ancient forest. It was early morning when she arrived at the American's room. The next day she married him and they left together. After three months she returned. It is not to be supposed that she crossed the sea on her own power, although she was an able swimmer and fully capable of leaving her clothes in a heap near the shore in Naples and swimming to the shores of Israel. How and why they parted was not known.

Anyway, she came back through the sands, without a suitcase and clad in the same dress she had been wearing when she left; she was tired and barefoot. A week ago the exact same thing happened; she came back, disheveled, from a similar adventure, and refused to utter a word. She had to be taught to speak all over again.

That evening, as I have said, she stood near the exit, framed by the large sign, green-eyed, nose tossing, her mouth large and quiet in her white, traveler's face. The fat doctor looked her over and said: "She is ready for new sands and new dances. That one will never be cured. She's like a Siamese twin to the whole world. A new American will come, or even a Greek or a Roman, as they used to come here in ancient days, and she will run after him." The doctor pointed to the Roman's tomb and fell silent.

One of the officers on the dance floor went out, picked some narcissus flowers, and handed them to her. She said to him: "I know their scent." He answered: "I do not yet know yours." She said: "For you it is not worthwhile." Her husband was not jealous, and he permitted the officer to hand her the flowers. Shemuel had learned not to be jealous. Every day he wrote out the menu on the board in front of which his wife was now standing. He knew what was to be served at the noon meal, and he knew whether there would be a dance for the soldiers in the evening. But he didn't know if his wife would stay with him.

A dog ran after a moth but failed to trap it. A soldier caught his girl while dancing and lifted her up, swung her about like a young palm branch so that she would bring him a blessing. Shemuel's wife stood still, as if she were examining cloth in a shop. Her eyes were open. The moth tried to fly into her eyes; she shut her lids. The elderly guests returned to the hotel. The doctor stayed with us. The soldiers returned to camp. No one blew the bugle.

AT BREAKFAST, conversation was lively. Plans for the day were spread out on the tables. Most of the women came down in shorts; the older the woman, the shorter the shorts. After the meal I strolled out toward the bushes, to the site of ancient Ashkelon. I had seen the area by night, surrounded and protected from the three winds by a rampart on which could be seen the remains of walls and towers, and in the West the sea. At night it had looked foreboding and somber, like a snarled entanglement with no exit. So I had decided to explore the area by morning light.

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Still, the moment I entered the tangled bushes, my mood became blunt and heavy; I felt threatened. After walking a few hundred yards down the blue road, I reached the edge of the ancient townsite. My feet sank into the flour-like sand. Instantly I found myself in a deserted orange grove. In our country we are used to deserted places, to seeing houses without roofs, windows without houses, bodies without life, blackened plantations, and the remains of cracked roads. But nothing ever nauseated me as much as that orange grove. The dead branches were covered with white snails, the whole grove seemed stricken with leprosy. I stared at the broken aqueducts, partly filled by sand from the sea. Thorns at once beautiful and terrible twined their way to the tops of the branches. There were dark corners among the trees that were too large, too large for their own good: ruined corners that guarded the sterility of their shadows. Green flies buzzed around the sweat on my forehead. I continued walking. Fat fruits dropped from sycamore trees and burst on the ground. Everywhere there was the depressing sensation of sand over dead bodies, of dead bodies over the earth. Sand flies burst in a cloud. The road turned, pathways opened, leading into thickets of tamarisks, pathways at the end of which anything at all might happen. A lair of dark curses in various Mediterranean tongues, the vomit of cultures torn from their homeland and transported here. Now this unholy thicket had all those layers beneath it. Such Mediterranean trickery! Phoenician merchants, Greek merchants, Jewish merchants—striking bargains with heaven and with the dead, bringing the smell of perfume and expensive cloth to the detriment of the native population. It is like this: a skeleton, but not yet a clean skeleton; the odor of a rotting cadaver. I do not mean the odor of the coyotes and wildcats that die night after night in this thicket among the salted branches covered with snails. Such an odor would not nauseate me as did the sweet smell of this skeleton, but not yet a skeleton, of the ancient cultures rotting here in this thicket.

Here, for example, is a sycamore tree, leaning sideways in an unnatural fashion. I know there are trees near the sea and on the slopes that have been bent by the wind, but these sycamores had been permanently twisted by some intrinsic, predetermined corruptness. This landscape had been prostituted, pampered, spoiled. It destroyed its stomach on sweets. It should not pretend now to have a face of white marble, a girl's face, the tanned face of a soldier. All that is conjuring.

But I, at least, knew what lay underneath, what nourished the sycamores and the groves, what had really caused the marble pillars to be built. Even those narcissus flowers, so innocent in their whiteness—where did they get that exaggerated scent? It did not come from the sand. Indeed, it is best not to inquire what is in their roots. And those flies of Beelzebub that prey on live bodies and sculptures alike? I speak here of things which have refused to die, that continue an underground existence, beneath the sand and beneath the water, like submerged and incoherent whispers. A landscape that tosses in its bed with wild dreams. And what about that figure of Pan in the Roman's grave? By what metamorphosis did it arrive on this shore? And Shemuel's wife—where was she from? How did she escape, running through the sands, through the sea? And her green eyes?

I went on until I reached the small amphitheater where statues and broken mosaic tiles and Greek ledges lay about in disorder. Every historical period had collected in this hole, as in a textbook. The wind rose from the sea and the trees leaned toward the East.

From the amphitheater I took a side trail and walked down past one of the terrible sycamores that bent almost to the earth—that is to say, it was still standing, but in repose. The sycamore was not dead, because the ends of its branches sprouted leaves and sickening, fat fruits. An old, crumbling well-house stood there, with an apparatus made of a double chain and small rectangular scoops for drawing water. I did what every man does when he passes a well: I threw a stone into it, but I heard nothing, neither the sound of water nor the smack of stone on stone. I threw a second stone, but nothing happened. I tried to pull the draw chain. I bent over and suddenly I felt myself covered with a cold sweat. I turned around.

Shemuel's wife was sitting on the trunk of the sycamore, swinging. She bared her teeth:

"Such a one as you are then, a snooper."

"Where do you know me from?"

"You—don't you live in the hotel?"

"Yes . . . but you . . ."

"Yesterday you were sitting with the fat doctor. He is also my doctor. How funny he is. When he examined me after I came back he wanted to kiss me. He's the same size as the Roman merchant buried in the sands."

"What do you know about the merchant?"

"And what are you looking for underneath this town?"

"I'm not looking for anything."

All that time she was sitting swinging on that evil tree. Then she asked me:

"Have you been to the ancient harbor already?"

Again she bared her teeth, then jumped off the tree in a bound and disappeared down one of the trails, parting the bushes with her hands to work her way through. The bushes sprang back after she passed. I was still standing near the old well. Nothing had changed here, I saw. This landscape was no more strange and terrible today than it was a week ago, years ago, millennia ago. Shemuel's wife could as easily have sat in the private amphitheater watching two wrestlers as she stood

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last night on the dance floor, watching the soldiers. I can imagine one of the wrestlers felling his opponent, then kneeling over him, gripping him with tong-like thighs while looking up at her for further instructions. She sticks to character: "Continue to the death!" The results are known. One of the two, the one lying upon the ground, grapples the other's chest with such force that a jet of blood breaks from his nostrils. The results are well known, known to this landscape, to the sycamore, to the marble, and to the wife of Shemuel, who pretends.

I went on to the harbor and stood on the hill where the pillars faced the sea and there were no ships. In the distance I saw the beach. A whitened skeleton of a cat lay in the deep grass. Near it was a yellow paper and empty cans. I saw that I was standing above some Arab houses. Suddenly I heard a voice calling me; it was the masculine woman from the hotel. All this time I had tried to avoid her, but now I was happy to see her waving to me from the trail. At once the spell vanished. Together we climbed the sand ramparts above which stood the remnants of an ancient wall. She said: "I saw Shemuel's wife, the one from last night. She's a whore. Do you like her?" As she said this she poked me in the chest with her fist and laughed in a coarse, masculine manner. "When I was young, the men looked for sporty girls. I was good at winter sports. I caught my husband on a steep slope in the Alps. What do young men look for today? Fluttering, spoiled, green-eyed elastic-limbed females like Shemuel's wife."

In the midst of this onesided conversation we reached the orange groves at the entrance to the ancient town. I discovered that many of the trees bore green fruit. It was the end of summer and yet the fruit had not ripened. On a single, broken branch, two oranges were yellowing in sterile, premature ripeness.

Before arriving at the hotel I took leave of my sportive companion, and was again rewarded with a punch that shook me to my bones. I went down to the sea. This time the beach was empty. I had not realized that I had spent almost a whole day on the site of ancient Ashkelon. A blackbird perched on a pillar that had once been consecrated to the gods. Two girls rolled in the sand and shouted. The sea left lines in the sand, but it was impossible to read the future in the palm of this shore. I ran after a crab that was sparkling with a strange silver color, but the silver—a tiny fish, the crab's prey—disappeared. The tamarisks finished their preparations for the night. The sun began to descend into the sea. When I returned to the hotel I was once more surprised by the amount of time that had passed.

AFTER SUPPER, the red-faced hotel keeper donned a white hat and apron. With a huge fork in his hand, he entered the reading room: "Be ready to go down to the sea." Two cooks were kept busy transporting a large stove to the beach; one of the young hotel maids adorned her neck with chains of red sausages, the way daughters of the Hawaiian Islands decorate themselves with flower chains. A merry procession then made its way to the sands. The young married couple preferred not to join us, but remained seated in the reading room. They had not yet acquired an apartment, and they wanted to make believe they owned the hotel.

The landlord and the masculine woman did most of the talking. It did their hearts good to be on the beach, so they began singing, first a Hebrew song, then German hiking songs. The landlord's white hat served to illuminate the way for us. The sea was lazy that night and the moon had not yet come up. The cooks placed the stove on the sand and began stoking it with charcoal. Everyone was enchanted with the blaze, especially those who were close to the stove. Behind us dozed the somber mass of ancient Ashkelon. I did not sit close to the fire. We finished eating the sausages. Then came watermelon, and after the watermelon there were party games. One or two people would leave the group, the rest sat around in a circle, whispering. Then the people who left were called back; they were supposed to guess the plans of those who were sitting in the circle. Later, someone brought out a drum and a harmonica and everyone became sad. Still later they started dancing.

"Let's dance barefoot!" The hotel owner began to worry about the good name of his hotel, and about the welfare of the stove. He told the cooks to take the stove back to the hotel. Some people came from Shemuel's cafe—a few officers, some girl soldiers, the doctor and his quiet wife, and also Shemuel and his wife. At first they participated in the dancing and singing, then they split into separate groups. Suddenly, Shemuel's wife got up and ran in the direction of the waves. She left her shoes near me. The doctor said: "It is nothing. That is always her custom. It is a sort of courtesy visit she pays to the sea."

After a few minutes she came back, all wild and untidy and strange, the hems of her dress wet like lips after drinking. She caught up the hem of her dress and squeezed water out of it and bared her teeth in my face like a terrible biting animal. I saw that her watch had gotten wet. She took off her watch and held it between her teeth.

I told her: "Your watch got wet."

She took her watch out of her mouth and put it next to my ear. Then she walked away. From walking she switched to jumping and from jumping to high, wonderful dance steps near the sea. When she returned, she said to me, "This is a *mitzvah* dance."

I said: "What's possessed you, Penina?"

She laughed and said: "My name is not Penina. They call me Nina."

"A nice name that is."

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"That isn't the entire name. They call me Nina the Seagull."

Her voice was hoarse, as if lined with salt and seaweed. Shemuel approached and said:

"Here is a crate brought here by the sea. Once the sea brought a crate full of sardines. Once it brought a young dead whale. The sea brings many strange things. It brings things to my wife too. Sometimes in the morning I see strange objects lying near her sleeping body, like branches, like snails, like objects from an ancient ship that foundered on the rocks. Maybe you could tell me what to do about her?"

"Get her pregnant."

Shemuel laughed, and sighed, and then became silent. Later, one of the officers suggested playing tag near the sea. I remained sitting with Shemuel, who was slow. The doctor took part in the game, then he joined us. Because of his fat belly he couldn't keep running very long. Shemuel stopped talking when the doctor approached. Suddenly we heard screams and laughter and before I knew what had happened Nina jumped up and hid behind me. A young officer passed by us, running in great strides; he didn't realize that she was hiding. Nina's heart was beating hard.

The moon began to rise. Everybody put on bathing suits and went into the sea. Nina's voice was hoarse. All that she had left behind in the world was her little bundle of clothes on the wide sands. The doctor said: "After all, God himself is like that. He is far away from us, and all He left behind is a little pack of clothes on the vast sand, and to us that seems God." Nina screamed from the sea. I rose in alarm, but the doctor calmed me: "That is her custom. Don't be alarmed." I left the doctor and Shemuel and God and Nina's parcel of clothes and joined another group. The masculine woman was among them, demonstrating such heroic feats as running fast, lifting rocks, and other manly deeds. The soldiers stood around her. Some tried to race with her, but she always won. When I approached she shouted: "Come, come!"

Afterward they brought drinks and we drank and the night never became cold. They made a fire in the sand out of old crates. I heard a whisper, a moan: "Get me out! Get me out!" Nobody heard it but me. I went in the direction of the voice. Nina was buried up to her hips in the sand, like a statue found on the beach, laughing. I uncovered her.

"Why don't you ask me? Sometimes intelligent people and artists come from the city and they are glad to find an interesting type like me."

"If I asked, you would lie to me anyway."

"But that, too, is a truth."

"I was convinced you had a fish-tail like the daughters of the sea."

"Come with me to the hotel bar," Nina said.

I agreed; we went up to the hotel in our bathing suits. In came the suntanned Roman merchant and sat with us at the bar. There was no bartender because the hour was late. I went behind the bar and served them. The Roman looked in my direction and said: "Who is he?"

Nina said: "He's mine. I caught him in the sea."

The merchant looked at me from under his short, curly hair and said: "He is good for the big games in the arena." They both laughed until I fell asleep.

I WOKE UP as the first morning chill penetrated the room. I heard a car stop; a man jumped out and called for the cafe owner. I came out wearing pajamas. The man seemed to have come from afar; he asked me: "Are you the cafe owner?" I explained that I was not the cafe owner and that this was a hotel. I could not see clearly in the early dawn.

He said: "Never mind. Come quick!"

I climbed into his car and we drove the length of the shore road in the direction of the dunes. He stopped the car in the high grass, jumped out and ran toward the sea. A woman was lying under a rough army blanket. I was alarmed.

"Don't be afraid," my companion said. Angrily, he pulled the blanket from the figure. The woman was nude. She woke up instantly. It was Nina.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Are you a worrier too? Enough people worry about me."

I told her: "Come back with me to your home."

She laughed: "I have no clothes. He took my clothes as a pawn."

I advised her to cover herself with the blanket. The man who drove me out said: "The blanket is mine. I was passing by and saw a woman lying nude on the sand by the first light of dawn, and I covered her." Finally he agreed to drive us home. On the way she cried on my shoulder.

Shemuel was waiting at the gate of his house. All that day Nina didn't show up at the beach. I sat in the sand by myself and felt the first winds of autumn. Many of the awnings that had been spread against the summer sun were now torn. Papers were flying about or lay on the beach, covered with sand. A group of soldiers, boys and girls, arranged themselves to be photographed, then rearranged themselves after each snapshot. The ones who were standing lay down, a boy put his hand on a girl's shoulder, they posed in profile, then in groups of two and five, and then they all lay down as if dead. The two girls I had seen earlier rolling in the sand came over. They were still laughing and rolling. One of them wore a red bathing suit and her face was loud with pleasure. Everyone cleared a passage for them and they rolled on by us. The place where we had sat the night before was already covered with new sand. The old people sat in red lounge chairs and looked at the sea and waited in silence for

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death—hoping that death, too, would come to them in silence. Where do they derive their certainty that death will come from the West?

Near the lifeguard's tower a crowd had gathered. Two women undressed underneath a towel, twisting like snakes so as not to reveal their bodies. The lifeguard's skin was covered with tattoos and drawings of daughters of the sea, flowers, and an anchor in deep grass. People dragged up lounge chairs. A woman came out dressed in a white apron embroidered with the Star of David. She turned to me: "Do you see that blanket? The gray one?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Yesterday it was used to cover a dead man who had drowned."

A girl walked by, arm-in-arm with a young man. The camera hanging on his bare chest was like a third eye. They chatted together, then the girl began to leap in happy dancing steps. She ran up to a sandstone boulder, leaned against it with her hands folded behind her back, her face to the sea. There she stood like Andromeda in the Greek legend, waiting for her savior. She wore a helpless smile. The lifeguard, big and husky, walked toward her with a camera in his hands. She stood against the rock; there was no place for her to hide. He came closer, raised a hand as if to hold up a sword, counted aloud, one, two, three, and the girl, saved, jumped against him. But he was too busy turning knobs keeping the pictures in order.

Later, the afternoon games began. Mothers called their children. All the gods in heaven and on earth called their prophets, who began to prophesy without pity, near the terrible woods and the sea. Toward nightfall, everything awoke, and the foreign sea gurgled in small waves toward the beach. People shook the sand from their bodies as if preparing for the resurrection. Some of them walked over to the concrete breakwater where they sat emptying the sand from their sandals and stockings and hair. They were all in a hurry to forget the sea. The shoreline, too, was in a hurry, and raced to join the sea and the sandstone wall at the horizon. I knew it was a false joining, a play of perspective. Everything was an illusion of the eyes. The children's cries, too, joined the great silence on the horizon. And everything covered itself with the somber soft grass of night. The sea's thoughts were dry and empty like darkening ears of corn thrown onto the sand. Everything was burnt.

I lay for a short while longer in the sand, watching the feet of those returning home. Then I too returned to the hotel, where I saw Nina sitting on the terrace. Her limbs were elastic and brown from a surfeit of sun. She was wearing red shorts that were so tight I could see the crease of her buttocks. I sat next to her, behind a bush that had provided a screen for us. She rested her feet on the railing, lifting her legs until they looked like a gate, like wings. Then she laughed: "This morning you were quite alarmed—this morning when he awakened you and you found me lying among the weeds at dawn."

We watched a procession of black ants traverse the terrace floor. Nina put on her glasses and took a letter out of her purse. I asked if it was from an admirer. She said she had no admirer because one did not admire her but became crazy about her. Did it please her to have men become crazed at the sight of her face? Why not? Why, then, did she, too, become crazed when she lay out on the sands covered by a strange blanket? She was infected by the craziness of the crazed. There was nothing left for me to say to her. Nina took out her hairpins, letting her hair fall. Her hair flowed down to her waist, to her hips. And my thoughts at that instant were unknit and wild.

In the evening I took leave from Shemuel, her good husband. The next day I was to return to my town. Shemuel received me by himself. We talked about all the subjects in the world but Nina. Each time we felt the conversation coming around to Nina I led him around the subject without fail. Later, I got up to say goodbye. The bedroom door was open and I saw Nina lying in bed. One of her eyes was hidden by the pillow. The second was awake and open. For me, it will never close.

THE NEXT DAY I returned home and right away started work and forgot everything. My profession is to forget; my destination is to remember. One evening I forgot to shut off the radio after the news broadcast. I went to shut it off when they began to announce that the Israeli police were asking for the public's help to locate a certain Nina. They mentioned her family name. Last seen wearing a striped white skirt and a white blouse with rolled sleeves. I returned to my guests and remained silent. How had I seen her last? Dressed in short red pants and with her hair loose. We sat up until midnight and talked about the announcements that are made to the public concerning missing persons. One of my guests said that it was all exaggerated. No sooner does someone go to visit his friends than everybody gets alarmed and announces on the radio that he is lost. Many people get lost in the world. Some of them are announced, some not. I told my guests that in Nina's case it was very serious and that I knew her. At midnight I suddenly heard voices coming from one of the houses nearby. A woman was screaming through her tears: "Go away! Leave me alone, you bastard!" I stood near the window. I saw nothing and then the voices stopped. A train whistled as it passed through the valley. It seemed to me that I had heard Nina's voice. Maybe she needed help. Maybe she was hiding in one of the houses in the neighborhood. The suntanned Roman, who once sat with us at the bar, must have kidnapped her. Maybe they

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were still hiding around Ashkelon, in the white sands, among the statues.

The following day there was another call for help on the radio. But in this broadcast Nina was described as wearing red pants and with her hair wild. They also announced the languages she knew, and some of the special habits she had, like pulling up her knees, and such personal characteristics as the smile in her eyes. I remembered her with one eye hidden in the pillow and one eye awake and staring. Poor Nina—she must certainly be very tired, wandering through the world with a Roman who wore the uniform of a UN officer. I was sure that he would treat her rudely whenever she became tired or asked for a few minutes' rest by the side of the blue road.

And so the two of them wandered about, hiding from time to time in various places. Once they hid at the house of her girlfriend, who was an expert manicurist. In the same building there was a movie theater, and her friend's apartment adjoined the projection booth and loudspeakers. The soundtrack could be heard on the staircase. I came in haste but Nina was not there. Her friend asked me if I wanted a manicure.

Then they hid in the Caves of the Judges in Sanhedria. Nina sat, her head leaning on his chest; she was pulling and tearing at the hair on his bare chest. Near them was a radio in a small suitcase. To the police description of Nina the Roman added his own: her breasts are brown and small, her thighs are fast and never rest.

On the next news bulletin they again detailed the languages Nina knew. All the Mediterranean tongues: a little bit of Greek and a little Italian and Spanish and Hebrew and a bit of Arabic.

One night, walking along the street, I saw a display window that was still lit. It belonged to a dress shop. One of the big mannequins in the window moved and I saw that it was Nina. Quickly she came out to me and said, "Be quiet, be quiet, don't say a thing." Also, she said that it had become impossible for her to imagine his hands without his voice, nor his eyes without his blood, and at last she said: "I am happy in my wanderings. Don't reveal anything to anyone, otherwise I will die."

I told her: "All this will end in a terrible fall, like the fall of the sycamore fruits."

They began to change their clothing from time to time to avoid being recognized. The radio description no longer corresponded to the real Nina. Yet, if they had known her true description and had searched with true love they would have found them easily. After a while the broadcasts stopped and the police began looking for other people: lunatics who had escaped from asylums, children who had run away from home. One evening, as I was on my way home, I was reminded of a letter that had been lying in my inside pocket. In the street the children were throwing stones at the metal telephone poles, and the poles rang out with each hit. Sometimes a little piece of paper in your pocket becomes more important than all the stones and metal and houses in the outside world. I opened the letter and knew where they were. They had reached the ruined crusader's castle that is near Jerusalem and is called Aqua Bella.

I went there alone. Near the road lay the charred trunk of an olive tree, and near the tree grew five red poppies. I reached the fountains near the ruin. The two of them were sitting under a tall oak tree. Their sandals lay nearby and their belts were loose—a sign that they intended to remain here for awhile. I looked into their eyes with an inquisitorial gaze. First I spoke to him alone near one of the thick roots, but he didn't listen to me. His hair was smooth and had been greased with shiny oil. My words did not stay with him. Nina's hair was loose; dry oak leaves and flying thorn seeds clung to it. Her hair was open, and my words clung to her heart. I sat opposite her in the arch of the ruined window over the fountain. Nina didn't look too happy. Vagabonding was not good for her. Her eyes were too wide. She had not slept. Questions and replies played about her eyes and mouth and ears and in her anxious sleep; there were few answers in her mouth. The night came and devoured us like the wolf in the fairy tale.

The next day Nina returned to her husband Shemuel. Shemuel wrote me that she had returned, that one morning she was standing in front of his door, that he had bathed her and put her to bed and that she slept fourteen full hours. I wanted to write him that he must leave Ashkelon because it was a bad place for both of them. Once, as I rode in a darkened bus, I thought I heard Nina's voice. I turned around and no one was there, but it seemed to me that I caught a glimpse of her bright dress and of a white strap shining over her collarbone. Maybe her dress had fallen down over her shoulder, revealing the straps of her brassiere.

Autumn arrived soon after and the clock had to be turned back an hour. All my friends looked forward to the night when they would win a free hour of anarchy, an extra hour of life. For some reason I was afraid of that hour as of an unhealthy growth on the body—a terrible hour of luxury, of Ashkelon. I awoke a bit before the moment when the clock was to be set back. I stood next to the window. Cries for help filled the vacuum of the night, like distress signals from ships at sea. I rolled up my thoughts as if to put them in an empty bottle and set them loose on the wide sea.

At that hour there came a knock on Nina's window. The Roman stood outside, white, smooth, and wonderful like the statue of a god. She followed him to that terrible thicket. There they sat on the trunk of that bent sycamore. Then

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he drew her with his kisses toward the deserted well house, where the draw chain hung deep into the abyss. She guessed his intention and began to struggle. But he, who had been trained to wrestle from his youth and was nude and greased with wrestler's oil, only laughed. He lifted her and her arms flew upward, as in the ancient sculptures depicting the rape of helpless women. Then he dropped her into the abyss.

The extra hour passed and I closed the window. Next day the radio again began to request help in finding Nina. She had last been seen wearing a white nightgown in the manner of a Greek goddess. After a few days these broadcasts stopped too.

I forgot Nina. But sometimes, I remember her well. First I see her head, then her whole body, her elastic, brown Mediterranean body. They say that sailors first discovered the world was round when they noticed that only the top of a mountain was visible from afar at sea, but that as they approached land, the entire mountain loomed into view. So does Nina rise in the horizon of my memory. First her head, then her entire body. Then I know, like those sailors, that my life too never rests, but revolves and revolves without end.

COMING IN COMMENTARY...

"Liberal Anti-Communism Revisited," a symposium with the following participants:

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BEN B. SELIGMAN

THE HIGH COST OF EATING

NOT TOO LONG ago, housewives rebelled all over America. Protesting rising food prices, they picketed supermarkets across the country, and as clerks were furloughed for lack of work and the Retail Clerks Union pleaded with homemakers that the high cost of living was not the fault of employees, prices continued their upward march. It was clear from a Harris opinion poll, however, that the main brunt of the housewives' anger was directed toward the big food processors and the middlemen (wholesalers and jobbers). It was they, the ladies said, who were keeping up the cost of table food, and especially the price of meat. But so involved, so complicated has the food business become in America that no such diagnosis can any longer correspond to the realities. Because of these realities, moreover, no easy answers—if any at all—are available to the problems raised by last year's boycotts.

FOOD IS the nation's largest industry. In 1964, somewhere between $80 and $85 billion worth was consumed at the retail level. The grocery business itself, that part of the industry which reaches the housewife directly, accounts for over three-fourths of the total. There are almost 320,000 grocery stores in the United States—a number of outlets larger than that of all other retailers combined—and together they employ nearly a million-and-a-half people. Food stores range from the huge supermarket resplendent with banners advertising specials and equipped with play areas for tots, to tiny *colmados* in upper Harlem whose owners eke out a livelihood just barely above that of their relief customers.

In the past twenty years, a fantastic increase has taken place in the variety of goods offered for sale in retail food stores. In 1946 there were perhaps three thousand items from which the housewife might select her daily or bi-weekly package; today almost eight thousand items clutter the shelves. They not only include the usual assortment of canned goods, but also "convenience" items like TV dinners, and numerous gadgets once bought elsewhere (knives, dishes, and hardware). In addition to all this, there is an endless array of cosmetics, drugs, cleaners, waxes, cigarettes, alcohol, kitchenware, curtains, tires, feed, lawn seed, antifreeze, undershirts, nails, and batteries—items which account for $3 billion of grocery store sales; there are vast amounts of "processed" foods (breads, pre-packaged meats, and frozen foodstuffs) now flooding the shelves; and there are many different packages for the same item (subregular, irregular, doubles, economy, and giant). No wonder the housewife is staggered. (A marketing test a few years ago filmed supermarket customers in order to determine the rate at which they blinked their eyes. The theory was that gaudy colors would increase eyelid action. To the surprise of the investigators, it was discovered that the brighter the colors, the lower the blinking rate—the housewives had been paralyzed by supermarket displays!)

Naturally, it all costs money, for much is invested in rotary hoisters, conveyors, chains of bread trays, packaging, advertising, and marketing. And the investment expands as more and more people with more and more money to spend come upon the scene. Thus, between 1929 and 1963 retail sales jumped from $11 billion to almost $60 billion. Since 1911, moreover, per capita consumption of meats and fish has gone up by 27 per cent, and of dairy products, by 6 per cent (potatoes, however—a dish for the poor—have declined by a whopping 54 per cent). Nevertheless, the total effect of the steady increase in sales, along with the parallel expansion in the range of goods offered, has been a decline in the number of stores that the housewife can patronize. In the main it has been the small outlet, the *colmado*, the "mom and pop" store, that has suffered attrition. Today such stores amount to only about 40 per cent of the total and they are no longer of any consequence in any local or regional market.

The cause of this decline is, of course, the supermarket. The origins of supermarketing—in itself a relatively new merchandising method—may be traced to the "combination" stores that cropped up in California during the 1920's when grocery and meat departments were brought together under one roof. Such combination stores, called "cheapies," were usually opened in abandoned warehouses or garages in the slums of the big cities. The King Kullen markets of Long Island, an early "super," went to the outskirts of New York City in the 1930's and called on new suburbanites to come with their cars to buy cheaply in large quantities. Food was displayed in open crates; there was little overhead; and the entrepreneurs' objective was a low-margin, high-turnover business. True, all this was started by enterprising independents who were determined

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to outdo chains like A & P which had secured an initial advantage by volume buying and excellent urban locations. But between the chain and the supermarket stood the ordinary neighborhood grocer, and in the era of self-service and parking lots he could not survive in very large numbers.

Suburbia grew and created a mass market; the automobile provided mass transportation to shopping centers; home refrigeration made possible a weekly rather than a daily trip to market. And so the grocery business underwent a quiet yet gigantic upheaval, analogous in many ways to that experienced by the manufacturing industries in the 18th and 19th centuries. Marketers scurried about buying or leasing new locations in freshly built towns as the small neighborhood outlet of five thousand square feet, which could hardly accommodate a dozen checkout counters, became inadequate to handle the ever-growing traffic. The new supermarket, operated by chains, franchised licensees, or cooperatives, expanded to an average size of twenty-two thousand square feet in 1957; today it is not uncommon to do one's purchasing in a mammoth fifty-five thousand square-foot "giant" super.

The complicated network of distribution channels needed to supply these retailers can only be dimly perceived by the housewife. Behind the retailer, there are wholesalers, brokers, processors, and producers, each of whom plays a role in making prices what they are. Wholesalers, numbering some forty-two thousand, employ another five-hundred thousand persons, who in 1963 were responsible for selling $59 billion worth of goods. Brokers, who are akin in many ways to the *tolkachi* of the Soviet Union, never take physical possession of goods; they merely handle orders and purchases, pieces of paper, and see to it that a retailer gets what he needs on time. There are about two thousand brokers in the food business; they employ seventeen thousand salesmen who handle thirty thousand different items, and who bring in $13.5 billion annually in sales. Food "processors," from sugar refineries to huge dairy plants to small automated meat-packing installations located in Southern towns, number about fourteen thousand. In 1963 they added $21.4 billion in value to the $42 billion worth of raw materials they acquired from producers, who are to be found mainly on the nation's three million farms, some of them literally factories in the field.

Yet even with all these middlemen, the price of food might still have remained within bounds if there were a significant degree of competition in the industry. The reality of the food business, however, is concentration. The "chain-store movement," initiated in 1859 by the Hartfords of A & P, laid the groundwork by which small retailers were forced together under one management. The chains merged retailing and wholesaling functions, moved backward into processing to cut costs, and did not hesitate to use "loss leaders" and spectacular specials to draw customers away from rivals and independents alike. By 1930, some eighty thousand units had been brought together into one or another form of chain-store—and the grocery business had been brought into the 20th century.

INITIALLY, of course, resistance to the movement was strong. Some states, such as Louisiana, even tried to tax the chains out of existence. But in the long run the pressures toward integration and consolidation could not be overcome. By 1948, the chains had secured about 35 per cent of the retail market in foods; those independent retailers who had been cajoled by wholesalers into joining "voluntary" cooperatives (based on group merchandising, uniform store layout, joint advertising, and private labels) retained another 35 per cent; about 30 per cent was left for all the others. By 1963, the chains had gobbled up 47 per cent of the market, while the "affiliates" or "voluntaries" had 44 per cent of what was now a substantially larger industry.

Some of the competitive practices indulged in by the chains have been attacked under existing anti-trust legislation. Between 1950 and 1965 the Justice Department prosecuted fifty-three anti-trust cases affecting retail food companies and obtained convictions or consent decrees in thirty-one of them. Only eleven cases were dismissed and only seven defendants were found not guilty (four cases are still pending). Some of the more spectacular suits involved Safeway, the National Tea Company, Borden Company, General Mills, Kroger, Morton Salt, Wards, and even the Teamsters' Union and the Kosher Butchers' Association of Los Angeles. Many were charged with conspiracy to fix prices and establish monopolies; others were charged with predatory competition; some with price discrimination (these are all violations of the Sherman and Clayton Acts as well as of the Robinson-Patman Act). That such suits had to be instigated shows clearly that old-time competition in the grocery business no longer exists.

To be sure, it is still difficult to speak of market domination on a national scale. The product market—the area in which marketing takes place—has, it is true, widened; once the neighborhood or town, it is now the entire region or metropolitan area. From a national standpoint, the twenty largest food retailers increased their share of the market from 1948 to 1958 by only 7 per cent. Since 1958, the situation for the so-called national chains has been fairly stable, reflecting an increased growth on the part of regional or statewide chains which, merger for merger, have been matching the pace of A & P, Safeway, and Winn-Dixie.

Nevertheless, the strength of the large national chains is such that in 1963, according to a tabulation by the National Commission on Food Mar-

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keting, the top four grocery companies obtained, on the average, half the sales in 218 metropolitan areas, while the top eight secured 62 per cent of the sales in these areas. (In 1954, by contrast, the ratios were 45 per cent and 54 per cent respectively.) Thus, despite rivalry with local outfits—not necessarily on the level of price competition—the nationwide chains have continued to bite off somewhat larger pieces of the market, which itself has been burgeoning. Even though their investments are high, these chains are highly mobile. Able to finance themselves from internal resources, they can close down old stores with alacrity, open new ones, spin off acquisitions no longer profitable, search out new locations, and buy out rival companies. In any one year a national chain like Safeway may shut down fifty stores and open sixty new ones; its flexibility is much greater than the balance sheet would suggest. It is this that enables such chains to hold on to, and even expand, their markets.

The strength of the chains is revealed in buying as well as selling. They have so thoroughly invaded the suppliers' field that one must wonder what they mean when they blame high prices on vendors. For while independent food wholesalers may still occupy a position of importance—there were two thousand of them in 1963—the decline in their number since World War II has been dramatic: a drop of about 20 per cent. More significant, perhaps, is the rather close relationship these middlemen are apt to have with the so-called "voluntary" chains, such as IGA, Red Owl, and Red and White.

The way in which wholesaler and retailer interpenetrate is illustrated by the example of Consolidated Foods. Originally just a wholesaler enforcing "voluntary" affiliation upon independent grocers, Consolidated went directly into retailing in 1952; by 1963 it was the fifteenth largest retail food chain as well as one of the major "voluntary" wholesalers. The fifteen biggest "cooperatives" and the fifteen biggest voluntaries now have about 34 per cent of total grocery sales between them; in 1948 their share was about 12 per cent. Another organization, the National Retailer Owned Grocers in Chicago, links some eighty-five "retailer-owned" wholesale cooperatives and coordinates the buying, advertising, and merchandising of its members with its own trademarks and private labels. NROG is actually a holding company with three regional subsidiaries that do the work; their wholesale business totals a huge $2 billion a year. It has become evident to both the Federal Trade Commission and the National Commission on Food Marketing that concentration at the buying end has increased markedly since 1948 and that such concentration is even greater at the point of sale to the consumer.

These tendencies, moreover, have been strengthened by vertical integration, which, through ownership or by contract, links the disparate operations of production, processing, merchandising, advertising, wholesaling, and retailing. The Temporary National Economic Committee, a congressional group investigating monopoly, observed thirty years ago that grocery chains were reaching back to "bridge the entire span between producer and consumer." And, indeed, by 1963 all but five of the forty largest food retail chains were engaged in processing something for the shelves.

These retailer-manufacturers produce over $217 million worth of canned fruits and vegetables, $57 million of frozen foods, $427 million of bread products, $158 million worth of coffee; in some instances they supply as much as 65 per cent of their own marketing needs. It is evident that they exert far more control over costs and prices than they are wont to admit.

THE MOST spectacular gimmick used by grocers, and the most pernicious so far as prices are concerned, is the trading stamp. In one form or another, this come-on has been around for years—the Raleigh cigarette coupon and the United Cigar Store ticket being perhaps the most familiar of all early examples. Trading stamps themselves—gummed stickers accumulated by housewives to be exchanged for blenders, towels, electric can openers, hair dryers, and the like—have become the rage among grocers only in the last fifteen years, but the idea goes back to the 1850's when the B. T. Babbitt Company sold soap with coupons. In the 1890's Shuster's Department Store in Milwaukee thought of gummed stamps and books. Finally, in 1896, Thomas Sperry had the happy thought of establishing a trading-stamp company, and so Sperry and Hutchinson—S & H Green Stamps—was founded. A group of New England retailers was the first to dispense trading stamps as a roundabout way of giving the housewife a "discount." The trading stamp is now big business, and there are many companies doing only this. S & H, the largest of them all, gives away more catalogues than Sears, Roebuck.

The economics of trading stamps is deceptively simple. A ten-cent purchase entitles the housewife to one stamp, so that a completely filled S & H book, for example, represents a total retail expenditure by the customer of $120.00. Now, the average retail value of a book when turned in for redemption is three dollars. Since the cost to the retailer, who buys the stamps from the redemption company, runs between two dollars and three dollars, the most the customer receives by way of a "discount" amounts to 8/10 of one per cent, and in many cases it is exactly zero. In 1963, the total number of stamps purchased by retailers was 377 billion; of these, some 50 million were not redeemed. Even if we use the figure of $2 per thousand as the cost to the retailer, this would mean that housewives across the nation shelled out $83.3 million for something they never got. If there had been no trading stamps, consumers

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would have saved all the money spent by retailers for green, gold, or yellow stickers. The only party that gains is the redemption company, for its profits stem not only from the difference between what it charges the retailer and what it pays out in redemptions (usually at 75 per cent of retailer costs) but from unredeemed stamps as well. An additional source of profit is the margin between the cost of premium goods and the redemption value of the stamps. It is quite a business.

Why does the retailer give away trading stamps? The original purpose obviously was to draw customers away from rivals; now, however, when everyone is doing it, only the housewife is left holding the proverbial bag. Of course, the grocer still hopes to generate enough volume to cover the cost of the stamps, and if, as frequently happens, this doesn't work out, he simply jacks up his prices. (When A & P began to give away Plaid Stamps in 1964, new sales were not forthcoming and the company's earnings fell.) A good many retailers dislike the whole business and some have ceased handing out trading stamps; others continue for fear they will lose customers.

The National Commission on Food Marketing has hinted rather strongly that trading stamps have been a major factor in the higher prices of recent years. This suspicion is borne out by studies conducted by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, according to which prices in stamp-dispensing stores went up 0.7 per cent in recent years, while in non-stamp stores the increase was 0.1 per cent. Only 30 per cent of this difference was recouped by the housewife—in the form of goods she might or might not have needed.

THE AFFLUENT consumer has not seemed to care much about the slow upward drift in food prices, a drift of about 40 per cent since 1957-59. When food prices increase at about the same rate as other goods, the housewife appears to be undisturbed. It is only when the cost of meats, fruits, vegetables, eggs, and dairy products spurts ahead of other items in the household budget that the consumer begins to wonder. In the meantime, food economists offer the usual panoply of reasons for the increase in prices: milk production is down; government support prices for cheese and butter are up; agricultural exports have increased, diminishing the supply for the American people; it costs more to market processed foods, an item in great demand by housewives, less willing today to cook.

None of this, however, tells us much about the kind of competition that is actually taking place, all of which is calculated to jack up the cost of doing business, and ultimately the price of food. In the early days, say before 1930, the basic strategy in the grocery business was to give the customer a break. As the chains expanded and added more outlets, it was discovered that savings in bulk buying gave a competitive edge and could lead to lower prices. Efficiencies were introduced into marketing and the housewife really had a lark. Today, however, the rules of the game have been altered: competition is now focused on such matters as store location, "image," the size of the parking lot, number of square feet, types of gondolas, lighting—anything but price. The strategy now is to fix the price of a particular mix of goods to fit a particular geographic location. As a study by the Retail Clerks Union shows, there is very little variation in price within any given area.

The importance of sale items or price specials is similarly exaggerated. Generally, less than 150 of the eight thousand or so items in an average supermarket will be subjected to specials. To suggest that the housewife concentrate on "good buys," as does one food economist, is to ignore the tremendous disadvantage at which the consumer is initially placed. She simply doesn't know. Few housewives travel from store to store to compare prices; for most, there is really no way to determine where prices may be a penny or two lower. And the "special" is in any case not an authentic form of price competition; it is, rather, a gimmick to catch the purchaser's attention.

Aside from the area of private brands, where some price competition still exists, most retailers concentrate on competing not by lowering prices but by increasing the number of items stocked, improving carry-out services, instituting convenient store hours, or dispensing trading stamps. All these devices are geared toward increasing the cost of the market basket. As a consequence, gross margins, which measure the cost of retailing to society, have been drifting upward and will in all probability continue to do so.

Retail operators, of course, are apt to argue that wages are at fault and that payments to employees have outpaced food prices by about ten per cent. They usually fail to add that only six years ago hourly earnings in retailing averaged about $1.40 an hour, and in many places were less than a dollar an hour; thus, the base was rather low to begin with. Costs in retailing are affected by numerous other factors—managerial skill, equipment, size of store, layout, the flow of goods from storage to selling areas, the arrangement of checkout counters, and the like. Studies by the NCFM suggest that costs drop with more effective use of store facilities, and at a rate more than sufficient to offset wage increases. The retail worker, moreover, has become increasingly productive over the years, as is evidenced by the startling rise in sales per worker in grocery stores—from $14,000 in 1929 to $23,000 in 1963 (in *real* dollars). My own studies of supermarket productivity, which were made a few years ago for the Retail Clerks Union, suggest an average annual gain per employee of at least 5 per cent. Yet it is difficult for a man to earn a decent livelihood in food retailing—unless the place has been unionized. At average hourly earnings of $1.73 in 1963, a person

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would gross about $75 a week, hardly enough to sustain a family. Indeed, most employees in retailing find it difficult even to obtain a full week's work—a circumstance that occasioned a bitter fourteen-week strike against the chains in Baltimore a few years ago.

In Baltimore, the employers complained that their profits on sales were not more than 2 per cent. How, they asked, could they meet the demands of the union? The employers were right about the ratio—if one looked only at the sales dollar. When their sales were computed on the basis of *investment*, however, the normal way of calculating profit ratios, it became clear that the Baltimore supermarkets were enjoying a healthy 14 per cent return, far better than the situation in many other industries.

The truth is that while food retailing still employs much human labor, the upward drift in prices cannot be attributed to this factor, for compared to other factors, wages have hardly risen at all. Between 1954 and 1963 total labor costs went up by only 3 per cent, while promotion, rent, and heat were up by 40 to 45 per cent. Similarly, between 1956 and 1960 sales for food chains increased 17 per cent; payrolls were up just over 6 per cent. It can hardly be said that the clerk, who earns a pittance anyway, is responsible for the housewives' predicament.

Is, then, the farmer responsible? Are food prices increasing because he is receiving more for his products? It seems not. In 1947 the farmer obtained 51 per cent of the cost of a food product; in 1965 his share was down to 39 per cent. To be sure, the amount a farmer receives for particular items varies considerably: he is paid seven cents for the contents of a can of beets, for instance, and seventy-one cents for a pound of butter. The difference between what the housewife pays and what the farmer receives can be substantial—in the case of meats it can be as much as 50 per cent. But the blame for this state of affairs lies not with the farmer but with chaotic distribution methods. For example, in 1964 it cost 53 cents to bring one pound of butter from the farm to the plant; processing, storage, packaging, transportation, and delivery cost another 13.8 cents, of which only 5.1 cents went for labor; the retailer then added another 7.6 cents, to reach a total of 74.4 cents a pound. Or consider choice beef, for which the farmer obtained 42.4 cents a pound; marketing, processing, and wholesaling added 11.4 cents (of which labor received 3.6 cents); the retailer's margin came to 17 cents, so that the housewife's bill totaled 70.8 cents a pound. The worst situation was perhaps in breakfast cereals, the farm value of which was 4.3 cents a pound; to this figure, transportation, manufacturing, and wholesaling added 30.9 cents (of which advertising alone represented 7.3 cents, a good deal more than labor's 6.5 cents); and with a retail margin of 6.4 cents, the housewife had to pay 41.6 cents. Hence, one can no more place the blame for high prices at the farmer's doorstep than at the door of labor.

THE SIGNIFICANT economic element in food marketing remains the continuous upward movement of gross margins in retailing. Between 1949 and 1965, the increase in gross margins was 28 per cent. For some chains the rise has been even greater: Safeway up 73 per cent; Kroger, 40 per cent; Acme, 36 per cent. At least for the calculable future, food prices are apt to rise, according to the Agriculture Department's food marketing report for November, 1966. The cost of marketing services will also probably rise, said the report, with most of the increase passed on to the consumers; this conclusion has been supported by investigators for the House Agriculture Committee. No wonder the housewife rebels.

It is sometimes argued that gross margins have gone up since the 1950's because modern supermarket methods shift the burden of services to the housewife. No longer is a human clerk available to advise her as to which product represents the superior buy; the clerk has been transformed into a "materials handler," stamping prices on canned goods, and the only information he is able to impart concerns the location of the canned beans. In effect, the housewife herself now performs services that at one time were paid for by the retailer. In Switzerland an effort even has been made to have supermarket customers punch their own cash registers (it has not met with much success). The housewife performs more and more tasks—searching the shelves, selecting the items, grinding the coffee, filling the basket—and contributes to the upward drift of margins because she is not reimbursed for her services. Of course, she ought to be paid in the form of lower prices, but in the present context of events, that seems unlikely.

In general, then, the reason for high food prices must be sought in that curious concatenation of affairs which has allowed large corporations to dominate the industry at virtually all levels. The absence of price competition, the conversion of food into articles of manufacture, the shifting of service functions to the housewives themselves, the growth of both vertical and horizontal integration pursued as a matter of corporate expansion, and trading stamps—all have added to the food bill and will continue to do so. In this situation the housewife is no longer confronted by a white-aproned neighborhood grocer ready to serve her, but rather by huge impersonal aggregations of capital whose sole objective is to separate her from the household budget. In this confrontation the housewife cannot win; she may walk the sidewalk with picket signs, protesting the high prices, but when it comes time to feed the family she will enter the door of the supermarket to do her shopping, and pay ever increasing prices. For she simply has no other place to go.

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Varieties of Jewish Experience

MILTON HIMMELFARB

WE ARE MODERN, of course, but what does that mean? How long have we been modern? When did modern begin? In the schools modern history is generally understood to date from the years between 1450 and 1525—though Bury, of *The Idea of Progress*, a professor of modern history, did his specifically historical work on the later Roman Empire. It isn't much of an objection to modernity beginning with the Renaissance and the Reformation that these entities may not be entities at all, that when one looks closely at them they seem to dissolve until almost nothing distinctively new is left. Granted that the scholars have long known about the 12th-century renaissance and have long reminded us that there were reformations of various kinds centuries before the Reformation; whatever may be the microscopic view, when we step back there is a difference between Middle Ages and Renaissance, between Christianity before the Protestant Reformation and Christianity after. It is no disproof of the difference that students are examined on the medieval elements or survivals in Shakespeare. From 1450 to 1525 makes sense as the beginning of modernity. It was the time of Gutenberg, Copernicus, Machiavelli, Columbus, Luther. It was the time of the consolidation of nation-states as we know them, especially in Western Europe. It was the beginning of the ascendancy of Western power and Western thought in the affairs of the entire world.

So much for beginnings. The more modern modernity, our modernity, is somewhat younger. It came into being in the 17th century—"the century of genius"—with the end of the wars of religion. Nowadays historians say that the Thirty Years' War had to do more with dynastic and imperial ambitions than with religion, but to deny that it had anything to do with religion would be presumptuous. The denial would be equivalent to saying not only that we understand the 17th century better than it understood itself—which may be so—but actually that we understand it completely and it understood itself not at all. The Thirty Years' War ended in religious stalemate, with a treaty establishing *cujus regio, ejus religio*: a victory of practical secularity if not yet theoretical secularism. Responsible statesmen and sober citizens put religion in a position from which they were determined not to let it escape, to destroy the civic peace and ravage countries. Not that religious persecution ended completely: when Louis XIV abrogated the century-old toleration of the Huguenots, he made them choose between oppression at home and exile. But in retrospect that was a kind of last gasp of a former state of affairs in the West, just as intellectually the Quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns was a last gasp of anti-modernism.

Before modernity, to innovate in church or state was wrong on the face of it. In the Bible new things are good only when they are God's: "For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth" (Isaiah); "Behold, the days are coming, says the LORD, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah" (Jeremiah); "A new heart I will give you, and a new spirit I will put within you" (Ezekiel). When the new things are men's, they are bad: "They sacrificed . . . to gods they had never known,/to new gods that had come in of late,/whom your fathers had never dreaded" (Deuteronomy). So reformers denied they were innovating. Whether in religion or in politics, they said and believed that they were only trying to restore pristine virtue and truth, cleansing it of later, newfangled, corrupt accretions.

It was the Royal Society, three hundred years old not long ago, that ratified the new respectability of newness. By charter the Royal Society was debarred from a concern with religion; even its papers were written in the new—plain, unadorned—style. Bacon was the Royal Society's grandfather, and the Society's mission was to cultivate Bacon's New Philosophy, science. Bacon had dared to draw attention to the newness of the things he said. He called his philosophy New, and his major work *Novum Organum*.

Today new is good, without question. Every detergent advertises itself as new and improved: "new" means "improved." President Kennedy, no revolutionary, told us that we must disenthrall ourselves from the past, which is to say, we must liberate ourselves from the bondage of the past. Pastness, non-modernity, is bondage. Kennedy was repeating Bacon: the idols Bacon warned against included idols of the past.

Appropriately, therefore, the principles of mod-

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ernity do not date from this year or last. One principle is expressed in the maximalist and yet normative slogan of Diderot: "Let us strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest." Forcefully liberating ourselves from thralldom to the past, from mere tradition and from the guardians and beneficiaries of mere tradition, we shall come into our own. We shall be modern.

Diderot's predecessor was Spinoza, just as Spinoza honored Bacon as *his* predecessor. For our purpose it is less the Spinoza of the *Ethics* than of the *Tractatus theologico-politicus* who counts. That Spinoza is the first to speak explicitly for the secular, democratic state, in which the traditional religions will be subordinate to the state and to citizenship—a private matter, for landladies and others incapable of philosophy. The chief founder of modern biblical criticism, Spinoza undermines traditional religion. It isn't easy for someone who has read the *Tractatus* to continue believing that the Bible is the literal, inerrant word of God.

THIS BRINGS us to the Jews, because Spinoza was or had been a Jew. More than Spinoza is a father of modernity, he is the father of Jewish modernity. There are only two reasonable dates for the end of the Jewish Middle Ages and the beginning of Jewish modernity: Spinoza's, and Moses Mendelssohn's a century later. I prefer Spinoza's. My friend Charles Liebman has shown me a passage from Etienne Gilson's *The Philosopher and Theology* in which Gilson remembers three striking things about the Jewish philosophers at the Sorbonne in the early years of this century: that there were so many of them; that in fact they weren't Jewish philosophers, but philosophers who were or had been Jews; and that each of them had two philosophies, his own and Spinoza's. Hume the Scot and Jefferson the American said, approximately, that an Enlightened man had two countries, his own and France. Spinoza is the modern Jew's second country.

Spinoza's secular state, in which the dominant principle is reason rather than tradition and the citizens' religions are irrelevant to the public life —that state is still our political ideal and passion. And Spinoza exemplified in his life the honor that has also been our ideal, if not always our actuality, insofar as we are modern. Having by reason proved to himself the unreasonableness of all traditional religion, Spinoza could not honorably be a Christian. He is the first man to have left the Jewish religious community without entering another—Christian, Moslem, or, in the ancient world, pagan.

If you wanted one theme around which to organize a modern Jewish history, honor could be that theme. Spinoza's immediate precursors in criticizing the Bible were Isaac de La Peyrère and Uriel da Costa—like him (or his parents), Marranos. La Peyrère, not a Jew by religion, dubiously a Christian, has an exalted vision of the Jews resuming the elect status that God conferred on them long ago. This depends on their becoming Christians—Jewish Christians or Christian Jews. The Jews he reminds, in language that can only be called ecstatic, of the happy future God has in store for them. With the Christians he pleads to make Christianity more reasonable by purging it of its unnecessarily numerous and onerous dogmas. How can Jews *honorably* embrace Christianity, he asks, when the burden of Christian dogma is even more grievous than the burden of the Torah?

Da Costa turns from Christianity to what he thinks is Judaism because the Christian dogma of a future life terrifies him. When he discovers that the real Judaism has that dogma too, he ceases to be a Jew. He is contemptuous of religious martyrdom: since the most precious thing is life, what folly to sacrifice it by stubborn adherence to one religion and stubborn refusal to pretend to adhere to another! Contemptuous of martyrdom—and, one might therefore think, of honor—da Costa regards it as a high honor to be martyred for the real truth, the truth that knows both Judaism and Christianity to be false.

Spinoza is no longer of the Jewish community. Why doesn't he make a career for himself as a professor of philosophy by becoming or seeming to become a Christian? Perhaps for reasons of prudence; as a nominal Christian he would be exposing himself to unpleasantness about heresy. But above all, it is honor that keeps him from the baptismal font. He won't pretend to believe what he doesn't believe.

Moses Mendelssohn, we are told by an early biographer, would have welcomed the society favored by his friend Lessing, the Spinozist—a society in which there were neither Christians nor Jews. This side of Lessing's society, Mendelssohn despised apostasy—"for reasons of honor." Mendelssohn's son, when he had his children and then himself baptized, did it for expediency (his word), the opposite of honor.

For expediency Solomon Maimon, the first modern East European Jew, was once prepared to be baptized, but for honor he refused to subscribe to a Christian confession of faith:

> *Maimon:* The Jewish religion, in its articles of faith, comes nearer than Christianity to reason. But practically, the latter has an advantage. . . .
>
> *German parson:* Don't you feel any inclination to the Christian religion apart from extrinsic considerations?
>
> *Maimon:* I would be lying if I answered yes. . . .
>
> *Parson:* You are too much of a philosopher to be able to become a Christian. Reason has taken the upper hand with you.
>
> *Maimon:* Then I must remain what I am—a stiff-necked Jew. . . .

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Mendelssohn's disciple, David Friedländer, thought of becoming a Christian, again for expediency, but he couldn't entirely forget honor, and honor required that he insist on a unitarian rather than a trinitarian confession of faith. That wasn't enough for the church. His children, giving even greater weight than he to expediency and even less to honor, became conventional Christians, or at least allowed themselves to be thought so.

NOTORIOUSLY, Heinrich Heine was cynical about his baptism. He had contempt for the society that made baptism the price of ambition, and for himself and the many others who paid the dishonorable price. One of the others was his friend, Gans. In a letter Heine says:

> . . . Gans is preaching Christianity and trying to convert the children of Israel. If he is doing it out of conviction, he is a fool; if out of hypocrisy, a scoundrel. . . . I would much rather have heard Gans was stealing silver spoons. . . . If the law had allowed stealing silver spoons, I wouldn't have undergone baptism. . . .

Everyone knows that Heine called the baptismal certificate the ticket of admission to European culture. In a less well-known mot, he put the blame for his having become a Christian on Napoleon's geography teacher, who failed to tell his pupil that in Moscow it's very cold in the winter.

Napoleon here is the embodiment of the French Revolution, which, if victorious throughout Europe, would have brought about the ideal society of Lessing and Spinoza. About a hundred and fifty years ago Richard Whately, a young man later to become an Anglican archbishop, wrote a brilliantly clever refutation-by-parody of Hume's kind of critique of the Bible, *Historical Doubts Relative to Napoleon Buonaparte*—a mock-critical analysis of a narrative, in biblical-sounding language, of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. Names are reversed: France is Ecnarf, Louis is Sivol. Napoleon is Noelopan. Let us examine this Hebrew name No-el-opan, Whately's imaginary Humean critic says. It is not the name of an actual man, as so many foolishly suppose. Rather, the name personifies a process. *No* must be from the root *nw'*, which means "reducing to nothingness." (In Ps. 33: 10 *heni'* is from that root: "He *maketh* the devices of the people *of none effect.*") *El* is "God." *Opan* (or *ophan*) is "wheel"—Ezekiel's "wheel within a wheel" is *ha-ofan be-tokh ha-ofan*—and by extension, "cycle," or "revolution." So *No-el-opan* can only mean "no-God-revolution": Godless Revolution. Heine was right.

As Gershom Scholem has shown, honor—of a sort—was the animating purpose of modern Jewish scholarship, the *Wissenschaft des Judentums*. Steinschneider wanted to give Judaism an honorable burial. The 19th century, the modern age, was the age of the death of all the positive-historical religions. Judaism, too, was dying. Like the others, it deserved to die. (He thought well of Ethical Culture, founded by modern Jews in America to be a meeting-ground of honorable equality for ex-Jews and ex-Christians.) Nevertheless, it was the part of honor for Jews to give an honorable burial to the religion, culture, and tradition with which they and their ancestors had been immemorially identified, and by which they had been molded. In the future, through the efforts of the scholars, let men know that in the olden times of positive-historical religions, Judaism had been no mean thing. In the meantime, as any undertaker would be, Steinschneider was upset whenever the corpse showed signs of life—revived Hebrew, Zionism, and the like. He was severe about such things.

It is said of the founder of modern Jewish scholarship, Zunz, that once someone introduced to him a young Russian Jew who was a Hebrew poet. "A Hebrew poet?" Zunz is supposed to have asked the young man. "When did you live?" Like the undertaker, the necrologist is displeased with signs of life in the deceased.

Many Jews who allowed themselves to be baptized, expedientially, had first to convince themselves or allow others to convince them that what they were doing was honorable. At the turn of the century Franz Brentano, an Austrian philosopher and former priest, was another who had concluded that the age of the positive-historical religions was at an end. He tried to get his disciples into positions of influence from which to propagate his philosophy, the destined successor to those religions—that is, he wanted his disciples to be professors, especially in German-speaking universities. But many of his disciples were Jews, and those universities allowed few Jews to be professors of philosophy. Husserl was not the only one of Brentano's students persuaded by their master to be baptized. The argument was that it was their duty to do so—in other words, that it was the course of honor to do so—because scruples about baptism were unworthy of a philosopher. No more should a philosopher hesitate to change his formal religious affiliation, Brentano told them, than to change his clothes for a formal occasion. To Hugo Bergmann he once wrote that there was nothing morally wrong—or, as we may put it, dishonorable—about talented young Jews giving lip service to what they disbelieved. (Whatever philosophical reputation Brentano still has rests on what he published about truth.)

For other modern Jews, honor required that they formally remain Jews or that they proclaim themselves as without a formal religion, *konfessionslos*. Both honor and interest required that they should try to change the state or society in which it made a substantial political and social difference whether one was a Jew or a Christian.

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Temperament and circumstances determined whether they would work for that change in conventional or in revolutionary ways.

CLOSELY RELATED to the theme of honor is that of masculinity. Politically this expresses itself in the will to be a subject, not object, of history, active not passive. The ideal of masculinity was influential in the outlook and the political striving of nationalists and revolutionaries; actually, nationalism was one way of being revolutionary. The factor common to all Jewish modernity, hostility to traditional religion, was present with the Zionists and other Jewish nationalists, too; but in addition they thought the Jews needed autonomy or sovereignty, either as a substitute for the Spinozaic state or as a necessary condition for it. They differed from the older Jewish modernists in insisting upon a Jewish state, or Jewish autonomy. They agreed with them in insisting that that state, like any state, should be secular.

In Chaim Weizmann's autobiography we can see how close to the surface modernity could be even with traditional Jews. He says that his old-fashioned mother agreed neither with him that Zionism was "the solution to the Jewish problem," nor with his brother Samuel that a Russian revolution was the solution. She refused to take sides. Whoever is right, she said, it will be good for us. If Chaim is right we will have a country of our own, and if Samuel is right we will be able to live like human beings in Russia.

Here, too, the origins go back to Spinoza. Besides being the father of the secular, democratic state, he is also the first man to have set forth, if not the desirability, then at least the possibility of a secular Jewish state. What he says about this in the *Tractatus* has been known to get blurred in translation, so before it gets blurred here we may as well look at the exact words: ". . . *nisi fundamenta suae religionis eorum animos effeminarent, absolute crederem, eos aliquando, data occasione, ut sunt res humanae mutabiles, suum imperium iterum erecturos*"—" . . . since human affairs are changeable, if the foundations of their [the Jews'] religion did not make their characters feminine I would be convinced that, with an opportunity, someday they would reestablish their state." Not only is Spinoza talking of secular Jewish state-building, he also is saying that establishing a state depends upon overcoming femininity, and that the Jews' religion effeminates them. No wonder Mr. Ben Gurion has called for lifting the excommunication the Jewish community of Amsterdam imposed on Spinoza.

(Some years ago a scholar suggested that the Amsterdam Jews excommunicated Spinoza because they were afraid of irritating the Gentiles and endangering their tolerated status by a failure to dissociate themselves from a notorious unbeliever. I think that is far-fetched. How else could the Jews of that time have dealt with a Jew who denied the God and the Torah of Judaism? There may be something, too, in the suggestion that the Amsterdam Sephardim, reverent about their ancestors' martyrdom and the continuing martyrdom of their Marrano relatives in the Iberian peninsula, couldn't forgive Spinoza's scoffing at the Judaism for the sake of which the martyrs gave their lives at the stake.)

To Spinoza and modern Jews since, what have masculine and feminine meant? To have a masculine character is to resist, to fight, to be active; to have a feminine character is to submit, to be resigned, to be passive. Masculine is brave, feminine is at best only obstinate. Masculine is modern, feminine is old-fashioned or traditional.

In our century, after the Kishinev pogroms it was the new Jewish Socialist Bund and the new Labor Zionists who organized self-defense units, acquired arms, and shot back; and it was the old-fashioned Jews whom Bialik (and others) raged against for their passivity. More recently, especially in Israel there has been insistent questioning whether the European Jews who died in Hitler's crematoria weren't showing again that old feminine passivity. Nor is this frame of mind political only. Both Freud—if I remember correctly—and Babel saw their fathers not standing up to Gentile ruffians; and both were affected by that sight, in intimate attitude and general outlook. The gifted Otto Weininger, that textbook case of Jewish self-hate, killed himself out of loathing for what he took to be the femininity of the people into which he had been born.

Was Spinoza justified in saying that the religion of the Jews made them feminine? No. He carefully blamed the very basis—"*fundamenta*"—of Judaism; for him Judaism was feminizing not accidentally or circumstantially but inherently and necessarily. Yet R. Akiba, who certainly knew the basis of Judaism, had supported Bar Kokhba's entirely masculine rebellion against Rome, and had paid for that support with martyrdom. Again, Spinoza was a close student of Maimonides, and Maimonides—if only to calm the feverish messianic yearnings of his time—had selected from the complex rabbinical tradition that alternative which defines the Days of the Messiah as differing from ours in only one respect: that then we shall no longer be enslaved by foreign kingdoms. Maimonides wants the Jews to be interested in real politics, not eschatological fantasies. Spinoza must have known he was wrong. Spinozas are different from us. They don't make the innocent, ignorant mistakes we make.

Let us pause here for a moment. The deliberately prosaic character of the Maimonidean view is representative of much else in Judaism that Christian theology has traditionally decried as carnality—fleshliness—and contrasted to an infinitely superior Christian spirituality. Over the centuries many have gone over from Judaism to Christianity, in all honor and sincerity, because

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they have accepted the Christian valuation. Some months ago I heard Professor Yosef Yerushalmi read a fine paper about two Marrano brothers, Spinoza's contemporaries, who fled the Spanish royal court to return to full Judaism. The younger became a zealous follower of the false messiah Shabbethai Zevi, but the elder refused. Shabbethai Zevi cannot be the Messiah, he reasoned. These are not the Days of the Messiah. We are still enslaved to the foreign kingdoms. If we abandon that touchstone, why do you and I reject the Christian claim that Jesus was the Messiah? To this the younger brother gave an enraged answer, which showed how Christian doctrine had influenced even an anti-Christian Marrano: his brother's literalism—"the letter killeth"—and inability to see the messianic, spiritual grandeur that was all about them proved the mere carnality of conventional Judaism.

Let me risk being accused of what I have heard called Jewish triumphalism. Things are changing. The old spirituality is being devalued—by Christians. The things that count now are carnal, fleshly: racial equality, justice to the poor, peace. I have heard Protestant and Catholic theologians agree that this reversal is a wholesome return to a Jewish-biblical union of flesh and spirit. I have even heard them argue that "Incarnation" is from the same root as "carnal."

To return to Spinoza—if he was deliberately wrong about the passivity of Judaism, he wasn't completely wrong. Besides knowing what Maimonides had affirmed, Spinoza knew what Maimonides had passed over—including not only statements of feminine doctrine, which can be offset by masculine statements, but also the ritualization of feminine doctrine. Here is our holiday of Hanukkah, instituted to celebrate an earlier, more successful rebellion than Bar Kokhba's. For the Sabbath of Hanukkah the Rabbis could have chosen a Prophetical reading about a victory over the enemies of Israel and its God, or else about reconsecrating a defiled Temple, or even about a miraculously prolonged supply of oil. Instead they chose Zechariah 2: 14-4: 7 (though it is also the Prophetical lesson after some priestly chapters, 8-12, in Numbers): ". . . Then he showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the LORD. . . . And the angel of the LORD enjoined Joshua: Thus says the LORD of hosts: If you will walk in my ways and keep my charge, then you shall rule my house and have charge of my courts. . . . This is the word of the LORD to Zerubbabel: Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, says the LORD of hosts. . . ."

The Hasmoneans recapture and reconsecrate the Temple, and into the celebration of that glory the Rabbis insert propaganda against the Hasmoneans' right to be high priests. Manly might and Jewish power triumph, and the Rabbis make us read a text from a powerless time, which rationalizes powerlessness as if it were good in itself. The Jews win independence, and the Rabbis implicitly prefer foreign rule: Zerubbabel was an agent of the Persian crown.

No more than Spinoza does can modern Jews approve those Rabbis. We are glad he was wrong in equating their influence on the tradition with the very basis of the tradition. For us, manly honor is the truth. It is our truth. It makes sense of what we are, or what we want to be.

But there is another, adversary truth, and though two truths are hard to entertain at the same time, especially when we like one and dislike the other, let us make the effort. It will be easier if we think of the conflict between those truths in the history of India, rather than the history of the Jews. In the last century Tocqueville protested against the common notion that the Hindus were cowards. We think so, he said, because the many Hindus allowed the few Europeans in India first to conquer and then to rule them. But in the Hindus' recurrent famines they will die of hunger before violating the laws of their religion and eating beef. The difference between us and them is not the difference between honor and dishonor, masculine and feminine.

A preoccupation with manly honor can decline into the grotesque. I'm fond of those jokes about the Jewish duelist ("Don't wait for me if I'm late, shoot anyway"); but I think the duel—as fact, as impulse, and as ideal—is a neglected element in modern Jewish history. In the future Jewish state of Herzl's vision the duel was to be an institution. With the opera house, with the state itself, it would mark off the new, worldly, modern, erect Jew from the old, narrow, traditional, cringing one. In Horthy's Budapest, Jews fought duels against anti-Semites who had impugned their honor as Jews, or Jewish honor: I remember, respectfully, a former member of the Hungarian parliament who died here not long ago. In Vienna the members of the anti-Semitic fraternities at the university, denying that Jews were *satisfaktionsfähig,* wouldn't duel with them; so Arthur Koestler and the others in the Zionist fraternity brawled with the anti-Semites in defense of Jewish honor and rights.

So far, so good (except for Herzl). But what about Ferdinand Lassalle? He was a socialist—the leader of German socialism—yet he was killed in a "feudal," silly duel. Honor and courage were important to him. As a boy he had dreamt of putting himself "at the head of the Jews, weapon in hand, to win them national independence."

And last, poor Jack Ruby. Uneducated and befuddled and disreputable, he was no less a modern Jew than we who are educated and rational and respectable. In his words, he shot Oswald to show that Jews have guts.

I BEGAN by saying that we are modern, "of course." But are we still modern? Aren't we coming to the end of modernity? Aren't we be-

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coming post-modern, as some have long been insisting?

If I ask these questions, it is not because—like most people?—I am tempted to exaggerate the newness of the times. In these matters my own temptation has been to doubt newness, since the COMMENTARY symposium of the young Jewish intellectuals in April 1961. The most remarkable thing about it was what Norman Podhoretz noted in his introduction: how surprisingly little change there had been since the symposium of an earlier generation of Jewish intellectuals in the *Contemporary Jewish Record*, in 1944. The world had changed, America had changed, American Jews had changed—at least by the accepted standards of economics, sociology, and demography—but Jewish intellectuals had changed almost not at all. Is it likely that a change which failed to come about between 1944 and 1961—or, if we think of Western Jews generally, between earlier than 1800 and 1961—should have come about between 1961 and 1967?

There is much evidence that the modern world may indeed be moving toward something post-modern; except that the Jews, on the whole, remain conservatively attached to the old modernity of Spinoza. In this conservative attachment Jewish intellectuals differ little from non-intellectuals. At least in this they are all Jews together. All are more comfortable with modernity than with anything else.

Of the many things Romanticism was, one was an argument with modernity. Romanticism tends to make people respectful of religion, if not religious. Irreligious, even a Max Weber was not combative about religion in the classical modern manner. He said only, with the hint of a sigh, that he was religiously unmusical. For the 18th-century Enlightenment, *Gothic* was a term of abuse—the barbarian Goths had disappeared long before the later Middle Ages, when that style was invented—and Joan of Arc was the subject of bawdy jokes. Romanticism has taught us to think well of Gothic, of Joan, and of the religion and culture that produced them. Moderns who have been affected by Romanticism find it easy to think that while Christianity may not be true, at least one must say this for it, that it has had a powerful effect on culture and personality. Many Jews have gone over to Christianity because of that Romantic way of thinking, learned from teachers who were Romantic Christians.

Spinoza and the Enlighteners drew a clear distinction between society and state as the realm of the secular, on the one hand, and religion as a private matter, on the other. Romanticism was to discover that culture and national histories, not private but social, are entangled with religion—particularly Christianity in its various forms, or the memories and continuing influences of Christianity. In Poland and France, Marxist philosophers and literary scholars (including Jews) seem more attracted to 17th-century Christianity than to 17th-century irreligion. Fifty years after the Godless Revolution, the Soviet authorities will for the first time publish Bible tales for children.

The effect on Jews is best seen in art history, or rather in the history of art historians. A high proportion of the most significant art historians have been German Jews. As modern Jews they hold to Spinoza's primary ideals, as Germans they are especially influenced by Romanticism. This produces an unlikely or paradoxical state of affairs: modern Jews who are authorities on medieval and Renaissance Christian iconography. The paradox is compounded by the fact that the Jewish tradition—which made their ancestors who *they* were and which, though less directly and visibly, prolongs its influence into their own lives—is unimpressed by the aesthetic. Matthew Arnold knew what he was doing when he contrasted Hellenism and Hebraism; and Hebraism itself was aware of the contrast. Judah Halevi says, "Let not Greek thought [*hokhmat yewanit*] seduce you, for it bears no fruit, but only flowers."

Art historians who are Jews invest emotion, intellect, and career in something not immediately or unquestionably natural for people who are simultaneously non-Christians, irreligious, and Jews. The seriousness with which they have to take Romanticism—otherwise why be art historians?—is at odds with Spinozist purity.

IT ISN'T NEW that the substitute religions deriving from the Enlightenment are dead, but some people who should know it don't seem to. In a university journal a professor of English publishes a lecture to the effect that the humanities humanize. Can he be serious? Does he still believe in the religion of culture? Arnold hoped that culture would make people humane, and we know that it doesn't. Lovers of Goethe and Beethoven ran Hitler's death machine. Apparently Nietzsche was right, after all: God having died, other deaths must follow.

If that defender of the culture-faith doesn't want to let uncultured reality in, he might at least listen to colleagues like Lionel Trilling and George Steiner. In the 1920's when clergymen preached sermons about the grounding of humane behavior in religion, Mencken's boys would laugh. When professors of classics preached about the grounding of humane letters (and mental acuteness) in the study of Latin and Greek, undergraduates would make remarks about old fogeys afraid for their jobs. Who will now say what needs to be said of anachronistic professorial sermons about the grounding of humane feeling in literature and art?

Not only do consumers or connoisseurs of culture fail to be made humane (or human) by the humanities, the very producers fail. The two

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greatest English-language poets of this century were Yeats and Eliot, reactionaries who at times were something worse; the oldest great living poet in English is Pound, the virulent anti-Semite who broadcasted in wartime for Mussolini; and Genet, whom Sartre has canonized as a saint, isn't exactly a spokesman for humanism.

Rightminded people know that society hounds the artist. Yet if Genet had been only a criminal who loved his profession and not also an artist, they wouldn't have let him out of jail. If Pound weren't an artist but a carpenter or merchant or veterinarian, first they wouldn't have let him take asylum in an asylum, and then they wouldn't have let him out.

Of all the religions prolific of cant, the religion of art and culture is most prolific. The hounded artist is a minor piece of culture-cant, life-enhancing art a major one. I think it was Berenson who taught us the syllogism: what is life-enhancing is good; art is life-enhancing; therefore, art is good. And contrariwise: if it isn't life-enhancing, it isn't art. Curiously, the Nazi death chiefs were most rapacious about precisely those works of art that Berenson held to be life-enhancing. Nor could he even give its plain meaning to "life": he was gloomily proud of not having children. *Fin de race,* end of the biological line, he said of himself.

The enhancement of life; creativity. "Create" is a biblical word, the first verb in the Bible. In the Bible *bara'* ("create") can have only God as its subject. Only God creates. From the first verse in Genesis, in which He creates the heavens and the earth, "create" is a signal that something emphatic is being said about His self-definition in act and word. Its greatest frequency is in Deutero-Isaiah, especially Isaiah 45. "I form light and create darkness,/I make peace *and create evil*" (Isaiah 45: 7). This is so bold that it had to be softened for liturgical use: in the first obligatory blessing of our morning prayers, immediately after *Barekhu,* we say, "Thou formest light and createst darkness, Thou makest peace *and createst all things.*" And Isaiah 45: 18: "For thus says the LORD/who created the heavens/ (he is God) ,/who formed the earth and made it/ (he established it;/he did not create it a chaos,/he formed it to be inhabited) :/'I am the LORD, and there is no other.' "

Even in English, until well into modernity the various forms of "create" are apt to have a numinous feeling about them. "Creative" in an unambiguously human sense isn't much more than a hundred years old. "Creativity" is more recent still. It is a coinage of modern culture-religion, for which man is creator, especially man as artist. As we would expect, the Oxford English Dictionary gives as the first recorded use a statement about Shakespeare's "poetic creativity." I haven't found "creative art/arts" in OED, so I take this phrase to be a 20th-century invention. Modern culture-religion made claims that even Hellenism didn't make: for classical antiquity art is not creative but mimetic—imitative. A religious mood accompanied the modern contemplation of art, a ritual of pilgrimage and solemnity prevailed, and men hoped for salvation.

But the religion of creativity, frail to begin with, has become funny. First every other college catalogue in America listed courses in creative writing—an art-sanctimonious name for helping students to learn how to write fiction or poetry. Afterward "creative man" was taken over as a technical term by the personnel directors of advertising agencies, on a par with "account executive." And now the inspirational literature of commerce hymns creative salesmanship.

A few years back I read a neo-feminist's approving review of another neo-feminist's book. The reviewer said she agreed with the author that for a woman, a career is more creative than being a mother. That puzzled me: without having given much thought to it, I had assumed that about the closest the human race can get to creation is when a woman bears a child, nurtures him, and cares for him. A little later I was looking through the racks in a drugstore and came across a specimen of a common subliterary genre—books for adolescent girls about a young heroine with an interesting/creative job/career. The title of the book was *Priscilla White, TV Secretary.* Then I understood. How can being a mother compare in creativity with being a TV secretary?

POLITICAL MESSIANISM was modernity's other substitute religion. Its obsoleteness is not news: *The God That Failed,* about the Revolution, preceded by ten years or so *The Death of God,* about traditional religion. (Each was addressed to the worshippers of the particular deity whose failure or demise it announced.) Yet in 1967 a book wins prizes and acclaim, and one would think that the last fifty years had never happened. At the end of Malamud's *The Fixer,* the hero Yakov speaks the author's moral or conclusion: "What is it Spinoza says?" (Always Spinoza.) "If the state acts in ways that are abhorrent to human nature it's the lesser evil to destroy it. Death to the anti-Semites! Long live revolution! Long live liberty!"

Whose revolution is Malamud thinking of, Kerensky's or Lenin's? Lenin's: a few pages before, Yakov daydreams that he kills the Tsar. The historical reality behind Malamud's novel was the Tsar's Beilis trial. Don't we remember any longer that just before Stalin died, he was about to stage a trial that would have been far more abhorrent to human nature? Under Stalin the Jewish doctors —so they were universally referred to—wouldn't have been set free, as the Jew Beilis was under the Tsar; and their conviction would have touched off a repression of Russian Jews worse than all the others they had had to suffer in those last Black Years of Stalin's life. Our ancestors would have seen the finger of God in Stalin's death at

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just that time, and would have celebrated a new Purim of thanksgiving. We have forgotten.

Tsarism was abhorrent; and that revolution of Yakov's brought into being something more abhorrent still. "Death to the anti-Semites?" Anti-Semites are still in power in Russia. Stalin's daughter Svetlana Alliluyeva, asked about Judaism and Jews in the Soviet Union, answers that while she knows little about Judaism, she can testify as an eyewitness that Jews are discriminated against. Aside from Arabs, only Soviet representatives say anti-Semitic things in the UN.

So the occasional proclamation in the 1960's of revolutionary enthusiasms from before World War I isn't serious. Neither is a certain campus rhetoric of political messianism, nor much of the political rhetoric of the intelligentsia, with its apocalyptic shrillness. These only confirm again Marx's second most famous saying: when history repeats itself, it can reenact tragedy as farce.

CLASSICAL MODERNITY is in decay. When Marx said religion is the opiate of the people—his most famous saying—both Marxists and religious people considered that to be a serious criticism, if true. Both agreed that opium was bad. Both agreed that life was real, life was earnest, life was purposeful. (The Yiddish word is *takhlis.*) Today, we are told, opium—in the broad sense: LSD, marijuana—is religion for the avant-garde. Timothy Leary, Allen Ginsberg, and Norman Brown are for "opium"—the thing itself and the symbol of inwardness and sensuality. These men aren't irreligious. The confrontation is between Brown and Marcuse (see COMMENTARY for February and March), between the new novelists and playwrights and Lukacs; and in this confrontation the classical modernists seem old-fashioned. The new young have been known to say: Freud was a fink. If Freud—because too repressive—why not Marx? Marx and Freud: in that COMMENTARY symposium these great ancestors were invoked repeatedly, in the same breath with *their* ancestor, Spinoza.

This is not to say that Leary, Ginsberg, and Brown provide much comfort for upholders of the traditional religions. The new religiousness seems to be some kind of syncretistic paganism—syncretism is the polite word for mishmash—and the traditional religions will have to take its measure. But that paganism isn't what Peter Gay had in mind with his *Enlightenment: The Rise of Modern Paganism.* Gay meant atheism. For him, modern paganism is atheist. Then post-modern paganism is post-atheist; the hippies and even the angries, with their "God is love," can sound like Fundamentalist evangelists.

Even the political young take religion more seriously than their elders did. A generation ago, who on the Left would have hoped for more from the churches than from labor? Who would have depended on marching or picketing nuns to be there when the going got rough? The change is hard for middle-aged moderns to accept. George Lichtheim, reviewing works blaming the Pope for what he did and failed to do in World War II, is impatient. What's the point of criticizing? he asks. Who doesn't know better than to expect anything of an elderly gentleman and the large, complex organization he administers? That's just it. The very criticism of the young shows they expect something, and the expectation shows respect. Maybe that's because the popes of secularist modernity haven't done all that well, either.

No author would dare to contrive something so pat: in the 50th-anniversary year of the Bolshevik Revolution, Alliluyeva leaves Russia and says she believes in God and human decency, not in the dogmas of atheism and conflict she was brought up on. Voznesensky, the most highly regarded of the younger Soviet poets, says: "What is bad is when man, hypnotized by technology, becomes a technological object himself. . . . Theoretically, everything a man can do can be programmed into a machine and the machine will do it—everything except this: man's capacity for religion and poetry." Dialogues are held between Christians and Marxists—that is to say, between Christians and a combination of intellectuals and apparatchiks from Communist countries and mass Communist parties; and in the dialogue the Communists are less sure of their own rightness and the religious people's wrongness than ever before. The Communist party of Great Britain issues a manifesto calling for a multi-party political system, with legitimacy for parties opposed to socialism; insisting on the freedom of religion, and granting that religion can have progressive and beneficial as well as reactionary and evil effects.

ANOTHER THING Alliluyeva has said is that although she is generally rather than specifically religious, because she is Russian she has had herself baptized into the Russian Orthodox church. The multiple irony of it: Alliluyeva, with her father and her training; religion after fifty years of unrelenting, official, monopolistic, persecuting, deriding, cajoling, "scientific" atheism; and not just religion, but the Russian Orthodox church.

Is it only because I'm an ignorant outsider, a prejudiced son of Russian Jews, that I'm amazed? The Russian Orthodox church! Of all the churches in Europe, the Russian Orthodox has always seemed—only to Jews?—the lowest. It is the church of the Beilis trial, and Rasputin. It excommunicated Tolstoy. In the first ten or fifteen years of this century a few intellectually and morally superior men chose to identify themselves with it, but on the whole it is the church that an outsider would have thought least able to win the affection or even the nominal allegiance of intellectuals brought up in fifty years of official Dialectical Materialism and a hundred and fifty years of Russian literature.

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The memoirs of pre-revolutionary Russia tell of the contempt *gymnasium* students used to have for the official teachers of religion. Now the objects of that contempt are the official university lecturers in Dialectical Materialism—Diamat for short. (I understand that Russian students give to the Diamat lectures the name of the course in religion in the old days—God's Law.) Now all kinds of people are Russian Orthodox or pro-Russian Orthodox. Ten years ago a Soviet newspaper printed a complaint from a worker: he was under pressure from the other workers in his plant to have his children baptized in church. "You're Russian," they would tell him, "and Russians are Russian Orthodox." When the poet Akhmatova died last year, honored by the younger generation, her funeral was Russian Orthodox. Stalin's cultural executioner, Zhdanov, had reviled her in good Stalinist fashion; a sign of her degeneracy, he said, was that one of her favorite haunts was the chapel. But she was of the pre-Revolutionary generation. Among the intellectuals born or educated since the Revolution and pro-Russian Orthodox are Solzhenitsyn and Sinyavsky ("Tertz").

Yet that isn't the end of the irony—and, for Jews, the pain. The poet Pasternak, a good and brave man, the son of modern Jews, became Russian Orthodox in the Soviet Union—that is to say, after the Revolution. Or if he didn't become officially Russian Orthodox then, if—for the record is unclear—he was baptized earlier, his nominal Russian Orthodoxy became actual precisely in the days of the Godless Revolution. Of Joseph Brodsky, the young man sentenced to a killing term in the North for daring to write poetry without an official poet's licence, one hears that he has a Russian Orthodox cross over his cot. Is that because he, too, is now Russian Orthodox, or is it because a cross is the only religious symbol this Jew can find? One also hears that some of the best young scientists in the Soviet Union are turning to Russian Orthodoxy, and that among these, in turn, are Jews.

Is that where Jewish honor has led? Surely that is not what modern Jews intended when they yearned for the creation of a state that would be neither Christian nor Jewish; surely what they wanted was a new Noelopan, who, subordinating every religion, wouldn't exact baptism as the price of a Jew's ambition and desire for equality; and surely the Soviet Union is the state that has done most to subordinate religion, and actually to repress it. In that state, to find not Spinoza's landlady but so many of the morally and intellectually best people religious or pro-religious is a shock. To find their religion or pro-religion expressing itself in the form not merely of Christianity or pro-Christianity, but actually of Russian Orthodoxy or pro-Russian Orthodoxy, is doubly a shock. How much more of a shock must it be to find that some of those best Russian Orthodox people are Jews? O Cunning of Reason!

In Israel the so-called oriental immigrants have taken the dominant Ashkenazim as models for how to be modern and up to date. One thing they learn quickly is that modern Israelis aren't religious, that to be religious is the best way not to be modern. I heard the following story from a professor at the Hebrew University, a German Jew who, influenced by Buber and Franz Rosenzweig, went up to Palestine in the 1920's as a *ba'al teshuvah*, a returner to Judaism from coldness and Jewish ignorance.

Military service integrates the Israeli population—as they say, it makes one nation out of many tribes. During military service this man's son became a noncommissioned officer, and with his new stripes he was assigned one afternoon to a new unit and barracks, where he was both senior and the only Ashkenazi. The next morning he put on his *tefillin* and prayed. The other soldiers stared, and a few began to cry. Later he discovered the reason. Here was their noncom, an Ashkenazi of the Ashkenazim, praying—and with *tefillin*. They had been deceived. All the sacrifice of habit and feeling and belief they had thought necessary was unnecessary. It was possible both to be *moderni* and to put on *tefillin*.

But at least Chaim Weizmann was right, and his brother Samuel wrong, in one crucial respect. In Chaim's Israel a Jew going from modernity to religion—either going back to it or advancing to it on a higher turn of the spiral—is rather more likely to go to Judaism and *tefillin* than to Christianity and the three-barred crucifix.

MOST OF WHAT I know about da Costa and La Peyrère, and much of what I know about Spinoza, I owe to Leo Strauss's *Spinoza's Critique of Religion*—a book all the more impressive because the author was a young man when he wrote it, in Weimar Germany. (I have also learned much from the chapter on the *Tractatus* in his *Persecution and the Art of Writing*, Free Press, 1952.) In 1965 Schocken published the English translation of *Spinoza's Critique*, together with a new preface by Professor Strauss. Above all the preface is a personal document, about the author as a young German Jew who has to come to grips with Spinoza. Before him Hermann Cohen and Rosenzweig also have had to come to grips with Spinoza; more than Jews who are thinkers, these are Jewish thinkers. Strauss isn't the disciple of either. He is his own man and thinks his own thoughts, phrasing them with greater or lesser transparency, greater or lesser opaqueness, as he sees fit. In the new translation of his book about Spinoza's critique of religion he keeps the old dedication: "to the memory of Franz Rosenzweig."

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NINETEEN SEVENTY-FIVE

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON: Every now and then there takes place one of those mysterious shifts in public opinion which in retrospect can be seen as a response to subterranean changes in the domain of political and military planning. In the middle and later 30's, people gradually became aware of the probability of another great European war toward the end of that decade. Similarly, there is now a tendency for public men and professional commentators to fix upon 1975 as the probable date of the great Sino-American confrontation in Asia. Reasoning from these assumptions, one can begin to see why the British government made its second bid for entry into the European Economic Community in the same month in which it apparently decided to arrange for a gradual withdrawal from Singapore and the Far East in general. One can also see why and how the current upheaval in the Middle East will accelerate the British and European retreat from overseas responsibilities that are liable to involve these countries in military showdowns between the U.S. and the USSR.

The interplay between political and military planning is, of course, an old story. Between 1919 and 1939 the approach of the next European war was governed by a set of factors ultimately determined by the speed of Germany's industrial, military, and psychological recovery from the defeat of 1918. The technical side of this recovery had to do with the time it took to rearm once the *Reichswehr* had helped Hitler into the saddle—that is to say, once the Conservatives and their plebeian allies had come to terms about their political and military objectives. Had the collapse of the Weimar Republic resulted in an ordinary military dictatorship (which would have been, so to speak, the normal alternative to parliamentary democracy), the business of rearming would still have taken five or six years—probably longer, since Hitler and Schacht, by employing "Keynesian" monetary techniques, were able to speed things up a bit. It is a remarkable fact that between 1933 and 1939 Germany was the only major industrial country to go in wholeheartedly for deficit financing, even though the "Keynesian revolution" had not yet occurred and a different sort of verbiage had therefore to be employed in order to justify this departure from orthodox monetary management. Being then the dominant power in Europe, Germany set the pace, in economics as well as in military matters, so that in the end the Western democracies were reluctantly obliged to follow suit—to the extent of doing away with unemployment via rearmament.*

IN THE present context, what determines the shape of global strategy is evidently nothing so trivial as a row among the Europeans, but rather the bipolarity symbolized by the Sino-American antagonism, with the USSR apparently undecided whether to stay neutral or come down on the side of China. But within this general context there is once more a technical factor, namely the timescale involved in replacing one "generation" of nuclear weapons by another. In the case of certain arms relevant to the competition between the super-powers and the rest, this replacement problem, for all sorts of technical reasons, points to 1975 as the crucial year. Consequently, when one hears it said on good authority that 1975 is the date of Britain's military withdrawal from Singapore, and of the equally probable British incorporation in an enlarged Western Europe (after a trial period to give time for adjustments), one is entitled to think that the continuously recurrent mention of this date is more than a coincidence. And when finally one is reminded that the U.S. Defense Department foresees the likelihood of a substantial Chinese nuclear delivery power by the end of the 1970's, the remaining pieces of the jigsaw fall into place. Or so at least one would gather from recent semi-private utterances by some of the highest British defense authorities (on both the Government and the

* Insufficient attention is given to this topic in Mr. Robert Lekachman's recent work, *The Age of Keynes*. But then Mr. Lekachman, as a good Keynesian liberal, makes the assumption that politicians can do nothing until a suitable rationale has been provided for them by academic economists. Hitler, an economic illiterate, did not think so, which is why he was able to get rid of unemployment by rearming. It is true that Roosevelt and Chamberlain did nothing, or almost nothing, even after Keynes had converted his colleagues. This has not prevented the liberal school from imposing upon textbook writers the legend that Keynes saved Western civilization by showing governments how to secure full employment. What really did the trick was World War II and the long overdue disappearance of the uncontrolled market economy.

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Opposition side of the increasingly meaningless political dividing line).

BEFORE GOING further into this subject, let me cite a characteristic utterance by a French military spokesman, General André Beaufre, currently Director of the *Institut Français d'Etudes Stratégiques* and formerly French representative on the NATO council in Washington. In his *Deterrence and Strategy* (translated under that title by Major-General R. H. Barry*), General Beaufre has this to say about the current political line-up in the world and the perils it poses for the future:

> There is the danger of hegemony by the superpowers, the United States and the USSR, which will increase as they draw closer together; there is the danger of serious crisis, and even of war, as a result of possible German claims in Central Europe or over-hasty liberalization in one or more of the satellite states; there is the danger that the Vietnam conflict may escalate; finally in the background there is disquiet for the future because of the Chinese danger, together with the threats which may arise from the Third World or the color problem in America.

General Beaufre of course is a Gaullist (by conviction it would seem). Mr. J. Enoch Powell, former British Cabinet Minister and Conservative spokesman on defense matters, is an intelligent Tory with a good deal of military experience and a disillusioned outlook on world affairs. Recommending Beaufre's book last March in the Conservative *Spectator* (now rapidly going Gaullist, like the Tory leadership in general) he disputed the prevailing NATO doctrine, according to which nuclear war is the only possible sort of war (at any rate in Europe), from which it is supposed to follow that there will be no war as long as the West has a credible nuclear deterrent. Mr. Powell is skeptical of this doctrine, which in his opinion serves the West Europeans as a tranquilizer and an excuse for not developing larger conventional forces. His own preference is for an accelerated withdrawal from Singapore and concentration on Western Europe. (He is also reputed to believe that the Americans have got into a hopeless mess in Vietnam, and that the British would be fools to align themselves with them.) Now when one takes all this in conjunction with the sudden Tory enthusiasm for a joint Anglo-French nuclear force—either limited to those two or "held in trust for Europe"—one has the makings of a politico-military strategy for the 1970's. Once this is agreed to, it hardly matters whether the British Government after 1970 is headed by Mr. Wilson or by Mr. Heath (in some respects it does not greatly matter even now). The decision will have been taken, and if any French regime *après de Gaulle* wants to get rid of the *force de frappe*, it will have the option of a "nuclear Europe." This of course will not please those who believe that Europe had better get out of the nuclear game altogether, but they can always be told that armed neutrality is a safer bet than trusting to the benevolence of the Big Two. Armed neutrality, from being a purely Gaullist notion, is becoming the Conservative line in Britain, and may shortly become the Christian-Democratic election plank in West Germany. A certain degree of independence from Mr. Johnson's America is now respectable in all these circles, so much so that those who cling to the liberal Atlanticism of the Kennedy era are liable to encounter raised eyebrows and sorrowful head-shaking in quarters where until quite recently to be suspected of Gaullism was no passport to popularity.

Does this matter in the long run? It certainly matters to the British, who in these difficult months have to decide how far they want to go in loosening their trans-Atlantic ties. That the European option involves military withdrawal from Southeast Asia has not yet been spelled out in public, but the signs are unmistakable. It is here that the magic date 1975 takes on a precise meaning, for by then London will either have to replace its Polaris fleet of nuclear submarines with the Poseidon type (monstrously expensive and to be obtained only from the U.S.) or, as the *Economist* puts it, "enter a European consortium." For technical reasons, Polaris will cease to be "credible" after 1975 (meaning its missiles will no longer be able to penetrate the Russian defenses). Thereafter the choice lies between the improved American model, which will probably not be offered to the Europeans anyway, and a joint European substitute. Between now and 1975, British policy is thus bound (to cite the *Economist* once more) to be "Janus-faced, with one face turned toward the Indian Ocean and the other toward the long-term problem of providing a credible nuclear defense for Britain itself." The further choice (as the writer correctly perceives) lies between European cooperation and "dropping the nuclear force altogether." This last is what the left wing of the Labour party would like, and what Mr. Wilson is supposed to be committed to; but then Mr. Wilson is not famous for his loyalty to electoral commitments. The "European" solution is the Tory recipe, and will presumably become official policy by 1970, unless Britain is definitely excluded from "Europe." In the latter case, the decision will lie between Atlanticism and isolation. With or without Britain, though, the continentals—thanks to France—are going to have their own nuclear force, and probably their own foreign policy.

On the assumption that the next British government, if not the present one, manages to overcome continental (not merely French) doubts about Britain's Europeanism, one does not

* Praeger, 174 pp., $6.95.

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see how the "special relationship" between Washington and London can survive. This is now largely a matter of cooperation in the nuclear field, and of continued U.S. support for sterling as a "reserve currency," in exchange for verbal British military involvement in the Far East: all highly objectionable in Gaullist eyes. To get into the EEC, the British will somehow have to persuade the other West Europeans that they are willing to do without these links. Given the degree to which Mr. Wilson has, quite needlessly, assumed the role of America's Trojan Donkey (not least during the recent "Kennedy round" of negotiations on tariff cutting, which saw Britain once more in the role of Washington's principal ally), it is questionable whether he can now change course fast enough to work his way into the community of the Rome Treaty. If he fails, one may expect fresh life to be breathed into the project for a free-trade area embracing the United States, Canada, Britain, Scandinavia, Australia-New Zealand, and possibly Japan. This is the natural fall-back position for any British government which has given up hope of getting into the EEC, and in some ways it would be the obvious Anglo-American riposte to Gaullism and European neutralism. The snag is that it would alienate the continentals and speed the disintegration of NATO. It would also confirm French leadership of the continental bloc, since France is alone among the Six in possessing anything that can be called a national leadership and a foreign policy. That policy, in the last resort, is determined by the desire to stay out of the triangular conflict among the U.S., the USSR, and China. If a politically united Europe comes into being, it will adopt this French orientation—for the excellent reason that there is no other worth mentioning.

It is clear that a good deal is going to depend on whether or not Britain in the end joins the EEC, since failure to do so would not only split the Western world, but give greater weight to the tighter and more formalized Anglo-American association which may come into being if the United Kingdom is permanently excluded from the European grouping led by France and Germany. Granting this, Western Europe will be all the more resistant to American leadership if the British are out rather than in. This hardly serves American interests, which is why Washington has been urging the British government to join on any terms it can get. Let us assume the current attempt fails, as it probably will—if only because de Gaulle reputedly expects the Tories to return to office in 1970, and to come down firmly on his side thereafter. Suppose Mr. Wilson, having been rebuffed by the General, eats his words in public (he is becoming expert at this job, if at no other) and applies for membership in an American-controlled Atlantic club. In what way will this alter the status of Paris as the unacknowledged capital of Europe? In no way at all, for all the cries of distress that are then likely to go up from Brussels and The Hague. France has the commanding position and will keep it. Nor is it likely that French leadership can be undermined by raising the federalist issue. The vision of a Europe federalized on American lines is, by common consent, not a matter for the immediate future. Even the hard-core federalists admit that it can scarcely be realized before the end of the century. "Spaakistan" is no longer a card to be played against de Gaulle's *Europe des patries*, if only because M. Spaak himself has virtually accepted the Gaullist aim of "confederation" (whatever that may mean in practice). In short, whether or not the British come in by 1970 or thereafter, the dream of a Western Europe securely controlled from Washington and London has already gone the way of the Alliance for Progress and other fantasies of the Kennedy era.

II

AGAINST THIS background it may be useful to take a look at what is currently holding up agreement on a nuclear nonproliferation treaty. The unending argument over this particular piece of business is part of the complicated tangle already described—the tangle symbolized by the magic date, 1975. But it also helps to clear up the murky subject of Anglo-American relations. The fact is that defense policy, arms control, East-West relations, "East of Suez," sterling devaluation (a growing probability if Britain finally joins the EEC), and the end of Atlanticism, all hang together. (The End of Atlanticism, by the way, is going to mean, for quite a lot of people, the End of Ideology: liberal ideology in this case, notably in the shape of that watered-down Keynesianism which for its devotees has come to possess some of the magical properties attributed elsewhere to Leninism.)

Insofar as the main provisions of the Anglo-American draft have become known, they reduce themselves to a fairly general statement of intent: the nuclear powers undertake not to place nuclear arms in the hands of others, and the non-nuclear powers undertake neither to manufacture them nor to acquire them from abroad. The immediate difficulty here is that two of the five existing nuclear powers—namely France and China—refuse to have anything to do with the proposed treaty. Of the remaining three—the U.S., the USSR, and Britain—only two are genuine superpowers, with Britain acting as a broker between the Big Two. A second obstacle arises from the resistance offered by the non-nuclear powers—mainly West Germany, but also Canada, India, Japan, and others—to the provision placing all their relevant industries and science laboratories under international inspection, to make sure they do not manufacture nuclear arms on the sly. Set-

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ting aside the danger of industrial espionage, which seems to worry the Germans and the Japanese, this provision relegates all the lesser countries to the status of suspects. There would be some logic in this, albeit of an unpleasant kind, if China had been allotted the Security Council seat now occupied by Formosa, since it could then at least be argued that the superior status enjoyed by the nuclear five was an extension of the voting provisions made when the UN was founded. As matters stand, the proposed treaty (if it is ever signed) will confer upon three of the nuclear five an exceptional position in international law, leaving France and China in the role of nuclear rebels who, it is hoped, will sign at some later date (why should they, especially China?). The purpose of the operation, one is told, is to freeze the nuclear status quo, and the principal reason one is given is that the alternative is too awful to be contemplated.

What then is the alternative? So far as the matter can be understood by a layman, it seems to be agreed that by 1975 (once more the magic date) some eighteen additional countries will have the basic infrastructure necessary to manufacture weapons-grade plutonium. The ability to make plutonium is an aspect of *civilian* nuclear-energy programs, which cannot be forbidden, but may be inspected by an international authority supported, in the first instance, by the Big Three. The steady diffusion of the industrial capacity for making plutonium is the crucial factor, for once a country is in possession of a plutonium supply, it does not take a great deal of energy or ingenuity to make a few nuclear bombs. This, one is told, is intolerable: consider what would happen if in 1980 there were from fifteen to twenty countries equipped with primitive nuclear weapons, but without the sophisticated outlook (not to mention the range of strategic options) allegedly possessed by the Big Two. At this point one is invariably reminded that Israel probably has the capacity to make such weapons or will acquire it shortly, with all that this implies if the Israelis should in some future crisis be driven to desperation by the hostility of their neighbors and the unreliability of their allies or protectors.

On the other hand, consider what it would mean if all concerned (save France and China) adhered to the proposed treaty. The latter, if signed, would in effect lay it down that China—Mao Tse-tung's China, that is—shall be free to develop her present rather modest nuclear facilities until she has reached parity with the U.S. and the USSR, whereas Canada, Japan, and India—not to mention more than a dozen others—will be forbidden to possess or purchase any nuclear weapons whatsoever. This is remarkable enough, but there is more to come. The Chinese, one might think, would welcome such a proposal. Not at all: they have said categorically that they prefer India and Japan to have their own nuclear arms rather than be policed by the Big Two. On Maoist principles this is less paradoxical than it sounds. Japan and India may be rivals and potential enemies, but they are less dangerous than America. Anyway, Peking does not want to lend the slightest support to anything proposed jointly by the United States and the Soviet Union.

Now take the timing of the proposed treaty and the fact that after three years of seemingly purposeless argument the Disarmament Committee at Geneva finally had before it a draft which both the U.S. and the USSR found acceptable (until Washington began to develop second thoughts about the probable effect upon its remaining allies in NATO). If one had not already guessed it, one would have realized from the accompanying semi-official publicity that the treaty is, among other things, meant to diminish the risks arising from yet another costly arms race between the Big Two: this time in the area of anti-missile defense. At present America enjoys a threefold or fourfold advantage in intercontinental delivery capacity—an important consideration at a time when alliances are loosening. The current Soviet attempt to close the gap by developing anti-missile defenses will presumably evoke American countermeasures, thus heightening the tension—unless the Big Two can at least agree on non-proliferation, and generally come to terms about the East-West strategic balance. In the context of such an overall agreement, it will be less dangerous from the American viewpoint to let the Russians come closer to parity and less dangerous for the Russians to let the U.S. have the edge in delivery power. From Britain's standpoint, agreement is desirable because it means stabilizing the "balance of terror" at its present technological level. Once this level is left behind by a race to provide anti-ballistic-missile defenses for the civilian population, the British defense planners will have to find a better warhead than Polaris—or contract out of the race. Hence Whitehall's anxiety for success in the Geneva negotiations: failure would mean having to make the big decision now, instead of being able to put it off until Britain is safely inside the EEC.

IN THE END it hardly matters, since the Russians will continue to aim at parity, and at some stage this will set off a race in the anti-ballistic-missile field. But at what stage? ABM defense costs money—more than any European country can spare. Moreover, once the Big Two have taken shelter behind their respective ABM's protecting the civilian population (or part of it), will it still be credible to tell others that they can rely upon their nuclear protection? Is it not likely that Western Europe will "go neutral," in the arms field and therefore in general policy, if there is something like nuclear parity between the Big Two? The projected Anglo-French *bombe des patries* would then be the guarantor of West

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European neutrality in any U.S.-Soviet conflict (itself unlikely). This is almost certain to be the situation in the 1970's, whatever anyone may pretend to the contrary. By now Washington is probably resigned to this outcome, as Moscow must be getting resigned to the corresponding drift in Eastern Europe which is carrying the two halves of the divided continent closer together. If the Germans can be kept under control, this trend may be expected to continue until by the mid-70's the Big Two can pull their forces back from the center of Europe, leaving behind not a dangerous vacuum, but a guaranteed peace settlement. Minor details, such as formal West German recognition of the Oder-Neisse line, and acceptance of the existence of a divided Germany, need not be imposed: they will follow automatically, once it is plain to all concerned that the 1945 settlement is final. So far as Europe is concerned, the cold war will then be over.

III

It will of course get all the hotter in Asia. Here one comes back to the probable effect of nuclear proliferation upon outsiders capable of raising themselves to nuclear status. For all the publicity surrounding German resistance to the proposed treaty, the major perils lurking in proliferation have little to do with Europe. What the West Germans are worried about is falling behind in the industrial race—they know quite well they will never be allowed to get a finger on the nuclear arms trigger. Asia is a different matter, though here too the industrial issue is prominent at the moment. Germany is supervised by its neighbors. Japan is controlled only from afar by Washington with its erratic policymakers. India is controlled by no one, being too large and chaotic to lend itself to foreign guidance.

If Japan and India decide to enter the nuclear weapons field (conceivably after having first signed an anti-proliferation treaty for a limited period, and then denounced it on some pretext furnished, say, by China), there will be no stopping them. Inspection can be thrown off or evaded by any country able to get hold of a plutonium supply and possessing a few capable scientists. Even having signed the treaty, such countries may be able to manufacture nuclear arms in secret. A nation which revolts against the treaty provisions can be brought back under control only at the cost of a major police operation. Is such an operation likely to be mounted against a Japan which asserts its independence from China, or against an India which claims that it cannot rely on promises of protection and must have a few nuclear arms of its own? If these nations convince themselves that in a crisis they may stand alone and unprotected, then their governments will have public support if they set out to manufacture nuclear weapons, and if they are sufficiently determined, they will get away with it internationally. The same, needless to say, applies to Israel. As for Egypt, any military dictator in Cairo who raves loudly enough about "Western imperialism" can probably count on technical aid from the USSR, even if he kills or jails all the local Communists. In short, the next round of the Middle Eastern conflict is quite likely to be escalated to the nuclear stage, unless there is a fundamental change in outlook on the part of those who have consistently clamored for the physical destruction of Israel.

What are the chances of India "going nuclear" in the foreseeable future? This is a subject of some delicacy for anyone in London, and not only because official British policy envisages the retention of some Indian Ocean bases (to be operated jointly with the U.S.) even after the evacuation of Singapore in the mid-70's. The awkwardness arises from the hangover of the Anglo-Indian connection or—as someone has put it—from the fact that the British Commonwealth is but the ghost of the Indian Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof. Although the connection with India lasted for little over two hundred years (small change by Indian standards), it has left a sediment of attitudes and illusions on both sides, though mostly on the British side: *vide* Mr. Harold Wilson's ludicrous rhetoric in 1965 about Britain's frontiers being on the Himalayas, and his solemn offer to the late Dr. Shastri (then briefly in charge of Nehru's heritage) to provide India with a "nuclear umbrella."

While such fantasies have now been quietly abandoned, there remains the question whether the option can be picked up by the Americans. Whether they are going to saddle themselves with this sort of obligation is uncertain. What is certain is that Delhi will want some sort of "nuclear guarantee" as the price of signing the non-proliferation treaty, but may not attach much value to it thereafter. Does this matter? At the moment one is assured by those in the know that there is no public demand for an Indian bomb, but this kind of sentiment can spring up (or be manufactured) overnight. In the long run, Indian nationalism is not likely to put up with a legal status different in principle from that of China. It is true that the present generation of Indian leaders does not regard the country as a rival to China. It is also true that the bomb would be irrelevant to India's security problems on the Northeastern frontier, and doubly irrelevant to the perennial quarrel with Pakistan. But it may not take much to start a psychological landslide in the other direction. The propagandist case for the bomb is going to rest in the future, as it has done in the past, on its prestige value in the so-called rivalry between democratic India (itself a farcical term) and totalitarian China. In practice it is more likely to become a factor in the arms race between the Pakistani military regime and

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whatever combination of army officers and nationalist politicians takes over in Delhi after the Congress party has finally dissolved into fragments.

What will happen thereafter is anyone's guess. Even on the hopeful assumption that India will somehow hold together as a nation and not disintegrate into a congeries of rival states—which, after all, is what she has been for most of her history—the most likely outcome is some sort of purely defensive position along the Himalayan frontier, backed by an American (possibly a joint Soviet-American) nuclear guarantee against Chinese aggression. The alternative of a more nationalist and militarist Indian policy, though disagreeable, would be far from world-shattering, since no one supposes that India, even with a few nuclear arms of her own, can do more than preserve her existence. If China has a rival in Asia it is Japan, not India. But here too one must guard against illusion: Japan, with its already accomplished industrial revolution, is no model for countries struggling with rural overpopulation and falling output. Socially and politically, the Japanese case is unique, and the other Asians can only envy her success, while trying to climb into the industrial age by exploiting and perverting some form of socialist ideology.

This last consideration may seem irrelevant in the context of our discussion, but consider what would happen if an Atlantic free-trade zone, plus Australia-New Zealand and Japan, comes into being in the 70's. The only fully industrialized country in Asia would then be lined up with the West in an exclusive association of the rich: exclusive because, for all the liberal rhetoric about free trade, only the rich are really able to trade on equal terms with each other. The poor need high tariff walls (and probably state control of foreign trade) to give their own industries a chance to grow, and to protect their citizens against the flood of useless and expensive consumer goods which their merchants are certain to import wherever trade barriers come down. Japan can afford this kind of nonsense. India and Pakistan cannot: *vide* their present economic distress, in part at least caused by the expenditure of scarce foreign currency on useless imports (useless from the national viewpoint, that is). This is why "socialism" of some kind (meaning in practice state control over the economy) is the winner in the ideological competition in all these backward countries: it is the only way in which they can raise themselves from their misery. For even if their local entrepreneurs were more enterprising than they usually are, this would still not be enough to shield their societies from the devastating consequences of economic liberalism. Indeed, the industrial bourgeoisie is the real force behind the clamor for greater state control. For this reason, if for no other, one may confidently predict that the coming military dictatorship in India (a certainty by 1975, if not earlier) will adopt some sort of national-socialist program. The alternative would be to hand power to the Communists (probably their Maoist wing at that). On this subject, at least, the British, with two hundred years' experience of the subcontinent, have few illusions. They have sensed the tremors presaging the coming earthquake, and they are quietly beginning to pull out.

WHICH BRINGS one back to General Beaufre's remarks, cited at the beginning of this article. It is the fashion in Anglo-American circles to dismiss Gaullism as an archaic form of nationalism, but for all their traditional language the French are ahead of Messrs. Johnson and Wilson in their realistic estimate of coming upheavals in the Third World of pre-industrial countries. They have, after all, had the experience of Algeria, which has taught them (in addition to a few other lessons, such as that nationalist resistance movements are difficult to fight), that economic liberalism does not work in these regions. What *does* work is some form of socialism (not necessarily the Maoist kind). This is now realized in Paris, if not elsewhere. In all the international conferences held in recent years to discuss possible aid to the "underdeveloped," the French have been well to the Left of the Americans and the British: a circumstance duly concealed from the Anglo-American public, which instead has been treated to soporifics about the benefits of free trade and monetary convertibility. While the liberal establishment drugs itself with these illusions, the political and military elites (largely the same people) in the backward countries have begun to see the writing on the wall.

In this context, French pessimism about America's role in Vietnam takes on the aspect of a more or less clearly articulated critique of the whole system of ideas underlying the policies pursued by successive U.S. administrations, notably in Latin America. For just as the so-called "war on poverty" at home—on the evidence of so respectable a witness as Mr. Robert Kennedy—has degenerated into a system of handouts, so American "aid" to the "underdeveloped" seems to have little positive effect, save in a few privileged areas where the basic transition to modernity has already been more or less accomplished. Elsewhere it is more likely to promote pauperization than economic growth. This is not to say (*pace* Mr. Robert Heilbroner) that Communism is the only answer. But it does mean that not much can be expected from liberal-democratic exercises such as the "Alliance for Progress" (setting aside the fact that this particular operation never got beyond the public-relations stage). The basic trouble stems not from too little liberalism, but from an excess of that commodity: a hard saying, but until it has been grasped, Americans and Europeans will continue to talk past each other.

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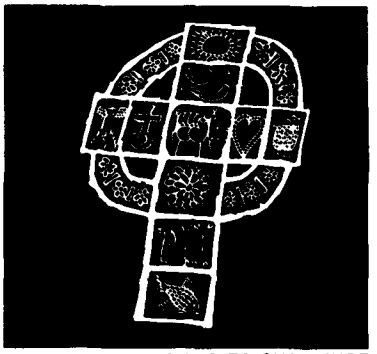

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EASTERN EUROPE & THE DEATH OF GOD

Norman Birnbaum

IN HIS BOOK on the German Peasants' War, Friedrich Engels observed that in a religious epoch, even revolutionary ideas have to be expressed in a religious rhetoric: the very thoughts which anticipate the future assume old forms. I was reminded of Engels's remark when, last December, I attended a conference of Marxist sociologists of religion in Prague. The participants, nearly all of them from Eastern Europe, were troubled by the persistence of religion among the populations of the Communist countries. A few reacted dogmatically: as the case was put by one scholar from the German Democratic Republic who held to a rather narrow version of Marxism, if religion did not decline under socialism, then the Marxist theory would have to be considered false. Other participants who took a much more subtle, comprehensive, and comprehending view of religion in history (including their own recent history) did so in different Marxist terms. I believe that their utilization of Marxism to explore the social and spiritual realities around them may anticipate new developments in Eastern Europe.

Engels was writing, in fact, about the great Reformation theologian and Christian Communist, Thomas Muenzer, who died a horrible death at the hands of vengeful German (Protestant) princes for having taken seriously the doctrine of the Imminence of the Kingdom in early Protestant theology. My colleagues at Prague were sociologists and philosophers, not theologians, and none spoke directly against his own princes. Yet some of the things they said in the course of the meeting reflected deep changes in Eastern Europe, and these may very well portend new developments in other spheres —not least in politics.

EVER SINCE the end of Stalinism, the Communist parties of Eastern Europe have been seeking a *modus vivendi* with the populations they rule. Janos Kadar's *bon mot*, "all who are not against us are with us," typifies one prevalent attitude. The peoples of Eastern Europe cannot yet be described as enthusiastic about socialism in its Eastern European version. A less hostile and more sophisticated view of the religious beliefs and communities to which these peoples remain attached is a consequence of the new Communist awareness of this fact. It is true that the Communists (or some of them) remain most hostile to religion where the churches have been strongest: above all, in Poland, where the Primate is about as stubborn as the General Secretary of the Communist party, both being old men who grew up in a different world; and in Germany, where the Protestant Church has been the one functioning all-German institution. In general, however, Eastern European regimes have now learned to distinguish between the political views of certain ecclesiastical leaders and the religious convictions of their peoples—if only the better to split the two. Indeed, the regimes have found some politically compliant churchmen, and there are groups of theologians (the most distinguished of whom are at the Comenius Faculty of Protestant Theology at Prague) who see no scriptural warrant for depicting Communism as the work of the devil.

In addition to setting off a general attempt at discussion between Christians and Marxists, the demise of Stalinism has also entailed the development of empirical social research in the Eastern European Communist countries. Instead of deducing the contours of reality from a few exceedingly primitive political postulates, Communist parties and governments have begun to rely on social inquiries and occasionally on broader sociological analyses. In some countries, such inquiries and analyses were first undertaken by politically courageous thinkers (like Djilas and others) who had a clear revisionist intent—to demonstrate that the official picture of reality was grotesquely untrue. There seems, however, to be a law at work in both East and West by which ideas and techniques originally meant to create new social possibilities serve only to consolidate old ones. Empirical social inquiry in our own societies was devised as an instrument of social reform; it has become very largely another piece of administrative technology. The same thing seems to be happening, in a much more compressed period of time, in Eastern Europe. Ten years ago, "sociology" was a politically dubious term in much of Eastern Europe: it evoked fears of the penetration of "bourgeois science." (We may define " bourgeois science" as science done by bourgeois professors who are *not* Marxists.) Today, Communist parties and governments alike look with great favor on sociology. As for "bourgeois science"—speaking of the intense interest shown by his colleagues in sociology in the work of Talcott Parsons, a "revisionist" Czech philospher told me with some feeling that "if this goes on, Marxism in eighteen months will become a revolutionary doctrine again."

At any rate, the scholars who met in Prague were interested in developing an empirically grounded sociology of religion from a Marxist point of view. They had met together once before, at Jena in Germany, the university which gave Karl Marx his doctorate. I have termed them scholars, and the description is exact: most were teachers at universities or research workers at the Academies of Science in their respective countries. There was a professor of the sociology of religion from the German Democratic Republic, Olaf Klohr, even if his chair was designated as the *"Lehrstuhl für wissenschaftlicher Atheismus"* (Chair of Scien-

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tific Atheism). There were also two or three publicists from party institutes for the struggle against religion; even they acknowledged the necessity for an empirically founded approach to religion, and indeed the institute attached to the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist party has actually conducted sociological research on a large scale. My own presence was accounted for by my position as secretary of the International Sociological Association's Committee on the Sociology of Religion. Actually, there had been certain hesitations about inviting me, but these probably had less to do with my status as a "bourgeois" scholar than with the fact that I was known in some Eastern European countries as a "neo-Marxist." What, precisely, this may mean, and whether or not it is true, in parts of Eastern Europe the accusation is a grave one.

THE CONFERENCE, and particularly the lively spontaneous discussions of the prepared papers, made national differences among the participants very evident—differences which resulted from local intellectual traditions, the particular shape of the problem of religion in the various countries, and the degree of intellectual freedom permitted by the individual regimes.

The Bulgarians, for example, were quite rigid intellectually, and I must confess that I did not always sense that they followed the contributions of some of the others with sympathy, or even with total comprehension. The Czechs, our hosts, were there in large numbers (some fifteen, whereas there were only three or four from each of the other countries). Czechoslovakia at the moment enjoys a considerable amount of intellectual freedom, and the Czech contributions showed this: they were direct, even blunt, and did not circumvent real problems with empty formulations. The East Germans were solid and thorough, precisely like scholars from the other German state. They came, however, from working-class families in a society in which workers' children had rarely gone to the universities in ages past. Not surprisingly, their Marxism coincided almost exactly with the Marxism of the German Social Democratic party in the Wilhelminian Empire. It was a doctrine of the sovereignty of applied science, in which socialism was reason triumphant. By contrast, the Hungarians evinced great imagination and subtlety: their group included Ivan Varga, who is a pupil of Georg Lukacs and has inherited the critical humanism which is the best side of his teacher. The Polish group was divided between scholars from the Academy of Sciences and anti-religious publicists.

The Soviet participants were extraordinary. Fully in possession of their own intellectual tradition, they seemed also to have recaptured the long Russian tradition of mastery of Western thought. About the Yugoslavs, finally, little need be said. In that country, Marxism is not obligatory in the universities: one of the Yugoslavs present struck me as a positivist and rationalist. When the Yugoslavs do work with Marxism, they often make something interesting of it.

THE CONFERENCE went on for three days, in what was once the chapel of a Franciscan cloister, now converted into the headquarters of the municipal Communist party. (The building is next to the old Opera House, where Mozart himself conducted the premiere of *Don Giovanni*.) There were Baroque religious paintings on the ceiling, and stern busts of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Gottwald stared fixedly at us from the front of the room. The discussion returned to a number of central themes which were systematically—I am inclined to say dialectically—interrelated. The findings of a number of research projects pointed to the difficulties of a Marxist interpretation of religion under Marxist regimes. Discussion of such difficulties soon enough turned into a reexamination of the moral experience of these societies.

The sessions began, straightforwardly enough, with a lucid exposition by our chairwoman, Dr. Kadlecova of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences. She had studied the religious consciousness of a group of her compatriots, in a locality in which religious affiliation was still rather strong. Among those who said that they were religious, nominal adherence to the Church and traditional ritual participation far outweighed deep inner conviction; the belief in immortality, or in the divinity of Jesus, was conspicuously absent from their affirmations. Seventy-five per cent of her sample, however, said that religion was a means to master life. They consciously saw religion, in other words, as an instrument of adaptation and were therefore outside the religious experience or historically past it. These results, of course, correspond almost exactly to those found in many Western countries.

Professor Ugrinovtisch of the Lomonosov University in Moscow was the next speaker. A humorous and sympathetic scholar who had impressed many of the Western scholars at the World Congress of Sociology in France in September by the suppleness and sharpness of his mind, Ugrinovtisch suggested that studies in the Soviet Union yielded much the same findings as those of Dr. Kadlecova. I was reminded that at the World Congress of Sociology, Ugrinovtisch had insisted that religion was strongest in the Soviet Union among those least integrated into Soviet society: older persons, rural communities relatively untouched by urban currents. At Prague, however, he added some new dimensions to his argument. He held that there were secular or non-religious, indeed even anti-religious, cultic and ritual observances in socialist society; ritual alone, therefore, was not necessarily connected with religion. What he intended was to support his contention that studies of religious comportment by itself were meaningless—we had to study the psychological and spiritual content of religious beliefs. What in fact he did was to raise the vexed question of the spiritual status of civic belief in the socialist societies. For the moment, this passed unremarked; the participants argued about other matters.

Dr. Kadlecova pointed out that an ideal community had not yet been constructed under socialism. In the circumstances, she felt it justified to ask if there were social grounds for the continuance of re-

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ligion, in some form, in socialist society. Ugrinovtisch carried this argument further. He described as "an old dualism" the view that men controlled their own destinies under socialism but did not do so under other social systems. We required concrete inquiries into the precise degree of control over the social process exercised by specific individuals and groups. To begin with, we already knew that in socialism some individuals could exert far more influence on the social process than others. These remarks seemed to be unexceptionable, yet they quickly led to controversy. Professor Klohr, from Germany, strenuously denied that religion and what he called a high degree of educated consciousness could coexist. Klohr and his colleagues proceeded to present statistics which showed, to their satisfaction at least, that religion declined as socialism advanced.

The East German researches rested on the assumption that there is nothing universal about religion, or about human consciousness in general. Indeed, neither religion nor atheism was a primary form of consciousness: both, rather, were derivatives of more fundamental modes of thought. The sources of these, in turn, were in class relationships and the relationships of production. Atheism arose when a materialistic view developed, quite spontaneously, as a result of social changes which increased society's conscious power over social and natural processes. It followed, the East Germans insisted, that there had to be a sociology of religion specific to socialist societies: the identical categories could hardly deal with religion in different social systems.

The evidence they introduced to support these contentions did not entirely convince many of their colleagues. Klohr and his group found, to be sure, that many with religious convictions had a "progressive" (by which they meant positive) attitude to the East German state. But they also insisted that those who were most engaged in "constructive" social activity were most remote from religion. I found their mode of inference curiously devoid of psychological penetration: they seemed to care little about what people thought, and even less about what they felt, and to concentrate on what they said. "Socialist" science in this case was rather like the more backward sectors of "bourgeois" research. In one respect, however, it was true to old traditions in classical sociology. August Comte enjoined the European elites after the convulsions of the French Revolution to use sociology as an instrument of domination. Klohr and his colleagues made their own aims quite clear: "The analysis of this entire complex . . . gives a further basis for a differentiated educational and pedagogic activity."

The response to the German presentation was vigorous. Dr. Kadlecova declared that different categories were not needed for the same religious systems in the same cultural areas, despite political differences. This was an interesting way of insisting on the unity of European culture, an idea more Gaullist than "orthodox" Marxist. Varga of Hungary doubted that the actual content of religious beliefs was different in the different types of society. The East German categories, he continued, referred to the sociology of politics and not of religion: he doubted that it was useful to make the strengthening of socialism the direct aim of study. In any case, Hungarian inquiry had shown that young Catholics and young Communists were quite identical with respect to social engagement. Moreover, Varga observed, a materialist world-view did not always lead to positive social action. He did not elaborate on this point.

Klohr defended himself against his critics rather well. He noted that "bourgeois" sociology also dealt with the political correlates of religious conviction, that it too had shown that the same Christian convictions gave different results in different political contexts. I myself took the floor at this point, to say that the interpretation of Marxism as a doctrine of man's mastery of nature and society with the aid of science and technology was not absolutely true to Marx's philosophic intentions. We in America also had a doctrine of the use of science and technology for mastery of the human environment. Perhaps its most conspicuous current proponent was our secretary of defense, Mr. McNamara, himself a former professor of economics. (Many at the conference, if not our German colleagues, appreciated the point.) I also said that those who had the most radical and revolutionary ideas about society in the West were often theologians. "Theologians, perhaps, but the churches not. Socialism is always the doctrine of the working class," objected Klohr. "In America," I responded, "socialism is more likely to be found in seminaries of Protestant theology or in the universities generally than in trade unions."

THE ARGUMENT about the fate of religion in Eastern Europe quickly touched upon a critical theme: the persistence of an alienated human condition under socialism. Alienation, in the early writings of Marx, was the stunted and unfulfilled human condition which resulted from the subjugation of men to powers outside themselves. These powers were in fact the products of their own labor, but in the class society men could not enjoy the fruits of their labor. Rather, they were ruled over by them in the form of the laws of the market, and the coercive might of the state. In the sphere of consciousness, men were haunted by the phantasmagoria of their own minds: they made an eschatology of their unrealized yearning for fulfillment, and the idea of God expressed at once their desperate hope in the beneficence of a world become strange and their awful submission to it. Religion was therefore also a product of alienation.

The participants were aware that the term alienation has come in the West to cover practically every spiritual disease known to man. They were also fully conversant with the early Marxist texts, and they knew that until very recently, discussion of these as anything but youthful aberrations had been officially discouraged in Eastern Europe. The elimination of market relationships, or so the official doctrine went, rendered all talk of alienation gratuitous. This attitude, along with much else, has

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changed. Dr. Kadlecova declared directly that the future ought not to be confused with the present—alienation had not yet been eliminated from socialist society. Varga remarked that other forms of alienation besides the "fetishism of commodities," perhaps political ones, could also account for the persistence of religion. "There are also in socialist society phenomena of alienated consciousness capable of evoking the so-called substitute religions." He mentioned the mythologizing of technique as a religious substitute—which provoked an immediate protest from Klohr, who found the notion of substitute religion extremely dubious. Klohr went on to say that the class roots of religion had been eliminated in socialist society, and to deny that there was any religious continuity between capitalist and socialist society. Finally, an Austrian Marxist, Walter Hollitscher, objected that the present and future difficulties of life under socialism need not engender a recourse to religion.

In the end, historical developments may prove Hollitscher right. For the moment, he received little support from those at Prague who reported on psychological researches into religion in Eastern Europe. A Czech scholar said that despite the general decline in religious belief and feeling, sentiments of passive dependence and of homelessness in the universe persisted. His studies have shown that among students, those who sought a harmony unobtainable in their daily lives turned to religion. Another participant from Czechoslovakia, but this time a Russian lady who worked at the Slovak Academy of Sciences in Bratislava, noted that religion could be derived from hope as well as from anxiety. Ugrinovtisch concluded this part of the discussion by observing that there was no specifically religious psychology, only a general human one.

THE ENTIRE discussion was moved onto another plane by a second Soviet participant, Dr. Levada of the Academy of Sciences. Levada began by noting that Marx and Lenin had treated the economic roots of religion as fundamental, but not as the only ones. Religion was not simply a matter of social classes, and socialism was not just a global negation of the previous class system. Socialist society was undergoing a process of secularization which had to be compared to the same process in capitalist society. An entire culture was being secularized, certain values had become desacralized. Meanwhile, those affected by religious influences in the secularized culture were not always aware of the fact. Perhaps this was because the distinction between religious and non-religious rituals was not always clear. Sometimes, non-religious rituals had the same social function as the religious ones they replaced, even if the values attached to them were different. Levada found the entire discussion of alienation too general and abstract: we required studies of new forms of consciousness in socialist society before we could say whether these were religious or not. He himself did not think of the mythologizing of technique mentioned by Varga as religious, but simply as an illusory solution to social and psychological problems.

If I understood Levada correctly, he took the view that the antithesis of socialist society and capitalist society was too ahistoric to be of very much use. Rather, he proposed that the antithesis should be translated into specific terms for each social type before we generalized further about it. And he did insist on the common element in the religious situation across ideological frontiers.

Levada's contribution did not quite evoke the discussion it merited, possibly because it moved in historical and spiritual dimensions otherwise touched at the conference only by his immediate colleague, Ugrinovtisch, and by Varga. I was genuinely surprised, however, that an excellent historical contribution by a Hungarian, Jozef Lukacs, produced almost no discussion at all. Lukacs presented a panoramic view of the difference between oriental and occidental religion, the one fatalistic and resigned, the other activistic and world-changing. "It would be an error, of the sort that occurs not only in propagandistic activity but also in scholarly work, to ignore this active element in Chrisitanity and to exaggerate the quietistic-contemplative element which is always present in religion, and it would be particularly an error to do so for the Western forms of Christianity." Lukacs did not directly raise the possibility that Marxism might be thought of as descended, spiritually, from the more activistic elements in the Judaeo-Christian tradition. The suggestion, however, was not very far from the surface of his paper. Indeed, many of the most interesting things about the Prague conference were not quite on the surface—but they were not very far below it either.

WHAT WAS SAID at the conference was important enough, and I have tried to give a sense of it. There were no visible constraints on our colleagues, and the discussion was quite free. The things which were not quite said bespoke an underlying movement of thought which has not yet been completed: a search for new general ideas, their outlines barely discernible but their substance still obscure. The constraints under which the participants labored, in other words, were inner ones: the difficulty of altering a set of assumptions, a fixed structure of thought. The contradictions, differences, and disputes at Prague, the schematism of some and the tentativeness of others, point to a new spiritual future in Eastern Europe. In trying to explain how, let me take four major areas of discussion.

The continuity of European culture, across all political boundaries, was very much emphasized at Prague. Our Czech chairwoman said quite explicitly that we lived in a comon culture, and the Soviet participants touched upon similar themes. The participants were familiar with religious tradition, and their familiarity was not the familiarity associated with contempt or the deep hostility born of fear. It would be vulgar (and, above all, wrong) to suppose that the dispute with China has suddenly brought Eastern Europe to the realization of its common heritage with Western Europe. Rather, the historical force of that heritage

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itself, the population's stubborn attachment to it, the equally strong attachment of the intellectuals, have made another view of religion inevitable—following the removal of these questions from control by the police. A sense of the concrete, of national particularity, of the value of tradition: these are now emphasized by the Communist regimes as part of a new political strategy. (I would also say that these are values congenial to new Communist leaders well aware of the perversion of "internationalism" under Stalinism.)

The Jewish participants no less than the others seemed to share in this temper—although Jewishness, Judaism, and Jewish communal life in Eastern Europe were not discussed at the Prague conference. I have the impression, from other experiences in Eastern Europe, that a number of Jewish intellectuals in the Communist movement now identify themselves with things Jewish. It will be recalled that Professor Adam Schaff, member of the Central Committee of the Polish party, recently published a book which among other matters dealt with the problem of the continuation of anti-Semitism in Poland.* At any rate, the situation of Judaism and the Jews in Eastern Europe is perhaps best understood in the light of newer developments in these countries.

The rather more explicit discussion of alienation under socialism entailed more delicate questions. If fifty years of socialism in the Soviet Union, and twenty years elsewhere, had not brought appreciable progress toward the end of alienation, then clearly second thoughts were in order. The possibility was broached at Prague that there may be forms of alienation peculiar to socialist society, but this possibility was not thoroughly explored. The participants tended to insist on the general human problems which socialism had not yet eliminated (and which it might not eliminate in the foreseeable future), rather than on oppressive elements in Eastern European socialism. They did, however, prepare for a thorough critique of the quality of life in socialist society—by showing that the persistence of religion, in some cases at least, had real roots in human distress.

The discussion of alienation was rather general, but the exploration of the question of secular derivatives of religion was somewhat more specific. The participants from the Soviet Union were quite prominent in this discussion: they came, after all, from a country which has a religious tradition rich in ritual and litany. I was glad to see that the Eastern European states were depicted as resting on psychological forces somewhat more subliminal than the insight of their citizens into the high degree of political perfection they had attained. The participants did *not* say that there were civic or state religions prevailing in Eastern Europe (religions which used the Marxist rhetoric without having much connection with Marxism in its original form). I myself find the notion of Marxism as a substitute religion very debatable: Marx intended to end a transcendental form of human thought in favor of a humanism immanent in the world. I do think that the Communist sociologists of religion are beginning to approach the terrain on which this debate has been conducted elsewhere. They will have to cross it before they can find convincing answers.

FINALLY, I WAS struck by the repeated references at the conference to secularization as a universal process in Western culture. Some of the participants shared that nostalgia for the religious past of mankind which is so curious a part of the current discussion of the death of God, among the religious and non-religious alike. I wonder whether this aspect of the exchanges at Prague may refer, if obliquely, to Marxism as much as to Christianity. In the Constantine epoch, Christianity became a fixed part of the social order—and lost its prophetic qualities as a result. In due course, the social order itself began to dispense with Christianity. What of a Constantine epoch in Marxism? Having become a state doctrine, it has legitimated a system which seems no less problematical than those it has replaced—and in which the universal reign of justice and fraternity, reason and human sovereignty, seems remote. These are familiar enough ideas outside Eastern Europe, and familiar enough experiences inside it. The persistence of religion must strike many Marxists as not unlike the persistence of Marxism: a stubborn perseverance of a belief in a better world, despite the experience of a worse one.

This places the discussion of alienation at Prague in a somewhat different light. Talking about unfulfilled human needs under socialism, some of the participants may have been attempting to say that religion was but one historical solution to the absence of human fulfillment. Marxism may offer another—but not in its present, its own Constantine form. A rediscovery of other elements and possibilities in Marxism, perhaps related to the chiliastic tendencies in Christianity noted by one of the speakers, might offer an alternative to that official Marxism which has become a state doctrine. From a consideration of the fate of religion under state socialism, the Marxist sociologists at Prague were edged by the nature of the theme itself toward critical reflection on the fate of Marxism under their regimes. The process of reflection has begun, and although it is as yet tentative and usually covert, its continuation and enlargement is a certainty for the future.

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MUSICAL HEBRAISM

Lucy S. Dawidowicz

LAST DECEMBER, more than fifteen years after the composer's death, Arnold Schoenberg's unfinished opera *Moses and Aaron* was given a belated American premiere by the Opera Company of Boston. The occasion was full of ironies. The performance, which took place in America's historic citadel of high culture, was staged in a shabby one-time movie palace; the impre-

* I have dealt with this book in an essay in the May-June issue of *Dissent*.

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sario was Missouri-born and Arkansas-reared; the work itself, a twelve-tone opera glorifying Jewish monotheism, was written by a Jew who had become Lutheran but returned to Judaism. As a further affront to Boston's traditions, the opera contained an orgy scene which, in another day, would certainly have been banned.

Producing *Moses and Aaron* demands immense resources. Sarah Caldwell, the artistic director whose previous productions of other seldom-heard works have put Boston on the national operatic map, assembled for *Moses and Aaron* a cast which included: two stars—a bass-baritone for the role of Moses (Donald Gramm, one of the Metropolitan Opera's best acting singers) and a tenor to sing Aaron (Richard Lewis, who sang the role in the British production of 1965); twenty singing principals; a chorus of fifty-five sopranos, mezzos, and altos, and forty-eight tenors, baritones, and basses; forty-five actors and dancers; and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Osbourne McConathy. What with seventy Elders, twelve Tribal Chieftains, four Naked Virgins (not to speak of the Golden Calf), and who knows how many supernumeraries, it is no surprise the production cost $300,000. (Boston has a tradition of sorts for big musical settings. In 1869, to celebrate the National Peace Jubilee, ten thousand singers, a thousand musicians, and a hundred firemen beating anvils with sledge hammers, performed the Anvil Chorus from *Il Trovatore*.)

BOTH THE libretto and the music of *Moses and Aaron* are fully Schoenberg's creation.* As to the music, it is a complex contrapuntal composition whose absorbing twelve-tone structure and atonality serve to enhance and amplify the terror and awe of the libretto. The opera opens with God's summons to Moses before the Burning Bush, as told in Exodus 3-4. The Voice from the Burning Bush (sung by six solo voices behind the stage and a six-part speaking chorus) calls Moses to bring the Israelites the message of the One God and to lead them to freedom. Moses pleads that he is unfit; because he is slow of speech and of a slow tongue, the people will not believe him. God promises that He will perform wondrous things to convince the people of Moses's message. Aaron will be Moses's spokesman to the people.

In the next scene the brothers confront one another (Exodus 4:27-28). Text and music stress the discrepancy between word and image, thought and feeling, idea and myth. Moses speaks earnestly, in inflected, accented speech (*Sprechstimme*), while Aaron sings sensuous floating melodies, florid, with a hint of the cantorial. Aaron fails utterly to understand the new and religiously revolutionary basis of Moses's monotheism—that man's reward lies in his freedom to act righteously. Instead, he translates this idea back to the pagan concepts of reward for obedience to the gods and punishment for disobedience.

In the third scene, against nervous orchestral runs, the Israelites exchange fearsome rumors about the impending arrival of Moses and Aaron. The intricate contrapuntal choral composition gives expression to their fears and superstitions, and to the divisions among them. In the closing scene of Act I, Moses and Aaron bring God's message (Exodus 4:29-31). The Israelites at first mock the new God who cannot be seen or heard. As Moses despairs of his ability to communicate his message, Aaron performs "the signs in the sight of the people." He turns Moses's rod into a serpent, and back into a rod; Moses's hand becomes leprous and then whole again; the Nile waters turn into blood. (In the Boston production, all these actions were pantomimed.) "And the people believed." The act closes with a rapturous hymnal chorus in marching tempo as the Israelites go off into the desert wasteland: "We are His chosen folk before all others,/We are the chosen ones,/Him alone to worship,/Him alone to serve."

Between the end of Act I and the choral interlude that precedes Act II, the Jews have left Egypt, crossed the Red Sea, and journeyed into the desert. Moses has ascended Mount Sinai (Exodus 24:18). The Israelites fear that Moses and his God have abandoned them. The small chorus whispers its anxiety in hushed tones: "Where is Moses? Where is his God?" The musical theme recalls God's promise to Moses, but its repetitive syncopated staccato heightens doubt and insecurity.

Act II opens to show the disarray in the Israelite camp in the forty days since Moses's ascent. Violence and lewdness prevail; the seventy Elders can no longer exercise authority. The people turn on them savagely, demanding their old gods back. The fearful elders turn to Aaron for direction. Unsure of himself, he yields quickly.

The jubilation begins, introduced by great fanfares. The Golden Calf (Exodus 32:3-6) is brought onstage. The stupendous scene of "The Golden Calf and the Altar" is, according to Karl Wörner's analysis, a symphony in five movements for solo voices and choruses. It opens with a ritualistic dance of the slaughterers who prepare the animal sacrifices; then follow worshipful processions of the sick, the poor, and the old. The music has an eerie, abnormal character. Fanfares introduce the tribal leaders who come to pay homage to the Golden Calf. The tempo accelerates. When a youth exhorts the Israelites to remember their religion of freedom, and to destroy "the image of temporality," the tribal leaders murder him, to a fury of brass and drum. Then a gentle swaying dance tempo is heard as the people begin to exchange gifts and kindnesses. But coarseness and drunkenness soon overtake them. The priestly ritual begins: the four Naked Virgins give themselves to the embrace of the priests who then sacrifice them upon the altar to the Golden Calf. Music and action intensify in a frenzy of syncopated tension, ending in a percussive, delirious finale.

As the killing, self-destruction, and sexual debauchery come to an end and the sacrificial fires are extinguished, a voice from afar proclaims that Moses is descending

* The complete libretto, in German and in Allen Forte's English translation, appears in Karl H. Wörner, *Schoenberg's "Moses and Aaron"* (London: Faber and Faber, 1965) and also in Columbia's recording, K3l-241.

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from the mountain. Moses appears and destroys the Golden Calf with these words: "Begone, you image of powerlessness to enclose the boundless in an image finite!" The brothers confront each other. Moses demands an explanation. Aaron justifies himself: he loves his people—"I live just for them and want to sustain them." Moses insists that his love is for the idea of the One God. Aaron answers that the common people can comprehend only part of that idea, the perceivable part, that they need feeling and hope. Moses refuses to "debase" his idea; he will remain faithful to it, as it is set forth in the tablets. Aaron counters that the tablets, too, are images, "just part of the whole idea." At that, Moses smashes the tablets. (In Exodus 32:19-20, Moses smashes the tablets first, then destroys the golden calf.) In despair, he asks God to relieve him of his mission, as Aaron chides him for faintheartedness. Then the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day appear, and the people follow it in religious ecstasy. Aaron explains that "the Infinite thus shows not Himself, but shows the way to Him and the way to the Promised Land." Once again believing in, and reconciled to, their chosenness, the Israelites sing the march-like hymn with which Act I closed. But Moses sinks to the ground, despairing of the possibility of expressing the idea of the inconceivable God. The violins sustain taut legatos of unbearable poignancy as Moses cries out in defeat: "O word, thou word, that I lack!"

Schoenberg's text for the unfinished third act departs rather drastically from the biblical original. Aaron, a prisoner in chains, is dragged in by soldiers. Moses calls him to account for having betrayed God's word, wrought miracles, believed in the physical reality of a land flowing with milk and honey, and given the people false gods. Now, Moses charges, Aaron has disobeyed God's word by smiting the rock, instead of speaking to it, to make the waters of Meribah flow. (In a letter to Walter Eidlitz in 1933, Schoenberg complained about "incomprehensible contradictions in the Bible" which made it difficult for him to complete the act. He was referring to the variants in Exodus 19:5-6 and Numbers 20:7-12.) When the soldiers ask to kill Aaron, Moses orders them to "set him free, and if he can,/he shall live." But Aaron, freed, falls dead.

THERE IS IN Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* an almost uncanny intuition of the meaning of biblical Judaism and of Moses's historic role as the founder of Israelite monotheism. It is doubtful whether Schoenberg read any serious scholarly literature on the subject; in any case, much of what was then available had been written under the influence of Wellhausen and the higher critics who dated Israel's ethical monotheism from the later period of classical prophecy. Schoenberg's artistic conception, on the other hand, is essentially traditionalist (and quite in accord with recent archaeological findings and modern scholarship), and it is thus interesting to speculate on how he arrived at his position. He was quite obviously not a fundamentalist, of either a Jewish or Christian variety, and had been remote from traditional Jewish thought. Is this operatic exaltation of monotheism and condemnation of idolatry to be seen then as a confession of Jewish identity? Or did he perhaps undertake it as a celebration of Jewish morality, at a time when European society was poised at the brink of pagan violence and destruction?

Schoenberg completed the first two acts of *Moses and Aaron* in March 1932. While he was still at work on the third act, the Reichstag voted dictatorial power to Hitler. Dismissed from his post at the Prussian Academy of Arts, Schoenberg left Berlin for America. On July 24, 1933, in a simple ceremony at the Liberal Synagogue of Paris, he was readmitted to the Jewish community. (His two witnesses were David Marianoff, Albert Einstein's son-in-law, and Marc Chagall.) On October 16, 1933, he wrote to Alban Berg: "As you have doubtless realized, my return to the Jewish religion took place long ago and is indeed demonstrated in some of my published work . . . and in *Moses and Aaron*. . . ."*

Schoenberg himself considered his return to Judaism to be a political rather than a religious act. Yet such matters are seldom as simple as one would like to believe; indeed, the complex twists of Schoenberg's own life would indicate that religion and politics cannot in his case be easily separated, and that faith and identity, self-esteem and group pride, all played a part in the formulation of his final intellectual and emotional position.

SCHOENBERG was born in Leopoldstadt, Vienna's Jewish quarter, on September 13, 1874. His father, Samuel, a shopkeeper, had come from Pressburg, the stronghold of Jewish Orthodoxy in Hungary. No doubt Samuel Schoenberg had brought some Jewish traditions and practices with him when he migrated to the big city. Until his death in 1889, when Arnold was fifteen, the family still observed the Jewish holidays, according to Gertud Schoenberg, the composer's widow, with whom I spoke last year in California. It is unlikely that Schoenberg himself had any Jewish education.

At the age of seventeen, Schoenberg began working in a bank, and at the same time continued his self-education in music and composition. Around 1895, as a cellist in an amateur student orchestra in Vienna, he met the conductor Alexander von Zemlinsky, who became interested in his compositions. In 1901 Schoenberg married Zemlinsky's sister Mathilde (she died in 1923).

In 1898, at twenty-four, to his family's deep shock, Schoenberg became a Lutheran. No one knows exactly why he converted. His cousin, Hans Nachod, says that Schoenberg was persuaded to make the move by a singer friend, but Gertrud Schoenberg probably was closer to the truth in maintaining that his conversion was prompted by cultural rather than by religious motives; it was, she said, "quite a usual procedure for educated Jews as the belief in assimilation at this time flourished."

Schoenberg's parents had come to Vienna during the great Jewish

* This and other quotations are from Arnold Schoenberg, *Letters*, ed. Erwin Stein, St. Martin's Press, 1965.

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migration from the hinterlands of Galicia, Hungary, and Bohemia, after the enactment of the 1867 Constitution which erased the legal inequities under which Jews had suffered. In thirty years, from 1860 to 1890, the Jewish population of Vienna rose from one to twelve per cent. Jews flocked to the *gymnasia* and the universities, where they were overwhelmingly concentrated in the faculties of law and medicine. They also went into journalism—*en masse*, it seemed to the Austrians. Yet though (or because) Jews shaped Vienna's literary and artistic tastes, anti-Semitism continued to prevail in most professional, academic, and government circles, even before Karl Lueger became *Bürgermeister* and Christian Socialism a vehicle for political anti-Semitism. At a time when a birth certificate should have sufficed, many positions still required proof of baptism. Freud, for example, a *privatdozent* for seventeen years, was kept from being appointed associate professor at the University of Vienna, according to Ernest Jones, by "the anti-Semitic attitude in official quarters. . . ."

The keys to musical Vienna were similarly held by men who did not like to open doors to Jews. Mahler's baptism, in 1897, constituted his ticket of admission to the directorship of the Vienna Opera. It seems entirely likely that Schoenberg, too, became a Christian in order to have easier access to important musical institutions and influential musicians. Perhaps like others of his generation and upbringing, who stood neither here nor there in their Jewishness, he was attracted to what must have seemed the dazzlingly brilliant cultural life of the non- and ex-Jewish intellectuals, poets, composers, and artists. (Schoenberg was also a painter, active in the Expressionist movement and a participant in the *Blaue Reiter* exhibition of 1912.) Among themselves, young Jewish cosmopolitans often attributed Vienna's accelerating anti-Semitism to the bearded traditionalist Jews who had migrated from the Galician towns and villages with their baggage of poverty, Orthodoxy, and Yiddish. For many, the baptismal waters represented a means of escaping identification with these Jews.

Religion—Judaism or Evangelical Lutheranism—meant little to Schoenberg in the time following his conversion. One of his biographers has characterized it as a period of "positivistic atheism." Later he developed an interest in Swedenborgian ideas. Schoenberg himself described this process in a letter to the German poet, Richard Dehmel, December 13, 1912: "For a long time I have been wanting to write an oratorio on the following subject: modern man, having passed through materialism, socialism, and anarchy, and despite having been an atheist, still having in him some residue of ancient faith (in the form of superstition), wrestles with God (see also Strindberg's 'Jacob Wrestling') and finally succeeds in finding God and becoming religious."

DEHMEL could not provide the poetic text Schoenberg wanted. Eventually, using Balzac's now quite unknown theosophical novel, *Seraphita*, Schoenberg began composing both text and music for the oratorio, *Die Jakobsleiter*.* The work contained suggestions of ideas he was later to use in *Moses and Aaron*: "this Either and this Or," "instincts" versus "commandments," spirit versus matter. But Schoenberg never finished *Die Jakobsleiter*. For one thing he was drafted into Franz Josef's army where he became a *Kappellmeister*. Later, groping his way back toward Judaism, and more rigorous in his religious thinking, he may have become uneasy with alien and pseudo-literary texts and have decided to turn to more appropriate and authentic ones.

In 1922 a small incident set Schoenberg on an irrevocable course back to Jewishness and Judaism. At a resort in Mattsee near Salzburg, where he had gone to spend the summer, he was told that Jews were not welcome. He came to realize that the Christian promise to accept Jews at the price of assimilation (read: conversion) was a fraud. "For I have at last learnt the lesson that has been forced upon me during this year, and I shall never forget it," he wrote to Wassily Kandinsky. "It is that I am not a German, not a European, indeed perhaps scarcely even a human being (at least, the Europeans prefer the worst of their race to me), but I am a Jew."

In a second letter to Kandinsky, May 4, 1923, in which he referred to "that man Hitler" who would make no exception even for a "good" Jew like himself, Schoenberg prophesied that though the anti-Semites would try to "exterminate" Einstein, Mahler, and himself, they would not succeed with those "much tougher elements thanks to whose endurance Jewry has maintained itself unaided against the whole of mankind for twenty centuries. For these are evidently so constituted that they can accomplish the task that their God has imposed on them: to survive in exile, uncorrupted and unbroken, until the hour of salvation comes!"

Thereafter, Schoenberg's immersion in Jewish themes seemed inevitable. Until his death in 1951, Jewish subject matter continued to attract him. In 1926-27 he worked on a play, *Der biblische Weg*, which he said had been "conceived in 1922 or '23 at the latest"—that is, at the very time his self-esteem rebelled at German anti-Semitism. The drama, in his own words, was "a very up-to-date treatment of the story of how the Jews became a people." Its protagonist, Max Aruns (Moses and Aaron in one), attempts to unite his people and lead them to the fulfillment of their God-given mission. But dissidents beat him to death and his leadership falls to another. *Der biblische Weg* foreshadowed the dramatic core and conflict of *Moses and Aaron*. Thus, Asseino (from "Sinai"?), the spokesman of traditional Jewry, speaks to Max Aruns:

> Max Aruns, you want to be Moses and Aaron in one person! Moses, to whom God gave the idea but denied the gift of speech; and Aaron, who could not grasp the idea but could formulate it and move the masses.

Thenceforth, the idea of an opera about Moses and Aaron

* Dr. Dika Newlin, who studied with Schoenberg, wrote about *Die Jakobsleiter* in a program booklet on the occasion of its London premiere, November 1965.

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seized Schoenberg's imagination. On April 10, 1930, he wrote to Alban Berg that after a year of "very strenuous work," he needed a holiday and he was playing tennis instead of working. (Oscar Levant said Schoenberg once told him that if he had not been a composer he would have liked to have been a champion tennis player.) At the end of the letter, he said he would like best to do an opera; ". . . perhaps I shall do *Moses and Aaron*." By August 1930 he was already at work on it. He completed the second act just as National Socialism stood at Germany's threshold.

Theodor W. Adorno has suggested that the composition of *Moses and Aaron* was Schoenberg's defense against the rise of Hitler. (Hence the fall of the Third Reich eliminated the need to complete the opera.) This must surely have been a major motive. The figure of Moses served to reinforce Schoenberg's Jewish self-esteem, to strengthen his rejection of the world that National Socialism was then fashioning in Europe, a world governed by superstition, violence, and bloodshed. (Something akin to this motive probably animated Freud's interest in Moses as well.) It has also been suggested that Schoenberg saw himself as the revolutionary herald of a new musical law—atonality—and identified his own lack of popular success with Moses's failure to communicate with the people. I myself, however, prefer to think that Schoenberg intended *Moses and Aaron* as a challenge—musically, philosophically, politically, and culturally—to Wagner's *Parsifal*, the only other religious music drama to which it might legitimately be compared.

The two operas are total opposites. Musically, Wagner was the last great Romantic, while Schoenberg, the great adversary of Romanticism, advocated musical cerebralism and classicism. Philosophically, or theologically, *Moses and Aaron* and *Parsifal* appear to represent the antagonism between Judaism and Christianity, between monotheism and trinitarianism. *Parsifal*, Wagner's version of the legend of the Holy Grail, glorifies compassion and repentance through Christ. It is religious drama in that it leads from conflict to a renewal of faith and a restatement of religious values.

Yet notwithstanding its exaltation of Christianity, *Parsifal* remains pseudo-religious; it is not genuinely Christian. Wagner hardly identified himself as a Christian, in part because he could not accept Christianity's Jewish origins: "For us it is sufficient to derive the ruin of the Christian religion from its drawing upon Judaism for the elaboration of its dogma." Rather, he defined the Holy Grail as the spiritual aspect of the Nibelungen hoard, Amfortas with the German Kaiser, Parsifal with Siegfried. He wrote once that "the abstract highest God of the Germans, Wotan, did not really need to yield place to the God of the Christians; rather could he be completely identified with him. . . . Christianity has been unable in our day to extirpate the local native gods." Thus, Wagner's Christianity turns out to be Teutonic paganism; as others have pointed out, *Parsifal* is not a religious Christian drama but the fifth opera in the Ring, welding Teutonic paganism, medieval Christianity, and modern German nationalism into one romantic *Gesamtkuntswerk*, a stage-consecrational-festival play.

It is, I think, plausible that Schoenberg felt the need to define himself in opposition to this kind of German Christianity, which was, at different levels of consciousness, inextricably associated with paganism and idolatry. Perhaps, in *Moses and Aaron*, he wished not only to surpass Wagner as a composer, but also to distinguish himself decisively from the Wagner who was a Christian-pagan, German nationalist, and anti-Semite, and from the rising Nazi culture that Wagner would have applauded. Thus, *Moses and Aaron*, the vehicle through which Schoenberg asserted his Jewishness, comes to symbolize the antithesis of everything that *Parsifal* represents, a reassertion of the intrinsic and superior value of Jewish monotheism—in itself, for Schoenberg, the purest concept of belief.

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A MAJOR CRITIC

WILLIAM TROY: SELECTED ESSAYS. Edited, with an Introduction by STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN. *Rutgers. 314 pp. $9.00.*

Reviewed by FRANCIS FERGUSSON

IN THIS BOOK the major critical essays of the late William Troy are available at last. Troy himself was never willing to collect them, in spite of the urging of many admirers, and we owe their publication now to a few devoted friends, especially Léonie Adams, his widow, who carefully preserved all he wrote. Allen Tate, his friend for nearly forty years, contributes an illuminating personal memoir, and Stanley Edgar Hyman has performed the difficult task of selection and arrangement. Mr. Hyman, with his unique knowledge of contemporary criticism, has beautifully introduced Troy's work to a generation that knows too little about it—and incidentally reaffirmed Troy's true stature for those who needed reminding. We have never had, and are never likely to have, a critic of more perceptiveness, philosophic and historical enlightenment, and high integrity: the appearance of this book is an important event in American letters.

Mr. Hyman has arranged the essays under four headings: "Perspectives in Criticism," three short theoretical pieces; "British and American Literature," on Henry James, Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Gertrude Stein, and F. Scott Fitzergald; "Continental Literature," on Stendhal, Balzac, Proust, Malraux, Valéry, and Mann; and "Tragedy," an unfinished sketch of a general theory, and an essay entitled "*Antony and Cleopatra*: The Poetic Vision." This last makes one wish that Troy had written more on poetry and drama; but as the list clearly shows, his central interest was in prose fiction. His pioneering essays on novelists who loomed large between the wars have done much to create our taste, as Mr. Hyman points out. Troy seems to have acquired his wide background, his exigent sense of form, and his passionate concern for humanistic values at the beginning of his career, and most of his essays were written in the 30's and early 40's. Perhaps his very early maturity partly accounts for the slenderness of his output during the last decade: he had already mapped the literary scene, and was far too strict to allow himself to repeat.

Troy had a deep affinity for Joyce, because of his Irish Catholic upbringing and certain common traits of temperament and intellect. To hear him read Joyce aloud was to understand the Joycean music, pathos, and humor with startling intimacy. Like Joyce, he left the Church in youth, never to return; but (again like Joyce) he never lost the humanistic wisdom which the Catholic tradition may have at its best. That saved him from shallow infatuations with any of the intellectual gadgetries of the moment, and helped to keep alive his sympathy for the classics of Greece and the Middle Ages. He was, for instance, fascinated with the medieval system of literary interpretation, and toyed several times with the possibility that it might be "adapted" for the purposes of modern criticism. I greatly regret that he did not write more about Joyce and his lore, which has never been very comfortably digested into Anglo-American letters. Troy, with his restless, skeptical intellect, was admirably fitted to do that job, as the two pieces on Joyce in this book show. But they are only samples of the wide Joycean knowledge his friends and former pupils remember from his formal or informal talks.

French fiction was very important to him for many years, as it was for so many Americans of his generation; but few, if any, could see it in so wide a perspective. Take for instance this brief comparison between Balzac's *Comédie humaine* and Dante's *Commedia*:

> The celebrated description of the Pension Vaquer, for example, is as itemized as a bailiff's inventory. At the same time there is scarcely an article of furniture that is not symbolical of the theme and subject as a whole. Quasi-scientific documentation is simply an expansion of what is the "literal" level of communication in a poet like Dante. The great difference between Dante and Balzac, of course, is that where the first had his meanings already embodied and ordered in a set of traditional symbols the second had laboriously to reassemble into wholes meanings that had been fractured through the analytical exploits of the previous two centuries.

Or take this passage from his essay on the last volume of Proust's huge work, *Time Regained,* on the occasion of its appearance in English:

> The purpose of dwelling on these defects and contradictions in Proust's exposition has not been to disparage in the least degree the absolute merits of his work as a work of art. It is disappointing, of course, to find that his ideas of life and art taken as a whole do not coalesce into a unified and positive system of thought. But it is now pretty generally recognized that it is too much to expect of an artist in our time that he shall construct an adequate system, that he shall operate on any more universal set of ideas than is necessary for the expression of his personal vision.

That was written in 1931; I doubt that there is a more just evaluation of Proust than the essay from which this is taken, in spite of the recent revival of interest in him.

THE THREE PIECES on Thomas Mann, written between 1935 and 1956, show a quite different side of Troy's literary awareness: his interest in myth. The myth-cult in literary criticism has come in for some justified mockery in recent

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years because it so easily lends itself to pretentious obscurity. But there is nothing obscure in Troy's careful exposition of the uses that Joyce, Eliot, and Valéry, as well as Mann, made of myth for their so different purposes. His knowledge of myth in our time was both empirical and exact.

As for what Troy says about Mann himself: I think his deep need to find in modern literature a positive and comprehensive vision to replace the vanished orders of philosophy and religion may have led him to see, at first, in Mann, some things that were not really there. For instance, I can't agree that Aschenbach, in *Death in Venice*, is a figure of the artist as "culture-hero" and his death, at the end, an initiation leading to renewed life, if not for Aschenbach himself at least for his people. His death strikes me as a *Liebestod* leading to the dissolution of all individual being, like the end of Wagner's opera as Nietzsche ecstatically interprets it in *The Birth of Tragedy*. But in spite of a few such over-generous interpretations, the long essay on Mann's work from its beginnings through the Joseph trilogy is the best short guide I know. And in the postscript that Troy wrote after the appearance of *Dr. Faustus* he considers some of the qualities that make Mann's work so hard to evaluate: his verbose mixture of fictional and essayistic genres; his solemn but irresponsible treatment of certain great historic figures; his famous irony which (in my opinion at least) can grow unbearably coy. Troy sums up his misgivings as follows:

> If Mann's humanism is not as bombastic as that of Settembrini, it is yet not tragic—but merely sentimental. He is not, perhaps, in the last analysis, *un homme sérieux*. It is as if the gods, who loaded him with so many gifts, denied him the most indispensable gift of all—the gift of faith.

That brilliantly puts the anomalous Mann case—and incidentally it most touchingly implies Troy's own "piety toward that humanity whose vices and follies he has rendered for us," as he said of Joyce.

French literature, and behind that the Mediterranean tradition in general, seems to have been for Troy a more dependable source of insight and discipline than Mann and *his* tradition. His own writing owes much to the French deflated accuracy: *la tête dans le coeur.* Henry James, whom Troy was among the first to hail as a master, also went to school to the French, and F. Scott Fitzgerald in turn learned from James as well as from "Paris in the 20's." The essays on these two American writers may serve to relate our literary scene to the glamorous Europe of the time before World War II.

Troy's primary concern was always with the present health of literature. When he studied Stendhal, who lived and died a century ago, or when he meditated on medieval techniques of interpretation, he was looking for light on the practice of literature now. That is why his essays are indispensable to anyone interested in the two decades between the wars, when so much of our present understanding of literature was being constructed. But his significance goes far beyond his time: he never wrote merely fashionably, his respect for reason and form was much too strict for that. He is not likely to be fashionable at this moment, either, when the arbiters of our taste reject form and meaning in favor of cruelty, pornography, and absurdity. Troy is for those who enjoy the passionate and witty play of a first-rate mind upon the perennial mysteries of human conduct, and upon the beautiful forms that literature may take now or in any age.

ANTI-SEMITISM

WARRANT FOR GENOCIDE. By NORMAN COHN. *Harper & Row. 296 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by WALTER LAQUEUR

THE MYTH OF the Jewish world conspiracy is not an exhilarating topic of research; prolonged exposure to the kind of literature that has grown up around it can engender bad dreams and mild hallucinations. There is some occasional relief, but usually of the black humor variety.

I first met Norman Cohn in the cellars of the Wiener Library in London, and after many long days and some particularly depressing research in the *Revue des Societés sécretes* we exchanged anecdotes about the Chief Rabbis of Koenigsberg and Liegnitz who, according to one writer of the 1880's, were really field marshals in disguise in charge of Jewish army corps about to attack Russia. Or about the assertion in the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* that the subways of modern cities had been constructed to make it possible for the Jews one day to blow the Gentile capitals sky high.

Norman Cohn's fascinating work deals with a myth so remote from all reality that there is a strong temptation to dismiss it as a madman's phantasmagoria and therefore of no political consequence. Nor is it widely known today: it is, the author says, a rare thing to meet someone under forty who has even heard of the strange world of the Elders of Zion. But not so very long ago the *Protocols*, the *chef d'oeuvre* of this myth, was the most widely-read book in the world after the Bible. And not all those who believed in it were madmen and fanatics. It was for a while very much part of the *Zeitgeist* of the period immediately after World War I—as a scrutiny of Winston Churchill's speeches or John Buchan's novels (to give but two illustrations) will amply show. It is a mistake to assume that the only writers who matter are those whom the educated in their saner moments can take seriously. As the author says, "There exists a subterranean world where pathological fantasies disguised as ideas are churned out by crooks and half-educated fanatics for the benefit of the ignorant and superstitious." In certain historical situations such an underworld captivates millions of otherwise sane people, becomes a political force, and changes the course of history.

What Cohn shows in this absorbing study is that the most deadly form of anti-Semitism, that which aims at and results in genocide, has little to do with real conflicts between living people or even with racial prejudice as such ("traditional anti-Semitism"); it is

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a secularized version of the medieval belief that the Jews are in league with the devil, and that all Jews form a conspiratorial body bent on ruining and dominating the rest of mankind.

In its modern form this conspiracy theory of history was first propounded in the multi-volume work of the Abbé Barruel on the French Revolution; he argued that Jacobinism was a conspiracy of secret societies, some of them dating back to the 14th century. Essentially, this was an attack on the Freemasons and the Illuminati, a small contemporary German sect. Only subsequently did the Jews become part of this amalgam, the charge being that they had benefited from the revolution but had not participated in its preparation.

Barruel's pioneering study triggered an entire literature along the same lines in many lands—particularly in France, but also, not insignificantly, in Germany and Russia. Gougenot des Moussaux and Meurin, Goedsche and Osman Bey, Lutostansky and Brafman—these writers have faded into obscurity, but it was their historical role to give birth to the most famous forgery of all, the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. The earliest version of the *Protocols* was published in St. Petersburg in 1903 in an anti-Semitic newspaper; it went through several editions, but by and large it was ignored until 1918-19, when it was exported first to Germany and then to the rest of the world.

The document consists of twenty-four lectures said to have been delivered at a secret meeting of the leaders of world Jewry (there are conflicting versions as to how these secret plans to dominate the world came into the hands of the anti-Semites who published it). These are presented as a blueprint worked out by the leaders of the Jewish people during the centuries of its dispersion and submitted to the Council of Elders by Theodor Herzl at the time of the first Zionist Congress in Basel in 1897. (Other versions attribute it to Ahad Ha'am, still others to the anti-Zionist *Alliance Israélite*.) All versions agree, however, on certain central points: that only the rule of a despot can ensure order in

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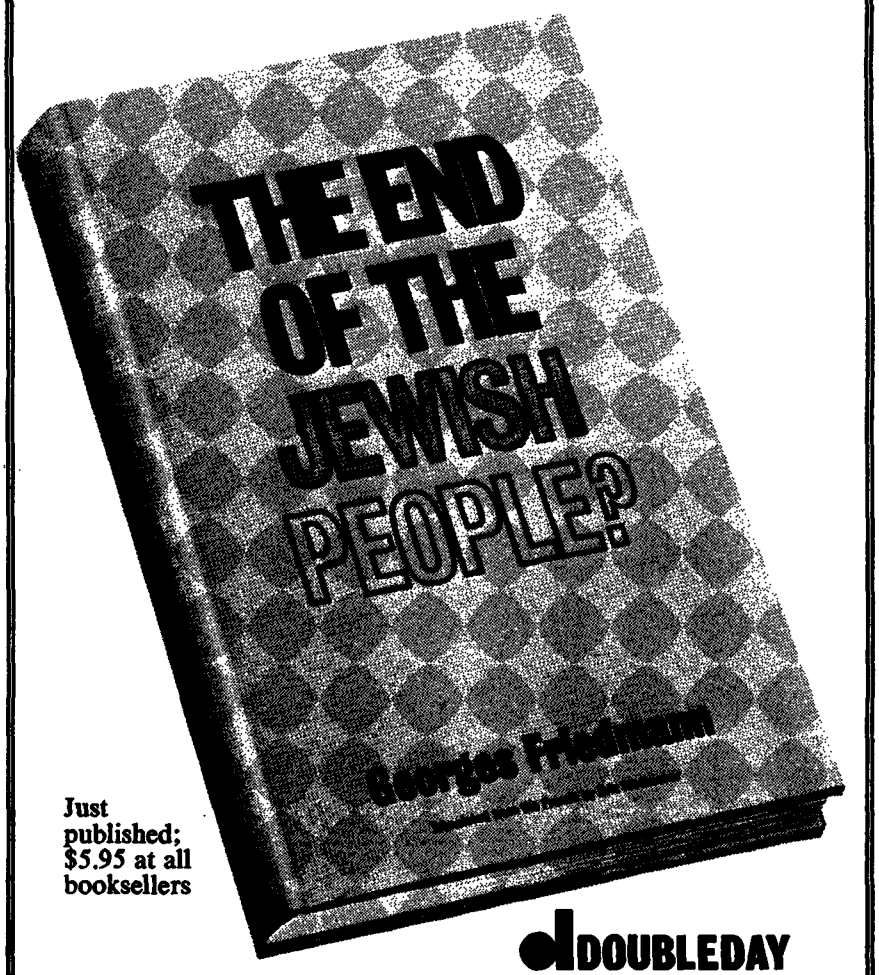

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society; that might is right; that it is gold which governs human society; that only the "Elders of Zion" are qualified to rule the world. To achieve these aims, discontent and unrest are to be fostered everywhere. Liberal ideas are to be propagated, the aristocracy destroyed, industry is to be concentrated in giant monopolies. Frequent wars are to be fomented, leading to permanent economic chaos. Atheism, luxury, depravity, are to be encouraged and religious faith undermined—all of this in order gradually to turn the Gentiles into unthinking, submissive beasts. If these stratagems should not avail, if the whole of Europe should unite against the Jews, the "Elders" could still call on America, China, and Japan to realize their ambitions. The peoples of Europe could be infected with horrible diseases and, as a last resort, the subway stations of the world capitals could be blown up. Lastly, the *Protocols* describe the coming messianic age in which Judaism will rule the whole world. (Though I cannot present these blueprints in more detail here, it should be noted in passing that they bear some resemblance to Hitler's ideas about the future ideal society—as developed in his *Table Talk*—and to a lesser extent, to other forms of 20th-century totalitarian rule.)

THE REAL ORIGINS of the *Protocols* have been the subject of much conjecture; Mr. Cohn, having gone over the whole ground, reaches the conclusion that they were fabricated in France around 1895 by a group of Tsarist secret police officers on the basis of Maurice Jöly's pamphlet against Napoleon III and certain other sources. This much has been broadly known since 1921, when the London *Times* (after initially accepting the *Protocols* at face value) realized the document was a forgery. Norman Cohn shows that the truth is probably more complex than was originally thought and that the *Protocols* was not simply an attempt to attack Jews and "revolutionaries." Internal dissension and rivalries within the Tsarist government and even within the *Okhrana*, its secret police, may have played a role. There was also apparently an attempt to denigrate Witte, then a rising force in Russian politics and the representative of "industrial capitalism." However, the search for the real authors and their intentions is of less importance than the question, what made millions believe them?

The great success of the *Protocols* must be seen against the background of the war of 1914-18 and its aftermath. To most people the war had come as a bolt from the blue; the vast slaughter, the unprecedented material destruction, were utterly senseless. Millions found themselves adrift in a world which no longer seemed to have any certainties. A scapegoat—some sort of hidden explanation—had to be found for the suffering and the disorder. Was it not suspicious that Jews suddenly appeared in prominent positions all over Russia and Germany? The conspiracy theory of history has at all times found fervent believers, especially, of course, in times of crisis, and it did so very readily in the disturbed Europe of the 1920's and 30's. In Germany, Russian emigrés acquainted the leadership of the young Nazi party with the contents of the *Protocols*, which of course confirmed all of Hitler's feelings about the Jews, dating from his days in Vienna. In America, Henry Ford (among others) helped to popularize the document. But it was no longer the traditional anti-Semitism that was involved: as pictured in the *Protocols*, the Jews were not merely objects of contempt, agents of social decomposition. They now appeared as a world danger, made more powerful by their international connections, and aiming to establish their rule everywhere. Hence it was not enough to exclude them from public life—they had to be utterly destroyed. The *Protocols* were not like those old-fashioned anti-Semitic pamphlets which called for limiting Jewish influence in one field or another; they were an appeal for a radical final solution, a "warrant for genocide." They became part and parcel of Nazi doctrine and of the ideology of other Fascist movements. Indeed, they are still sold (and presumably read) in some of the darker recesses of the European capitals and in the United States, and they have gained some currency in recent years in such countries as Mexico and Egypt. Not long ago, in fact, a new edition was published in Pakistan.

THE MAIN PART of Professor Cohn's book is an attempt to trace the origins of the myth of the Jewish world conspiracy over the last hundred and fifty years. In the final section—the most important but also the most debatable—he attempts to analyze its deeper psychological roots. To the anti-Semite, Cohn says, the figure of the Jew has a dual symbolism; he is, first of all, the "bad son"—because of his rebellion against the Church—and, secondly, the "bad father." Out of his own destructive impulses and deep-seated sense of guilt, the fanatical anti-Semite creates a father figure of monstrous cruelty, projecting onto the bad father all his own forbidden impulses. In Freud's view, the oldest and deadliest charge against the Jews—the charge of deicide—had only one meaning—parricide. For Cohn, however, the second part of this hypothesis—the Jew as "bad father" in the psychic drama of the anti-Semite—is even more important. Does not the very title of the *Protocols* signify that they are father figures—fantasied as drawing off the lifeblood of nations, driving them to torment and death? Were not the Orthodox Jews of Eastern Europe, with their strange attire and long beards, treated with particular cruelty by the Nazis? The deepest fear of the anti-Semite is that the Jews are poisoners or themselves constitute a sort of poison.

In Cohn's rendition, the myth of the Jewish world conspiracy thus answers certain deep emotional needs of those who harbor an abnormal degree of fear and hatred of the parental figure. In clinical terms it could be defined as a paranoiac form of schizophrenia, a condition of unrestricted aggressive destructiveness under the spell of delusion. Though the individuals within any group of fanatical anti-Semites may well exist within the general bounds of reality—"Most of them are not even fanatics and the

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fanatics are far from mad—yet it is perfectly true that the group as a whole behaves like a paranoiac in the grip of his delusion."

These arguments are interesting and often highly suggestive, and some of them certainly ought to be pursued further. But sooner or later the student of anti-Semitism is likely to raise a number of objections—some of them methodological, others concerning the very substance of the argument. Professor Cohn is occasionally inclined to deal with anti-Semitism and the conspiracy myth as one complex. But before the 19th century the two were by no means identical, and in the contemporary world there are several conspiratorial delusions to be found in different areas of the political spectrum that have nothing to do with the Jews. Anti-Semitism before the 19th century can certainly not be explained as a paranoiac form of schizophrenia; in the ancient world, for instance, it differed little from other forms of xenophobia.

During the last fifty years psychoanalysis has had an enormous impact on the arts, on literature, on some of the social sciences, and, of course, on medical psychology. But the attempts it has stimulated to explain social movements and trends, and even historical personalities, have had meager results—and not for want of trying. Even the few notable exceptions usually mentioned in this context have not exactly revolutionized our understanding of historical processes. The analytical examination of an individual is a long, drawn-out, and difficult process, not always successful even with abundant clinical material at the disposal of the analyst. Is it possible, then, to draw any real benefit from the analysis of groups of people distant in time and place? Though the practitioner trained in psychoanalytic techniques can no doubt identify syndromes that may escape those not steeped in the teaching of Freud and his successors, these insights have been, at best, useful tools in the historian's hand; they do not by themselves constitute a new historical approach.

Of the questions that will continue to bother the student of history after reading Professor Cohn,

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I want to single out two. The first concerns his concept of the splitting of the father image into a "good" and a "bad" father, and the consequent transformation of the Jews into "bad fathers," "castrating, torturing, cannibalistic, all-powerful, beside whom even the harshest real parents appear powerless." A father figure implies a close relationship and a position of authority *vis-à-vis* the child, as well as the ability to inflict punishment. But does this apply to the medieval Jew, living in a ghetto, remote from all but a few Christians, distrusted and despised? A Rothschild could be transformed without undue difficulty into an all-powerful being, but as far as the medieval Jew is concerned, the distance between reality and fantasy seems too great. Even the weakest father is big and strong in the eyes of a small child, while the Jews were few and powerless. Hence the "bad father" label seems oddly inappropriate to the Jews. But even if it fit better, would it prove anything except that anti-Semitism can be expressed in the concepts and language of psychoanalysis? This may be a matter of satisfaction to analysts, but what help is it to the historian whose task it is to try and understand why a certain group of people behaved in one way, and not another, at a given time and place? The concept of unconscious negative projection may well represent a certain reality; but how are we to explain the fact that the same mechanism did not have similar results for the Jews elsewhere in other times, or that other minorities have fared so differently in history?

Which brings up another weakness in Professor Cohn's argument. The insights of psychoanalysis are not restricted to specific cultures, eras, and societies. If Freud's theory of repression is tenable, Malinowski argued, it should be borne out by research among the inhabitants of the Trobriand Islands. If the Oedipus complex is a reality, its absence among some matrilineal societies of New Guinea could be adduced as proof. But anti-Semitism is found only in Christian civilization and in the Christian tradition, and even there with great variations in intensity; there is no phenomenon similar to late 19th- and 20th-century anti-Semitism in other civilizations and societies. How are we to explain this on the basis of psychoanalysis alone, without calling into question the whole issue of sexual and aggressive instincts, their transformation into character traits and cultural directives, which, after all, are central pillars of orthodox psychoanalysis? Traditional anti-Semitism was usually (but not always) concerned with the place and the function of Jews in society. Early writers on anti-Semitism, like Bernard Lazare, thought that with social change, anti-Semitism would disappear and with it probably also the Jews. Norman Cohn rightly says that there is also an anti-Semitism which exists almost regardless of the situation of Jews in society. But there is a relationship between these two forms of anti-Semitism; perhaps one ought to find out more about how and in what circumstances the one turns into the other, before trying to establish the general laws of anti-Semitism.

That the murder of six million Jews should have given a tremendous impetus to the study of anti-Semitism in our time needs no explanation. The memory of the holocaust is still fresh; it is easier now to understand what happened in Europe than it will be for future generations, but whether today's perspective helps to understand earlier forms of anti-Semitism is far less certain. It is a matter of interest and regret how few non-Jews have given attention to the history and the sources of anti-Semitism. Much of Jewish writing on the subject is apologetic, not scientific, in character; there is a tendency to regard all and any criticism of individual Jews and of Jews as a collective as anti-Semitic in character, and to reject it *a priori*. This tendency is only natural in the light of recent history, but it is not the best guide to an understanding of the sources of anti-Semitism throughout the ages. Sometimes one feels that the writings of the early Zionist ideologists (Pinsker, for instance) are undeservedly ignored. They were unsophisticated by the standards of modern social psychology, but whether our present-day body of knowledge is really that much more impressive, is a moot point.

The study of anti-Semitism—as of human nature in general—is an uphill struggle, and there is no reason to assume that there will ever be a clear, unequivocal, and universally valid answer. As Lewis Namier wrote on the subject: "Understand and explain the problem as much as you may, there remains a hard, insoluble core, incomprehensible and inexplicable." And Namier was second to none in his enthusiasm for the application of psychoanalytical insight to history.

LOOKING BACKWARD

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL: VOLUME I. YOUTH 1874-1900. By RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL. *Houghton Mifflin. 656 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by LAWRENCE MALKIN

"THE TIME FOR debunking Winston Churchill is not yet, and when it comes it will not succeed as easily as with other great personages." So said his old enemy Kingsley Martin late in 1964 from his accustomed pulpit, *The New Statesman*. A few months later, England buried this magnificent remnant of its past in a ceremony he himself had designed down to the last detail. One of my most vivid memories of that funereal January week is standing against the ice-cold stones of Westminster Hall, where Churchill had decreed he was to lie in state. Thousands of feet shuffled across the long carpets in mute music. Their owners passed silently by the coffin where four soldiers, adorned like the young Churchill in the parti-colored uniforms of a now-vanished empire, stood with heads bowed like tired birds of paradise.

One of the ladies waiting outside to pay final homage declared in a plummy accent: "He was all we had then." From the viewpoint of England's middle classes, no doubt she spoke a more profound truth than she realized. Even now it is easy to find people lower down the social ladder who were less inspired by Churchill than popular mystique would indicate. I have met men in South Wales

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who proudly recall switching off the radio in disgust when Churchill broadcasted; they used to listen to J. B. Priestley. I have never seen the case made in print, but there is a good argument, however blasphemous, for claiming that as much was done to knit the British nation together by Priestley's Saturday-night broadcasts over the BBC which painted the socialist paradise after victory in brilliant colors. Few politicians can have made a more notorious misjudgment of an electorate's temper than Churchill did with this statement in 1945: "No socialist government . . . could afford to allow free or violently worded expressions of discontent. They would have to fall back on some sort of Gestapo."

This giant of a man had faults as memorable as his triumphs were historic. But his personality still casts such a brilliant light that history cannot yet see into the shadows of Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, K.G., O.M.; grandson of the 7th Duke of Marlborough and the parvenu American financier Leonard Jerome; political maverick for two generations, and, in the uncontradicted judgment of even the radical historian A. J. P. Taylor, "the savior of his country." Like that of most heroes, his life was endowed with the quality of myth—his Gargantuan premature birth, the call of destiny he professed always to hear, and his death, like King David's, "in a good old age, full of days, riches and honor."

Rather than a biography, the story is more like a chronicle, and that is how his son has chosen to present it, largely through the hero's own letters and writings, and those of his contemporaries. The theme of the five volumes describes the method: "He shall be his own biographer." The first of them states its robust theme of youth like an 18th-century picaresque novel: "How an underesteemed boy of genius, of noble character and daring spirit, seized and created a hundred opportunities to rise in the world and add glory by his own merit and audacity to a name already famous." Anachronistic and posturing as this may sound today, it was then

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entirely possible for anyone who could trace his ancestry back beyond the soldier Jack Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough. It is no accident that this volume has appendixed seven genealogical tables. Grenfell, Beresford, Cowdray, Chelmsford, Stanley, and of course Churchill are among the names emblazoned thereon. They were passports to power. As the author explains of young Winston's first trip to New York, "All doors were open." It thus seems curious for him to write later that his hero "had to fight every inch of his road." Given the excesses of Churchill's character, one can see why that road seems so rocky, but in another sense it was opened wide by birth.

Churchill's childhood was a struggle to be himself and stay alive. There were recurring illnesses, including a bout of pneumonia that almost killed him. His parents shipped him off to boarding school and he was miserable. (There is one noisomely vivid description of a boy who, as Winston delicately put it in a letter, "let fly" while being birched on his bare bottom; the sadistic headmaster kept whacking away and cleaned up the filth afterward.) Decisions about his future were made without seriously consulting him. His father deemed him too stupid for the bar. After watching him play with toy soldiers, he decided it was the Army for Winston. He failed his first exam for Sandhurst, so Lord Randolph Churchill—the title is that of a duke's younger son—thought about the next rung down the social ladder: business. Set him up by himself? Never. Lord Randolph thought he "could get him something very good" in the great banking houses of Rothschild or Cassel, whose proprietors he knew on a first-name basis. But it was more than a year before Lord Randolph could manage the half-hour train ride from London to see his son at Harrow. In one letter after another, Winston pleaded with his parents to visit him, to attend Speech Day, to allow him to come to them during the school holidays. It fell to his nanny, Mrs. Everest (!), to explain to Winston at 16: "Well my dearest the reason Mama cannot have you at home is that the house is full of visitors for the race week. . . ."

One of his few contacts with the rigors of Victorian working-class life occurred when the family tried to dump Mrs. Everest for reasons of economy. He wrote from Sandhurst (he had finally passed the exam with the help of a crammer) protesting bitterly against this shabby treatment: "She is in my mind associated more than anything else with home." As for the beautiful Lady Randolph herself, he wrote in his autobiography: "My mother always seemed to me a fairy princess: a radiant being possessed of limitless riches and power. She shone for me like the Evening Star. I loved her dearly—but at a distance."

Held so tightly in a child's world, cut off from his dashing and fashionable parents, and then immured in the constrained and hierarchic life of the army from which he soon broke free—nothing could be more finely calculated to induce a man to spend his life chasing that elusive and romantic world which seemed so distant and thrilling. It comes as no shock to read a letter he wrote his mother from India, using that same romantic turn of phrase: "I have faith in my star—that is that I am intended to do something in the world."

Even then, Churchill clearly saw his star as the prime ministership of England, a prize denied Lord Randolph by political misjudgment and then mental illness. By lineage, upbringing, and training it was a prize he and only a few others could reasonably expect. But his positively Byronic tendency to romanticize himself and events, now so rare in men of action, almost prevented him from grasping that star. It was eventually to prove his most serious fault as a peacetime politician, as well as his strongest redoubt in defending that kingdom of grand illusions England so heroically became under his wartime leadership.

WAR WAS HIS first love, for reasons of ambition. He had no estate, and he aimed to "beat my sword into an iron despatch box." His widowed mother's contacts helped him gain postings as an officer or a war correspondent in India, Cuba, the Sudan, and South Africa. He won a reputation (fully deserved) for being pushing and ambitious. Describing an act of bravado on the Northwest Frontier, he wrote his mother: "I rode on my gray pony all along the skirmish lines where everyone else was lying down for cover. Foolish perhaps but I play for high stakes and given an audience there is no act too daring or noble. Without the gallery things are different." Small wonder that he complained his dispatches to the *Daily Telegraph* did not carry his byline. "Galling anonymity," comments his son succinctly.

How he got to the Northwest Frontier is worth reading. The following passage comes from Churchill's own autobiography and is quoted by his son:

> I was on the lawns at Goodwood [racetrack] in lovely weather and winning my money, when the revolt of the Pathan tribesmen on the Indian Frontier began. I read in the newspapers that a Field Force of three brigades had been formed, and that at the head of it stood Sir Bindon Blood. Forthwith I telegraphed reminding him of his promise and took the train for Brindisi to catch the Indian Mail.

No, this is not a boy's adventure story, although it is certainly romance. Sir Bindon Blood was indeed a real person and had promised Churchill a place in his expedition. Randolph Churchill wisely has included a picture of this Victorian general in full uniform and fur-trimmed campaign coat just to prove his existence. Sir Bindon retired as a general in 1907, and surely his like will never be seen again.

By the time Churchill was twenty-five, when this volume closes most appropriately with the death of Queen Victoria, there were few people of consequence he couldn't and didn't meet, from the new King Edward VII on down. He had been elected to parliament on the strength of his family connections and his famous escape from Boer captivity. He had made ten thousand pounds writing and lecturing. When it came to social position, the Duke of Marlborough snubbed Grand Duke Michael of

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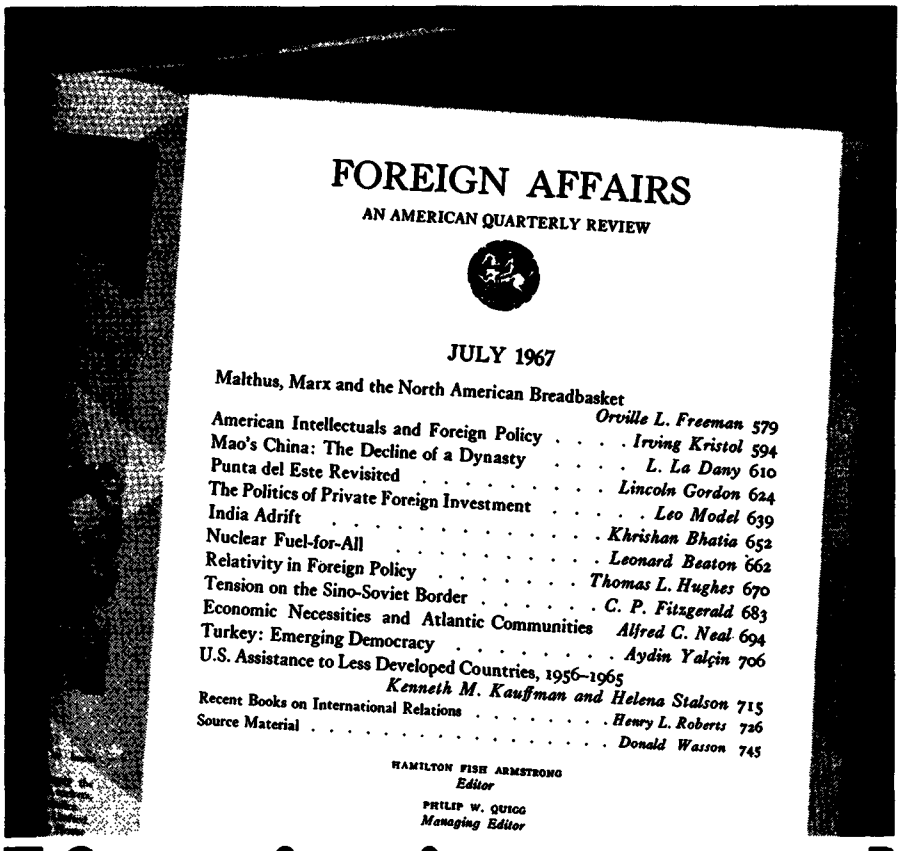
Russia to dine with his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill. It is, in fact, the only snub recorded in the book.

But there is a curious lacuna in this story of one of England's great literary stylists. It was the age of James and Wilde, Shaw and Wells, but the only mention received by any of them in this book is accidental: Churchill happened to have been falsely accused of "gross immorality of the Oscar Wilde type" and collected damages. So much for literature, so much for modern thought. When he arrived in India, he found he still had time on his hands after collecting butterflies, growing roses, and playing polo. He began reading the great Whig classics—Gibbon, Macaulay, and the *Annual Register* of the British government, which he annotated with such remarks: "Female suffrage—it is contrary to natural law and the practice of civilized states." As his son says, he became his own university. But he learned little from his own observations. "You dare not walk or the natives spit at Europeans," writes the man who held out against Indian independence to the last. In domestic policy, he stands for homes for the workers, tax relief for earned income, and education of the poor—but only up to a point. He recommends: "Reading and writing, the knowledge of sufficient arithmetic to enable the individual to keep his accounts; the singing of patriotic songs and a gymnastic course is all he may expect." His major contribution to social policy as a member of the great Liberal reform administration was the opening of unemployment offices. Such notions are not based on any radical rethinking, but on an old-fashioned Whig paternalism, the essence of which is that the lower classes should be cared for in their modest needs, and then stand aside to allow the upper classes to play their roles on stage. In case this seems a harsh judgment, listen to the argument for capital punishment he advanced in old age: Not only was it a deterrent, but it ought to be carried out in public so a murderer or a traitor might have the opportunity, as did the first Marquess of Montrose, to address the crowd!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By the great span of his life, Churchill was not only a survivor but an original—not in thought but in personality. He recognized early on that success in politics was "not so much a question of brains as of character and originality." Of these he was perhaps the century's supreme exemplar. Already as a youth his vitality and panache were too much for his contemporaries, and they distrusted him for it. The feeling was mutual: he decried the "solid remnant of the Conservative Party—peers, property, publicans, parsons, and turnips." He used the Royal Navy as a stepping-stone to power in two world wars (just as he used the Conservative party when it suited him), yet he saw through the navy's stupidity just as readily: when a wartime admiral protested that some Churchillian scheme would do violence to the navy's traditions, he is said to have replied: "The traditions of the Navy! What are they? Rum, sodomy, the lash." But no matter how clearly he saw through these John Bull traditions, he never turned his back on them. The only explanation for this curious contradiction is that whenever this Whig atavar did see through them, he looked in the wrong direction—backward.

HAD HE died at sixty-five, before terrible events conspired to put his star within his grasp, he would have been recorded as an eccentric footnote in English political history, and that for his grandiose and sometimes egregious opinions and actions. He ordered out the fleet before the cabinet met to declare World War I, and during it he conceived the disastrous Antwerp and Gallipoli operations. He helped provoke the 1926 General Strike by insisting on a return to the gold standard as an illusory symbol of prewar financial power. When the strike came, he edited a government propaganda sheet that denounced the British workingman as "the enemy." He resigned from the Conservative shadow cabinet in 1930 because of proposed concessions to the Indian independence movement and formed a group to defend the Indian princes as representatives of "warrior races." (Harold Nicolson's diary sums up the feeling of the time by describing Churchill as a has-been, "A great round white face like a blister. Incredibly aged.")

When he argued for rearmament in the 1930's, he was distrusted as a warmonger crying wolf. Even after his hour of triumph, when Europe lay at his and England's feet, he conceived the idea of a United Europe but lacked the dynamism to put it through when he returned to power. Instead, he drew another of his romantic Grand Designs: a foreign policy of three circles of interest—Europe, the United States, and the Commonwealth—which were to intersect at London. These circles now intersect at London like leg irons.

Such decline is nowhere foreshadowed in this ebullient chronicle. One is forced by the vigor and freshness of the central character to take him and his book on their own terms. It is an old-fashioned book, full of the author's genuine admiration and filial piety for his father, and invoking old-fashioned values and concepts such as courage, loyalty, and destiny. But there is barely a hint of the social, economic, and cultural background of the fading lights and shadows of Victoriana. As the historian J. H. Plumb wrote of Churchill's own biography of Marlborough: "So long as Churchill is dealing with the question of 'how' rather than 'why', he reaches the highest class of historical writing. And, of course, the lives of men of action are more concerned with 'how' than 'why'. . . . There is a total absence of the deeper motivations at work in these characters or those with whom they worked or against whom they struggled. Churchill's characters are pre-Freudian, as his history is pre-Marxian."

So was Churchill himself, and so is his son's book. Randolph Churchill, as eccentric and rumbustious a character as his father, has adopted his father's methods without his father's vision to animate them. He has assembled three-quarters of a century of files, some not even opened. There is a vast amount of new material, and Churchill *fils* is quite properly not

Two men—a Venetian ghetto Jew charged with the murder of his daughter's gentile lover, and a successful businessman dying in the sterile confines of a vast Manhattan hospital—reflect on life and death in this fascinating new novel. By the author of *The Player King*, which was hailed as **"brilliant," "immensely interesting," "baffling, biting," "hilarious, satirical," "iconoclastic," "pious and penetrating."**

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PUBLIC & PRIVATE

FIVE YEARS. By PAUL GOODMAN. BRUSSEL & BRUSSEL. *288 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by PAUL COWAN

PAUL GOODMAN has gotten around a good deal during the past decade. As a teacher, journalist, and lecturer, a sort of Johnny Appleseed of unconventional thought, he has found ways to share his ideas with tens of thousands of Americans. His effect, both as a speaker and as a writer, has been greatest upon the young. Wooed by the patient, folksy style he adopts on the platform, the intimate practicality of his ideas on subjects like city planning and economics—subjects which they tend to find specialized and removed—Goodman's college audiences have come to regard him as a sort of professor-prophet: one of the few elders who can transmit complex, traditional ideas in something resembling the modern language. Indeed, for all the momentary controversies he may inspire, Goodman's popularity keeps increasing. Americans from Maine to Oregon have come to regard him as their own Prince Kropotkin, nourished on native soil: angry sometimes, cranky always, but tame and friendly nevertheless.

Yet there is a disconcerting contradiction between Goodman the social critic and Goodman the man, and it is nowhere more apparent than in the latest, most directly personal of his works, *Five Years*. The book is composed of extracts from diaries he kept during the period of time he considers his most fallow, 1955-1960. They were written, Goodman tells us now, by an aging man, starved for love, dying to be used. Toward the end of the period covered by the book, Goodman's career finally turned, and he enjoyed the first of the successes that would soon make his name nearly as familiar to the readers of *Playboy* as to the editors of *Liberation*.

The first thing we learn from *Five Years* is that Goodman very rarely talks or writes directly to us, his contemporaries, no matter how much his work may seem to describe the world that we inhabit with him. He is, on the contrary, far more involved with the dead: with friends he has lost and writers he has loved. Ideas he absorbed a long time ago seem still to occupy his mind and form its patterns; while observations from the contemporary world are only data, tesserae that fit easily into the private mosaic of his belief. ". . . It was the first conversation in a long time from which I had learned anything," he writes of a panel discussion at Yale in which he participated, "—the terms hard and soft money."

The remark is not hyperbolic. Nowhere in the book does Goodman, in discussion with friends, seem to learn anything more profound than this rather elementary piece of economic theory. "I don't know whether it is common fate," he reflects, "but I usually have no conversation with my intellectual peers." Nor does this prophet of dialogue in education, of communalism in society, seem especially interested in developing his thoughts in conjunction with those of the people around him.

But his mind, however isolated, has an unusually rich life, and because *Five Years* exposes us to its daily processes it is a book worth reading. Here we see the other side of Paul Goodman, the dropout's friend, the guerrilla fighter whose

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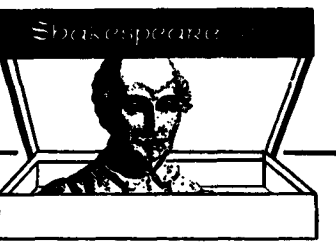

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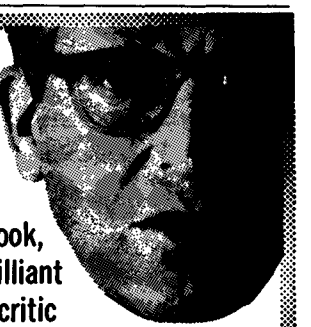

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lonely attacks on the proud fortress of contemporary education leave its sentries, truant officers, and lower school teachers trembling with anger and concern. The Goodman of *Five Years* is a man whose governing passion is a love for the mind's achievements, a man who cannot bear to see the tradition he loves mutilated by the unworthy teachers who are paid to transmit it to the luckless young.

In Goodman's earlier, more formal writings this passion revealed itself mainly through arguments directed against contemporary education. While he has described the failures of America's schools and colleges in considerable narrative detail, he has usually communicated the alternative system he has in mind only by assertion or historical analogy. As a consequence, his ideas, and even his specific practical suggestions, have been misunderstood and sometimes misused. His adult critics have written him off as a utopian whose every scheme is totally impractical, while many of his student followers have used his attacks on contemporary instruction to justify their own rebellion against thought.

But the entries in *Five Years* that contain discussions of the books Goodman has read or the music he has heard enrich his earlier, formal arguments about education. For they show his own love of ideas in an active, dramatic form. He is a man totally at home with the great thinkers and writers that most of this generation's students have been taught to revere, to regard as unapproachable. No matter what the field of discourse, he displays an almost tactile pleasure in analyzing its intricacies and mastering its technical terms. If *he* can derive so much enjoyment from his education, Goodman seems to say, then so can any man. To him the issue is one of educational systems rather than human capacities. In his writing he tries desperately to create a systematic means of instilling in the young the same spontaneous interest in great thinkers and their worlds as he himself possesses. "The University is lousy," he writes at one point, "but it is all we have and it does go back to Paris. So I try to undermine it and proclaim *Vivit Academia.*" But Goodman is a gentle saboteur. He remains firmly convinced that his mission is to awaken students to the human value of disciplined thought. ". . . Probably my chief *use* is that I carefully preserve the conventional structure for the young and prove that one can maintain some vitality and honor within it," he notes in 1960, the year that his reputation began to grow. "This gives them a possibility of having a past."

GOODMAN's personal relations with the young, however, are not quite so controlled as these sentiments would suggest. He is, as we see him in *Five Years*, a good deal more concerned about the intellectual structure he wants to uphold than he is about the people who will do the actual upholding. And the disjunction, moreover, between Goodman's abstract hopes for a humane educational system and his emotional reaction when he sees a

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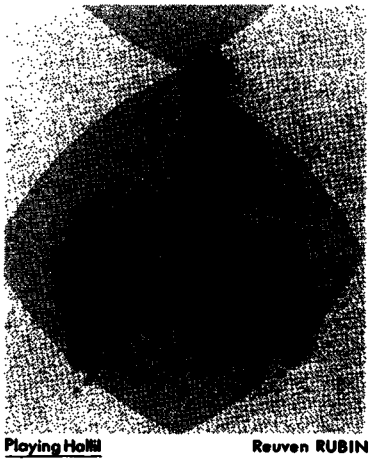

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living, breathing male student is so sharp as to seem a bit gross when one tries to describe it. If he sees the school-aged generation collectively as a group whose minds are being wasted and miseducated, he sees them individually as bodies to be desired. "When my peers and I meet at a party," he concludes his reflection on the shortage of interesting conversation, "they are distracted by whatever distracts them . . . while I am looking for an attractive boy or am gloomy because there isn't one."

There is no question in *Five Years* about Goodman's obsession with sex. Whenever he's not thinking, he's cruising. His search for willing young men, however, resembles that of a nearsighted man groping for a pair of mislaid glasses: he has no sense of the texture of the world that surrounds the object of his pursuit. He alone, in the passages that describe his activities, has shape or dimension. Past him we see the outlines of a wife he considers shrewish (Maggie to his bookish Jiggs), of two bothersome kids, of male bodies that tempt him. Everything else is a blur.

One effect of this myopia is to make the sex passages in *Five Years* more comic than enticing or disturbing. While the book's publicity suggests that it possesses a confessional quality worthy of Genet or Gide, the actual text seems closer to a Charlie Chaplin movie like *Modern Times*. Goodman's actions arise out of private ideas and images that he stubbornly continues to impose on whatever reality he happens to find. The incongruity that results is frequently bizarre:

> Crossing Alabama the conductor orders me out of the Negro car where I am just getting friendly with the pleasant sailor I am sitting with. "You don't know your place" (white). Because of my illicit sexual intentions I protest only feebly and go into the other car, and then I feel like a dog for having let him down on an issue that seemed important to him. (If we had gotten along further, I guess, I should have put up more of a fight and gotten thrown off the train.) At least in New York I am humiliated and thrown out of a bar for what is important to *me*. But it's all of a piece.

At first one wonders whether the passage is a joke—but no, it is too similar to the episodes that surround it. What made Goodman enter the Negro car in the first place (the year is 1956)? The same view of sex that sends white college students out after Negro girls? Could he possibly have been so unconscious of the customs he was violating as to reckon that he could seduce the sailor without causing trouble? Or so unconscious of the way black men are treated in Alabama—this social critic who spends much of his time among the editors of *Liberation* magazine—as to have preceived race as an issue only after the episode ended?

It is clear from passages like this one that the Paul Goodman who lives in the world is not the best spokesman for the Paul Goodman who dwells in the great tradition. He does not, as we see him in *Five Years*, embody the ideals which he espouses. Yet the fact that he published the book at all, allowing us to see him at his worst, is a reminder of the honesty that underlies the best of his work. "The sacrament of public gesture!" he writes after being told that "my public acting-out has led to my dismal hardships." The fact that Goodman sees the people who surround him as a public rather than as a variety of individuals probably makes it easier for him than for most of us to play his life as if it were a role on stage. But however annoying it may sometimes be, Goodman's performance is still of great value. He has learned his part well, thought it through with care, and is always trying to fuse it with the present which he perceives in order to create scenes and stories that will engross and instruct his audience.

NEW POLITICS

POWER IN AMERICA: THE POLITICS OF THE NEW CLASS. By DAVID T. BAZELON. *New American Library. 407 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by C. VANN WOODWARD

IT SEEMS reasonably certain that Mr. Bazelon is trying to tell us something. He is obviously moved by strong impulses to communicate, to inform, to set us right, even to save us. And given the arresting title and subtitle of his book and the whopping chapter headings of the contents, it seems altogether likely that he has something to say. Just what it is, however, is more difficult to determine.

Whatever it is, it is of urgent importance, portentous significance, and above all it is new—so new that it has overcome us like a summer's cloud and caught us unaware. Its meaning appears to lie just over the horizon and we are forced to strain for it. We learn, for example, that since the death of Marx's working class his amoeba-like proletariat has subdivided itself into the Under Class, the Unionized Worker, and the New Class. Caught in the web of an automating, computerized, inflationary, and affluent economy, imprisoned by outmoded concepts of paper money, the inhibitions of a scarcity ethic, and the frustrations of a power-abjuring tradition of government, these classes require a new education,

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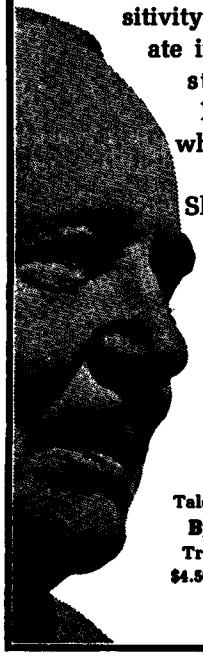
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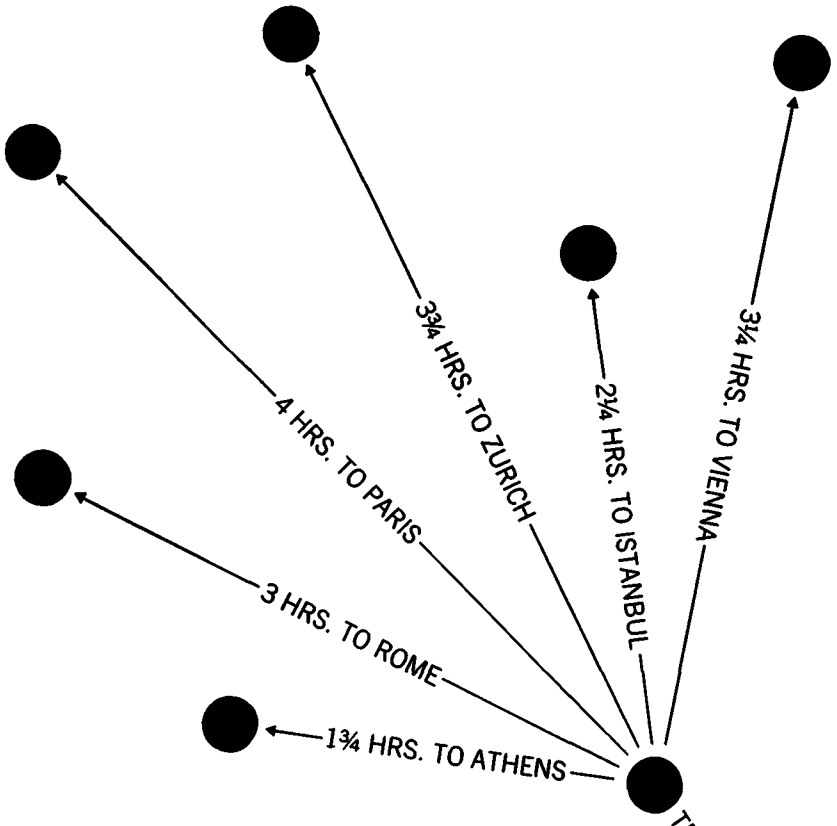

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new purposes, new policies, and new coalitions. To accommodate themselves to this strange new world, in fact, they need a whole new philosophy of life and politics.

And to accommodate himself to the task of depicting, mapping, and analyzing the world over the horizon that he is discovering, Mr. Bazelon adopts somewhat the attitude of a modern painter kicking over the conventional forms and media in order to experiment with existential realities. Denying identification with any of the academic disciplines, he scorns their conventions and avoids their jargon. It is pleasing to report that he retains some respect for history, but then history has no special language and little formal discipline. If as a lawyer he is "unforgivably cavalier in the treatment of legal issues," his defense is that he is "no longer in that business. Lawyers have to talk the way they do; I don't." He presents himself as "a suggestive rather than an authoritative commentator." Divesting himself of the formalities of polite discourse, he is tough, combative, colloquial, personal, iconoclastic. Even the rules about metaphors are flouted: "Guilt is the quicksand of the web." He speaks alternatively from the cracker-barrel, as the inside-dopester, and in an epilogue as from the grave, prophetically. The effect is occasionally somewhat slapdash: "I realize that the foregoing only states the problem without solving it. But, on the other hand, so what? These are obviously very complicated matters we are presuming to discuss."

The key to Mr. Bazelon's wave of the future (metaphor mixing is catching) is his New Class. It is important, but by no means easy, to understand what he means by his New Class. It has not achieved self-consciousness, is "incompletely arrived and therefore vulnerable," and is "subject to great tension—especially including the extreme tension of not knowing it is a New Class." We are told that "Neither the workers nor the intellectuals, but the new mass of *working intellectuals,* now constitute the decisive class of the future." Technologists and administrative intellectuals are "primary elements of the New Class." The whole class "maneuvered within a free range, say, of $15,000 to $45,000" of annual income. That would seem to limit the massiness of the class, but it is the political destiny and mission of the New Class to form a coalition with the Under Class, the lower quarter of the population.

The liberal is an important component and leaven of the New Class. The true liberal is "not an ideologue at all," not just "a pale radical." He is, "basically, just a nice American with an education. *Poor people and uneducated people are not 'liberals'; they are the natural allies of the liberals.*" Again, the liberal is "a person within the trained and affluent section of society who can, and is still willing to, look outside of it. . . . He is our best hope for a reasonably innovative politics." It would seem that WASPs need not apply:

> The liberal is "purer" New Class for being less WASP, less *rentier,* educated for more (even if not much more) than the purpose of gaining and holding a job, less of a technician and more of an operator, also more resentful of the upper hierarchy than frightened of slipping back to one's origins, and so on: e.g., it is harder for Catholics than for Jews, for small-town than for big-city types, to move quickly into "uncontaminated" New Class identification. Those less alienated or modern hang on longer and tighter to previous neighboring old-class identifications (often with absurd effect). Also, and finally, the liberal is less buck-hungry, pound for pound, and more confident of maintaining and being satisfied with his New Class standard of living. . . . He is combative rather than accumulative in the deployment of his tension. Do not misunderstand me—he is *not* a Saint Francis. He looks after himself first, but not infinitely. He acts not solely in his own self interest: he acts as well for his idea—often half-baked—of some larger, new community.

Mr. Bazelon is pretty hard on Southern whites. The Negro in that region "is now basically superior to the white." What's more, as for the Negro in the North, "his violence and sullen childishness, when it surfaces in the Northern ghettos, derives from the fact that for a long time he had only the Southern white to imitate, *that he is really a*

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Southerner—under the skin, so to speak."

FOR AN iconoclast and heretic, Mr. Bazelon has an odd streak of the optimist in him. Things in general, and especially the Supreme Court of the United States, are looking his way, he thinks. The two stars in the crown of the Court are *Brown* v. *Board of Education* (1954) and *Baker* v. *Carr* (1962). The courage displayed in the latter "will resound throughout the annals of American history" and the stand for the principle of majority rule "must rank with the grandest law-giving in history." He believes that the sweeping decisions in favor of reapportionment of representation will break "the obstructionist power of small-town property owners" and bring on a confrontation between the central cities and the suburbs. He also thinks that the enfranchisement of the Southern Negro will break the obstructionism of the white South and liberate the Demoratic party. In spite of an occasional anti-WASPish lapse, Mr. Bazelon obviously includes in his complex makeup a strong component of neo-populism—a component all too rare in an increasingly elitist world.

Erik Erikson once observed that "The only healthy American way to write about America for Americans is to vent a gripe and to overstate it. This, however, calls for a delicate gift and for a particular intellectual ancestry, neither of which is easily acquired." Whether Mr. Bazelon's gift could properly be described as delicate or not, it qualifies him to make an authentic contribution to an old established genre of American social criticism.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

FRANCIS FERGUSSON *is the well-known critic and the author of* The Idea of a Theatre.

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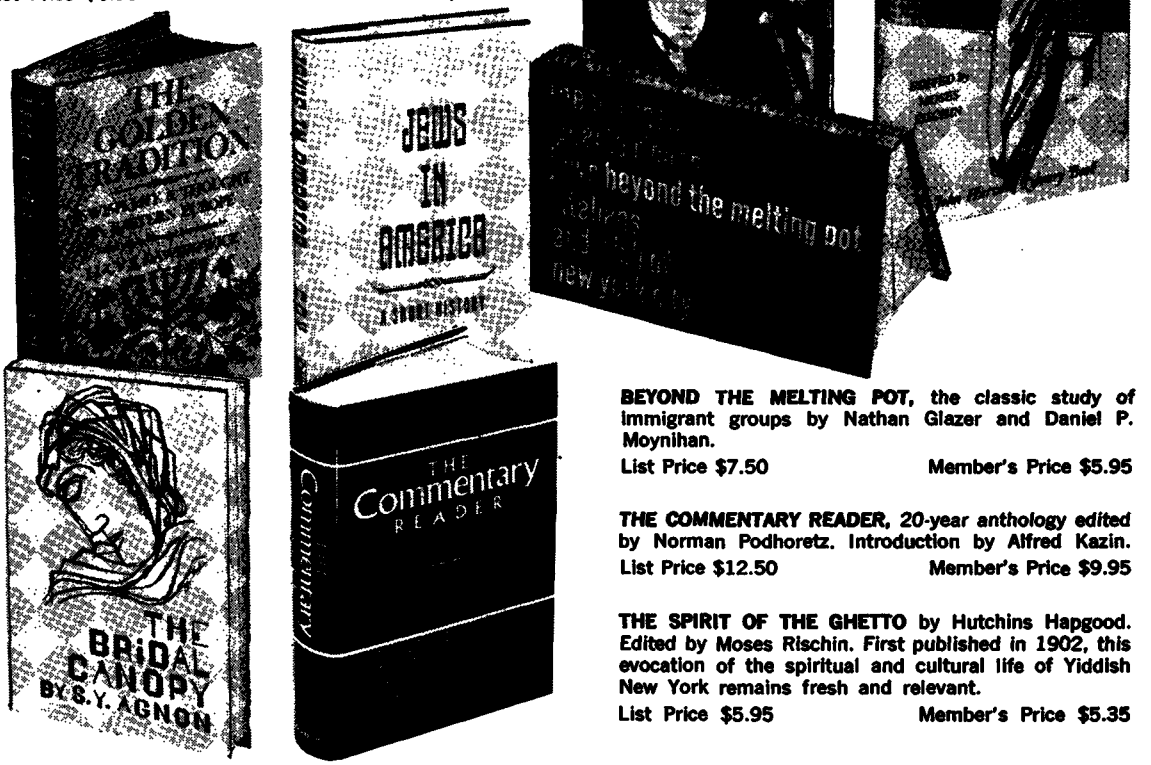

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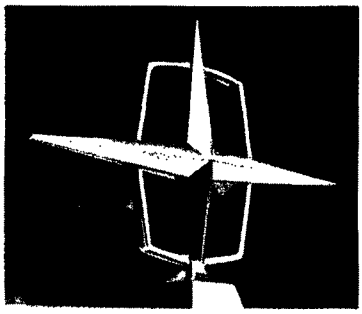

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